PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

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BETTY GRABLE
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

WHO HAS THE BEST PHYSIQUE IN HOLLYWOOD? See page 32

Will He Whisper Praises about your Skin?
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting beauty idea is based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides.

YES, pretty compliments can come your way! Yours can be a skin that casts bewitching magic! For the Camay Mild-Soap Diet holds this thrilling promise of new loveliness for you!

Without knowing it, you may be clouding your skin through improper cleansing. Or, you may be using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., enchanting Camay bride, says: "I began to hear the nicest compliments about my lovelier complexion when I changed to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. And it's such an *easy* beauty treatment."

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Every night and morning—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how fresh it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold!



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



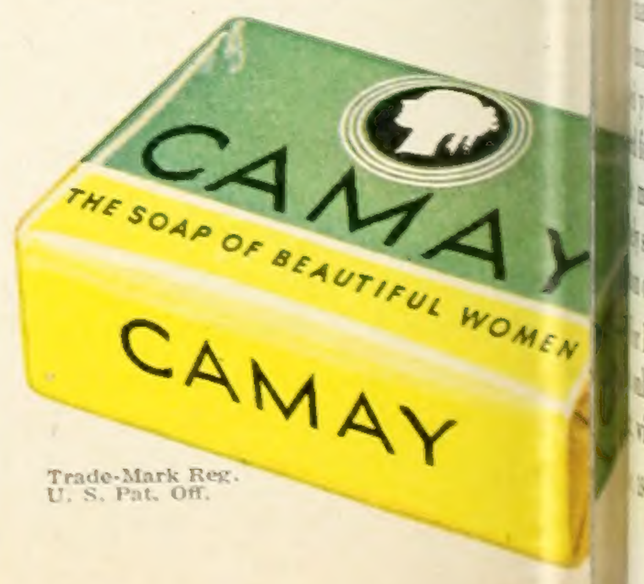
Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr. of New York, N. Y. She wisely has entrusted her loveliness to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, and says: "It has meant so much to me... I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!"



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—



And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink. I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush'"



"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, *until you smile.* That's fatal. You can't star with my band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."



"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"



Our modern soft foods don't give ums enough work! And sparkling miles depend largely on healthy gums. ive your gums more work, daily mas- age." (N.B. A recent survey shows entists prefer Ipana for personal use to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade'."



Then on opening night the crowd went wild . . .



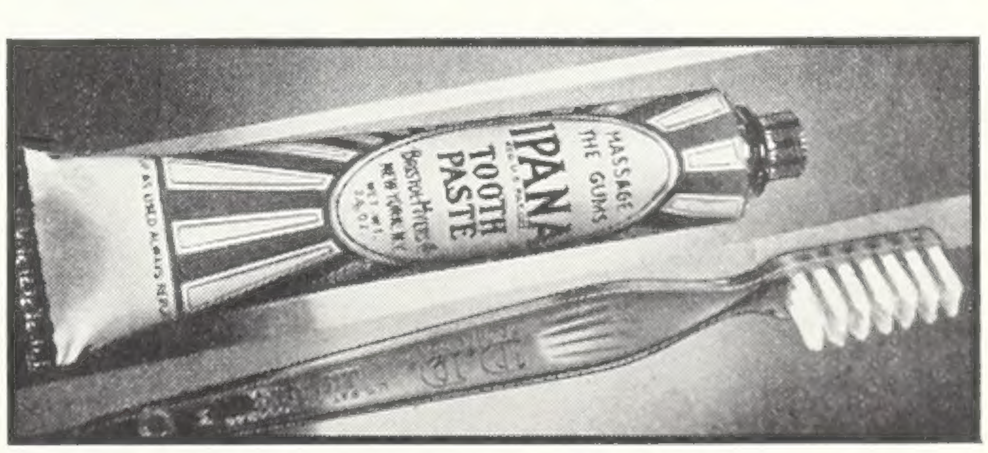
(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

PINK" on your tooth brush means *see your dentist at once.* e may simply tell you that eating o much soft, creamy food has de- ied your gums the exercise they eed for firmness and health. And, ke many dentists, he may very kely suggest "the healthful stimu- tion of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, t only to clean teeth thoroughly it, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums —helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

April showers bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flowers. One is a daffodil and the other a daffy-downdilly.

★ ★ ★ ★

"I Married An Angel" and "Rio Rita".



In the former Nelson Eddy is the "I" and Jeanette MacDonald is the "Angel".

★ ★ ★ ★

But in the latter Abbott is not "Rio" and Costello is not "Rita".

★ ★ ★ ★

These are two excellent starring combinations and two excellent pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anita Loos—a neater screen writer we never knew—made "I Married An Angel" into a photoplay.

★ ★ ★ ★

She had as a basis the celebrated Broadway (and points west) stage success produced by Dwight Deere Wiman.

★ ★ ★ ★

This was a musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart of the play by Vaszary Janos.

★ ★ ★ ★

W. S. Van Dyke II directed. And an adroit job, too. He has missed none of the charm.

★ ★ ★ ★

The idea: Nelson Eddy, disillusioned with the quirks of matrimony, asks for an angel. Heaven obliges. She arrives wings and all.

★ ★ ★ ★

The entertainment is down-to-earth.



Getting down-to-mirth, consider "Rio Rita".

★ ★ ★ ★

This is the biggest enterprise the King Zanies have ever graced.

★ ★ ★ ★

Abbott and Costello are their funniest. The film is all theirs.

★ ★ ★ ★

But one or two renowned and attractive personalities augment the proceedings. You can't not-mention Kathryn Grayson or John Carroll.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Bud" and "Lou" in their first big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opus will have you rolling in the aisles.

★ ★ ★ ★



So let's go rolling down to "Rio Rita".

—*Leo (Rita)*

MAY, 1942 VOL. 20, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor — HELEN GILMORE, Associate Editor

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EDMUND DAVENPORT, Art Director

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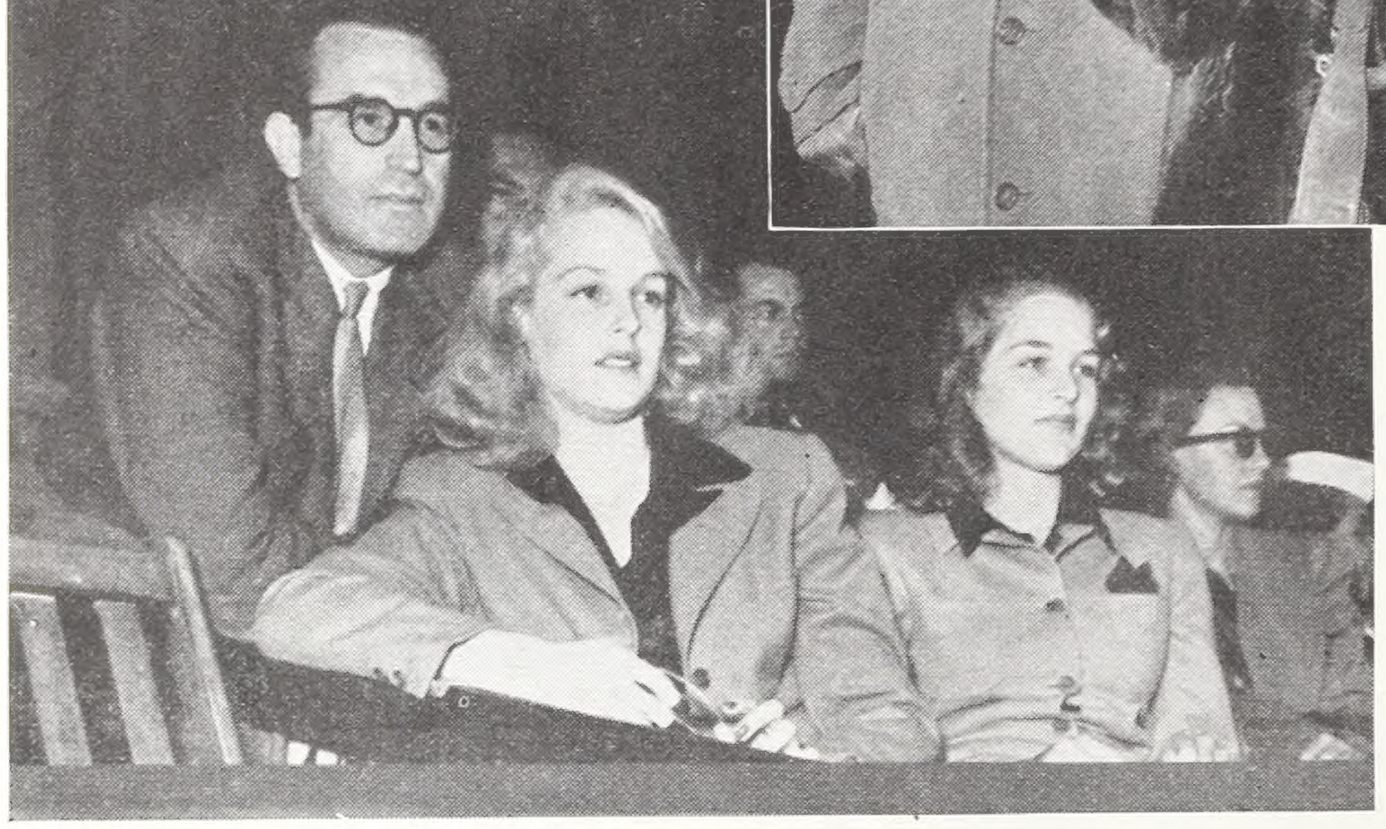

The sky's the limit
in M-G-M's MAGNIFICENT
MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA!
BROADWAY'S SENSATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY HIT
BRINGS LAUGHTER AND SONG TO THE SCREEN!
AND THIS PAIR FROM PARADISE IS GLORIOUSLY REUNITED!
JEANETTE
MacDONALD • NELSON EDDY
In
I Married an Angel
with EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • BINNIE BARNES • REGINALD OWEN
DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE • MONA MARIS • JANICE CARTER • INEZ COOPER
Screen Play by ANITA LOOS
Directed by MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
An M-G-M Picture
Hear famed Rodgers and Hart song hits including:
I Married An Angel
Paris In The Spring
The End Of A Dream
Twinkle In Your Eye
and others

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



New face in filmland: Diana Barrymore, daughter of John

Young signs of new movie times: Gloria and Peggy Lloyd hard at picture work under Papa Harold







Another Beery coming up — Noah, son of Noah, nephew of Wally

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE scenario called for the star's thinking longingly about one of his horses that had won at Bay Meadows . . . "Remember how Ignatz, the Second, won that race?" the star was supposed to ask . . . and, even as he asked, his face was to fade out, as a race track with a bunch of horses whirling around it was to fade in. . . .

You know the scene . . . you've seen it a hundred times and while it may be an oldie, it is also always a goody. . . .

But you won't see that scene in 1942 . . . no, indeedy . . . nor will you be seeing it in 1943 or 1944 either . . . for this is what happened to that script and what will keep on happening to scripts for some time to come. . . .

The producer at a studio where money has never been an object (so, okay, I mean Metro) . . . read the script. . . .

"No race-track flashback," he ordered.

"But I have to have a race-track flashback," moaned the writer. "I have to have that scene of the star's remembering his favorite race horse."

"Put a picture of a race horse on the wall and let the star look at it," said the producer. "That costs about three bucks, gets the idea across and saves $500."

Thus, you see, the war has got to Hollywood . . . Now, I know that I have been telling you about the serious side of the war's effect on Hollywood for the past two months . . . and I thought perhaps you'd like a change of diet . . . like to know about the crazy way war effects this zany town . . . I thought it might be gaily reassuring for you to know that nothing is quite big enough to completely alter Hollywood's goofy pattern. . . .

Not that I want you to believe that our seriousness or sincerity out here, as regards helping this wonderful America of ours, is being diminished in the least . . . most certainly, most truly, it isn't. . . .

But Hollywood is adjusting . . . When Lowell Mellett, executive assistant to President Roosevelt and newly appointed Co-ordinator for Government Films, came to Hollywood and announced that what Washington wanted the movie colony to do was to stay in the shade of its orange trees and make movies, everybody felt relieved . . . it wasn't as though there weren't scores of male stars who wanted whole-heartedly to enter actual military service . . . many did . . . and it wasn't as though there weren't a few who did not want to enlist under any conditions . . . there were . . . but Mr. Mellett's visit cleared the general air. . . . At once Hollywood went to work organizing its Victory Committee for Stage, Screen and Radio, composed of representatives of the actors, representatives of the Actors Equity and Theater Authority, representatives of the American Federation of Radio Artists, of the Artists-Managers Guild, of the Association of Motion Pictures Producers, of the Radio Networks, of the Radio Writers Guild, of the Screen Directors Guild, of the Publicists Guild and the Screen Writers Guild (which will certainly give you a rough idea of how this "artistic" town is organized). . . .

The Victory Committee serves a wonderful purpose, since it acts as a sensible clearing house on what stars go where on which charity drive, which radio program and such-like . . . it was under the auspices of the Victory Committee that the stars were organized to attend the President's Birthday Ball in Washington . . . under its auspices come all the stars who do "defense programs" on the radio and under its auspices Dorothy Lamour made that wonder tour of hers, selling $25,000,000 worth of defense stamps and bonds before she came back once more to be met by a triumphal procession in Hollywood. . . .

But even allowing for all these earnest drives, I think it's fun for the (*Continued on page 93*)

★ ★ ★ *Meet*

LIEUTENANT MARY CARTER

of the U. S. Marines!



She's off with the fighting leathernecks on their most thrilling adventures in 166 years of glorious history!



MAUREEN O'HARA, *the breathtaking heroine of "How Green Was My Valley"!*



TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

A RED, WHITE AND BLUE ADVENTUROUSING HIT IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring JOHN PAYNE • MAUREEN O'HARA • RANDOLPH SCOTT

with NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Henry Morgan • Edmund MacDonald • Russell Hicks • Minor Watson

Directed by Bruce Humberstone • Associate Producer Milton Sperling

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Original Story by Steve Fisher

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Romance is all the sweeter . . when life is dangerous!

Watch for it at our favorite theatre

COMING SOON

Coming! Eric Knight's sensational best-seller!

TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE

in **"THIS ABOVE ALL"**

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK





Hollywood goes overboard for the overseas cap group. Stars took over an old mess hall at Fort MacArthur, equipped it with pretty girls and plenty of doughnuts and invited everyone in. Left: Claudette Colbert gets rigged up in a nice uniform and a nicer smile, gives out with jokes while Gary Cooper concentrates on dishes. Above: Mr. J. Benny mugs it



Pen-and-ink sketch of visitors Charles Boyer and wife Pat Paterson

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

DEFENSE and Sweet Charity: Lucky are the gobs stationed at San Pedro and Fort MacArthur where stars and wives of movie executives are taking over canteen duties.

Working the night shift from six p.m to six a.m. are Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Anita Louise, Mary Howard, Kay Francis, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny and columnist Louella Parsons. And don't think the girls don't work, washing dishes till daybreak.

Just to see that the girls did their job well, Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson went down to the new Fort MacArthur canteen one night.

One lad, weary from hours of duty, came into the canteen and stood there for hours. In vain Mary Howard offered him coffee and doughnuts, cigarettes and cake, cookies and tea. Finally he said, "Thanks. I really don't want anything but just to stand here and look at beautiful you

Believe it or not, it's Louella Par sons the boys are mad about.

"It's because I take them cake an fried chicken," she told us; but don believe it. They like Louella for her self.

At a Bundles for Bluejackets char ity at Ciro's, Claudette Colbert an her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, i his Officer's Reserve uniform, wer glimpsed. Also Gary Cooper and h wife, Constance (*Continued on page 8*

From the stage hit that had A LAUGH FOR EVERY LIGHT ON B'WAY

HENRY FONDA

is the worm that turns from

OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND

to **JOAN LESLIE** (Sgt. York's sweetie)

in the hit that's got all the priorities on laughin' and lovin'!



"The MALE ANIMAL"

It's women that make him wild!

with JACK CARSON·EUGENE PALLETTE·HEBERT ANDERSON

Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT

Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Stephen Morehouse Avery
From the Play by JAMES THURBER and ELLIOTT NUGENT • Produced by Herman Shumlin

WARNER BROS.' hilarity-packed hit . . . about the college professor who was in a class by himself with the gals!

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff





Last year's winner of the Academy Award as the best actress, Ginger Rogers, cut short a N. Y. visit to hand this year's winner, a nervous, husky-voiced Joan Fontaine, her Oscar

(*Continued from page* 6) Bennett and husband Gilbert Roland, and Carole Landis in uniform. The girls are terribly proud of their uniforms and insist upon wearing them on all occasions. Cal's all for it, provided all the gals look as decorative as Carole does on page 80!

What Next: Abbott and Costello were deep in their gag books when the phone rang.

Costello came back white after answering it. "Know who that was? The Red Cross unit. And now *they want our blood!*"

Henpecked: Dennis Morgan regrets the day he remarked casually on the "In This Our Life" set that he couldn't rhumba. That was all Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland needed. Between scenes they promptly took on Mr. Morgan as a pupil.

Cal admits that sounds wonderful —with two such lovely teachers. But along about the second day you should have seen Dennis's face, a picture of "someone-help-me-quick."

Bette would stop the lesson, for instance, to remark over Dennis's shoulder, "You know, I believe he thinks he's a skyscraper in a high breeze."

Olivia would try and then remark to Bette, "No, he thinks he's a rocking-horse. He's making me seasick."

Of course, Dennis finally caught on that the (*Continued on page* 10)



Gary Cooper took the "bes actor" booty from las year's hero, Jimmy Stewar Cooper was exceedingl bashful, didn't know wha to do with the Oscar whe he got it. Said he: "I'v been hoping to win one o these things for th last fifteen years!



Mary Astor's thanks for winning the Award as a best supporting-role actress were brief—she was too excited to talk. Donald Crisp (right) grinned happily at his "best supporting actor" award, said other old-timers could win awards, too, if given the chance



"I hate to see the sun come up"

ANOTHER day of making the endless rounds, getting the same disheartening answers: "The position has been filled"... "We'll file your application"..."Sorry, but the decision was very close". Then back to the cheap room, sometimes so dog-tired she didn't even trouble to undress.

Was it for this—to have her pride slit to ribbons and her courage kicked to fragments—that she had left Spring Haven and Todd Smith? Was this the reward of a girl who everybody back home—even Professor Latimer—had said, "was simply cut out for a career"?

And now she was just about at the end of her rope. Another week and the money that Mamma had given her would be gone. "I must get a job!" she sobbed, "I must! Any kind of a job! Why can't I? What's wrong?"

Poor little, small-town Muriel! It was a long time before she found out what every big-town business girl knows by instinct: That if your breath isn't O. K. the breaks are against you when you are looking for a job or trying to hold one. Abilities being equal, the position is likely to go to the girl whose breath doesn't offend.

You May Offend Needlessly

Since you yourself may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath), isn't it just common sense to guard against this offense with Listerine Antiseptic? Bad breath can be systemic, but when it's due to the fermentation of tiny food particles (as some authorities say it usually is) Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

When you want to appear at your best socially or in business never omit this delightful freshening antiseptic and deodorant precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before business and social engagements let LISTERINE look after your breath



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Lights: The Army takes the spotlight at the opening of a USO center at the Beverly Hills Hotel with Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald

(*Continued from page* 8) girls were giving him the rib of his life. But did he suffer while it was going on!

Mention rhumba to Dennis now and he runs for fresh air.

Inside Bits: Speaking of fat men, Laird Cregar leaned back in his portable dressing room on the set of "The Gentlemen From West Point" and turned the whole trailer over. It took the director, cast and crew to extricate the corpulent Mr. Cregar. . . .

Mickey Rooney is such a hit with his family-in-law that one of his wife's sisters has named her new baby after Mickey. She calls it John Michael Grimes, or Mickey Grimes for short. . . .

For a man who was nominated in nine classifications by the Academy Awards for his first motion picture "Citizen Kane," Orson Welles takes more kidding from his units than any ten men in the business.

For instance, when Orson's prize actor, Joe Cotten, was informed Orson, enroute to South America, would dine at the White House on a Wednesday, he remarked, "The war will either be over or much worse by Thursday!" . . .

The catty jealousy displayed between women defense groups is a bit hard to take in view of these desperate times. Not all women in defense work are petty but Cal could name you names that would startle you. . . .



Action: Olivia de Havilland gets her sea legs on the dance floor, has a sailor doing double-takes

Never expected to see suave, smooth Herbert Marshall all atwitter. But just mention the new baby the Marshalls are expecting in April and Herbert practically goes into a twitch, he's that pleased.

Cagneyisms: No shyer lad exists in all Hollywood than Jimmy Cagney—that pugnacious, brassy little extrovert on the screen. In real life

Jimmy keeps pretty much in the background, which is why his producer-brother Bill practically fell into a swoon when Jimmy was invited to make a speech before hundreds of R.C.A.F. boys while on a Canadian location for "Captains Of The Clouds."

Bill says he ruined two handkerchiefs mopping his brow in nervous apprehension over Jimmy who mounted the platform without a qualm and went to work.

"Some of his jokes were pretty corny," Bill told us, "and some were pretty good. But the fact that he could stand up there and make a long impromptu speech and do it well is what mystifies me, knowing Jimmy as I do."

What's more, in the ball game between the Canadian flyers and the Warner Brothers troop, Jimmy won the hearts of all 5000 fans by striking like an amateur at the ball, missing it by a mile.

"They loved him for it," Bill said. "And when Jimmy finally did get a hit, they went wild."

Warners won the game, incidentally, 5 to 4, even if umpire Alan Hale did try to throw the game to the R.C.A.F. boys.

An example of Jimmy's modesty was furnished when Air Marshal Billy Bishop, V. C., the Dominion's greatest World War hero, invited members of the cast to dinner. When Jimmy didn't show up, a messenger

Official bright-light investigation of Felix Young's Little Troc, carried on by young marrieds John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson



A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...



Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—BECAUSE—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, *she's careless about underarm odor!*



Act 2: (*Enter pretty friend*) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the *past*...to give your charm a *future,* use Mum.



Act 3: (*Paula's soliloquy*) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!

Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!

Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO NEW YORK N.Y.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is the favorite deodorant for this important purpose. Try it this way, too.*



MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers



Some "any American country" costumes for the Bal Americano: John Detlie, wife Veronica Lake, Phyllis Ruth and Señorita Withers



Maureen O'Hara and husband, Will Price, go Spanish for this event at Earl Carroll's Restaurant-Theatre, Hollywood's first Beaux Arts ball

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

was dispatched to find out why. It seems the Air Marshal's aide, assuming the star of the picture would know the dinner was in his honor, had failed to notify Cagney. So Jimmy had stayed quietly in his room.

Next day the Air Marshal sent Jimmy an autographed picture of himself, inscribed:

"To James Cagney, who is such a stickler for the conventions."

Just before America entered the war, Cal ushered two British sailors around the Warner lot.

Jimmy at that time was slaving away, eight hours a day, in a rehearsal hall, learning dance steps for his new film, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Worn and weary as he was—and we've never seen anyone work harder—he didn't think it too much to halt rehearsals to chat with the boys and to have his picture taken.

Never will Cal forget the awed reverence of these young lads, who had never before been to America, when they first glimpsed Jimmy.

"Yes, there he is for a fact," they whispered. "Him in person." They sounded as if they'd seen a vision. That's what Cagney means to England.

Around Town With Cal: Leopold Stokowski, at the jive-mad Palladium requesting numbers of bandleader Tommy Dorsey, is the sight of the month.

Bicycle shops all over town are being stampeded these days with celebrities buying up the two-wheeled vehicles in order to save tires. Practically every star in Hollwood is bicycle-conscious. Saw Lana Turner and Ray Milland emerging from a shop last week wheeling their new bikes and looking as pleased as if they had bought a limousine.

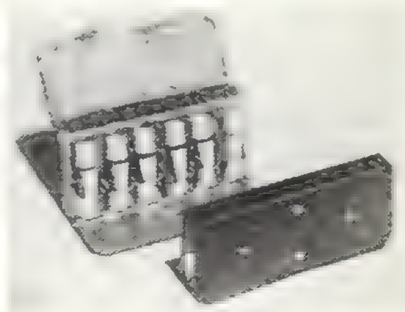
The Saturday night lineups before the newest night spot, the Little Troc, reaches from here to there, proving again that Hollywoodites are like sheep—they go where everybody else goes. And stop going when some place newer becomes the rage.

Star Finds
IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON



● FINGERTIP WARDROBE: Here's the answer to all you Revlon enthusiasts who want your favorite shade of polish in a small bottle. It's the Revlon Color Chest—a set of five dark or light shades of nail enamel plus a bottle of Adheron. The kit comes in black, wine, red, brown or navy satin studded with gold stars. Complete for only $1.50 at department stores.



* * *

● GIN RUMMY FANS: If gin rummy is your current craze, you'll want a Gyn-Mat for playing the game. It's a tray designed to hold two stacks of cards, keeping them in neat piles so that there is no restacking of discards. The Gyn-Mat is of Syroco wood, finished in walnut, red, parchment or white. It has sloping, cut-out edges that enable you to slide a card out smoothly. Made by the Syracuse Ornamental Company, you'll find Gyn-Mat at leading stores for a mere $1.59.



* * *

● STOCKING SAVERS: Timed to meet conservation needs and the possible stocking shortage, Tintex has just introduced a new stocking dye which does wonders for stockings of nylon, silk, rayon, cotton and lisle. The shades are Hula Bronze, Smoke Haze, Brown Butter and Wine Blush. You'll want the new stocking Tintex to brighten faded stockings and to rematch odd stockings. 10c and 15c sizes at syndicate and drug stores.

* * *

● FRAGRANT THOUGHT: Mother's Day means a little gift to express your love and appreciation. A fragrant thought on Mother's Day is a tiny bottle of Irresistible perfume. Attractively packaged and addressed "To Mother," you'll find this delightful perfume at the cosmetic counter of your local dime store for only 10c. It's not how much you spend, it's the sentiment that counts!



No wonder cafe men go wild in this land of the fickle and the fancy.

The rhumba orchestra at director Preston Sturges's cafe "The Players," is out of this world and has rhumba-loving dancers crowding the floor. But imagine Cal's amazement to walk in rather early the other eve and discover Humphrey Bogart and his wife Mayo Methot executing the most beautiful Viennese waltz steps imaginable, while the orchestra rhumbaed its head off. You should have seen the wild look on the orchestra's faces with half of them trying to keep in time with Humphrey and the other half ready to burst into tears.

It was a panic à la Hollywood and funnier than any picture we've ever seen.

Thoughts While Wearing Out Our Tires: Wonder what Alice Faye thinks of night after night as she sits alone at a table in the Biltmore Bowl waiting for her husband, orchestra leader Phil Harris, to join her during intermission?

We can understand a mere lad like Charlie McCarthy getting into squabbles, but grownups Lou Costello, Bud Abbott and Edgar Bergen getting into mad-on peeves is beyond us. Come on, boys, get together or papa spank.

Wonder if the wife of that he-man star will welcome him back after a certain glamour-woman has finished kicking him around and down. Perhaps his children may act as a healing lotion. Hollywood hopes so, while muttering dire threats at the interloper.

A lady likes Richard Ney; she's Greer Garson, whose smiles are usually reserved for M-G-M's Benny Thau





SALLY WAS a stay-at-home . . . until she discovered an amazing secret —that there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "*double*-protection" against offending . . . and that it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! Here's what Sally learned when we told her about "double-protection"! Listen . . .



IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!



SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth . . . subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are *super*-sensitive, remember Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart . . . get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—*today!*

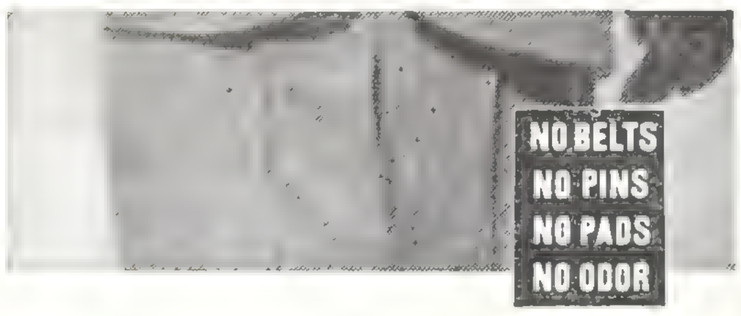
Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING





☆ HOW FREE AND UNHAMPERED WITH TAMPAX ☆



WHAT would you give to go back to the months of your girlhood when you were unhampered by belts and pins? Well, you practically do that very thing when you use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Because you cannot *feel* Tampax while wearing it, and nobody else can *see* it or any sign of it at all. So life is very different with Tampax!

A doctor has perfected Tampax neatly and ingeniously for *internal use*. It is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly fashioned to hold together . . . Very dainty and compact and extremely absorbent . . . Each Tampax comes in a dainty one-time-use applicator, which makes insertion quick and easy. Your hands need not touch the Tampax at all. No odor and no disposal problems!

Tampax is so compact a month's supply will go in your purse. It is sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

TRY IMPROVED SUPER TAMPAX

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TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.





CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Take a look at the picture, then ask the same question everyone else did at this Biltmore Bowl charity event: "Who's the lovely girl with Lana Turner?" Answer (surprise, surprise!): It's her mother



Over-the-table look at the Biltmore Bowl at recent import Philip Dorn and Mrs. Dorn. Hollander Dorn made his American film mark in "Underground"

On Cupid's Sea-Saw: Let us off, we're seasick! All these up-in-the-air and down-in-the-blues romances have us groggy.

John Howard, Hedy Lamarr's former constant swain, is courting Mary Brian like mad. Friends are all for it, too.

Teresa Wright, who was such a hit in "The Little Foxes," will marry writer Niven Busch as soon as she leaves off being the wife of Gary Cooper in the screen role of Lou Gehrig in "Pride Of The Yankees." And Virginia Field, who is back in town, declares she'll wed Paul Douglas, radio announcer, in the fall. Virginia's former boy friend, Richard Greene, now with British forces, has been happily married since Christmas Eve to English actress Patricia Medina. Incidentally, Richard was summoned back from an Eastern front to make a British film. Know his fans hope it is released here.

Rumors that Madeleine Carroll will wed Stirling Hayden keep right on growing.

Stirling is serving his country in the Merchant Marine.

We Love a Parade: Not since th good old days when Gloria Swanso arrived in Hollywood as a Marqui and was met by an applauding parad ing delegation, has Hollywood ha such a demonstration as the day Do othy Lamour returned to Hollywoo after a month's tour selling defen bonds.

Bands, flowers, stars, lights, celeb rities cluttered up the place welcom ing Dottie with music and praise. An no wonder.

Taking her much-needed vacatio period Dorothy, of her own volitio started out on a defense tour th netted $25,000,000 for Uncle Sam bond money, we're told. Into eve conceivable corner Dottie probe into factories, plants, communities an committees, selling her bonds an making her speeches.

And then home again, while ban played and thousands cheered, car Dorothy. Back to a loneliness cre ated by her broken romance wi Greg Bautzer. All the music, hooray and cheers failed to fill that void of woman's heart empty of love. Has it always been so?

It Took A War To Do It: With so many young players liable to draft or awaiting calls at any moment, movie producers have been twirling around like waltzing mice, wondering where tomorrow's heroes may be found. At last, after much deliberation, they've located them in yesterday's favorites.

"Get Richard Dix under contract," yelled three producers at once. "Find Jack Mulhall. Where's John Boles? Who's seen Jimmy Dunn? Bring Paul Lukas back from New York. Round up Reginald Denny. Can Ronald Colman be signed to a term contract? Regis Toomey is my idea."

The call for these competent actors who have had to give way to younger men is going on and, even if it took a war to do it, everyone will be glad to see them in top spots again. As one old meanie suggested—at last, Hollywood glamour gals will have leading men nearer their own age.

Tch, tch, such cattiness.

Barrymores Carry On: Diana, daughter of the renowned John, starts down the familiar old trail of matrimony so repeatedly trod by her papa.

Tony Martin gets himself a new uniform, a new girl and a new place to celebrate. The girl's Carole Landis, who does some talking about guys in uniform on page 36; the place is the Little Troc, latest Hollywood hit spot



Diana will marry, unless she changes her mind, actor Bramwell Fletcher, who recently starred on the stage with Katharine Cornell.

Diana, brunette and dynamic, arrived in Hollywood to play in Universal's "Eagle Squadron." Dad met her at the train. "How wonderful to have a beautiful daughter to support me," he cooed.

A day or two later, Diana arrived for an interview with a black eye. The reporter, unaware that Diana had accidentally acquired the orb that morning, asked about it. "Dad beat me," she said so straightfaced the reporter fell backwards.

So it looks as though Barrymoria

"I was a Part-Time Wife"

HOW MRS. E. OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT MARS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. When Bob and I were first married, I thought we'd be the happiest pair in the world. I was a good manager, a good cook. I'd always been considered attractive. But . . . well, Bob became cold, indifferent. The romantic side of our marriage simply fizzled out.



2. One morning after Bob stormed off to work in a temper, my Aunt Sue dropped in. She's a trained nurse. I couldn't help blurting out the whole story to her. "My dear," she said, "when love goes on the rocks, it's often because a woman is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene . . .



3. "It's one neglect," Aunt Sue went on, "that most husbands *can't* forgive. That's why so many *modern* wives use Lysol for intimate personal protection. Lysol solution isn't only cleansing and deodorizing—it kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues. We nurses *know*."



4. Never again will I risk my happiness! I use Lysol regularly now for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle—and effective. Economical, too, because it's so diluted in use. P.S.: Bob and I are cooing like doves again.

6 Reasons for using LYSOL

NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of feminine hygiene solution. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely.

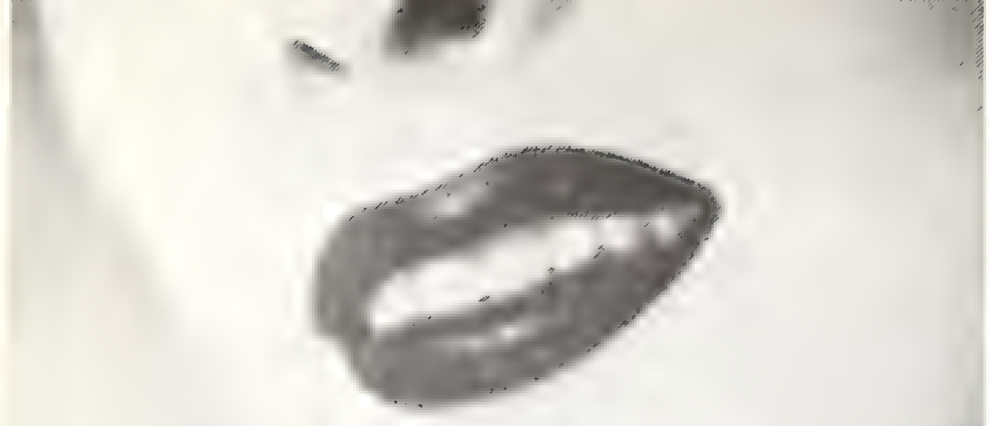
Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. P.M.M.-542, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.



They can't stop talking about the NEW

Revlon Lipstick

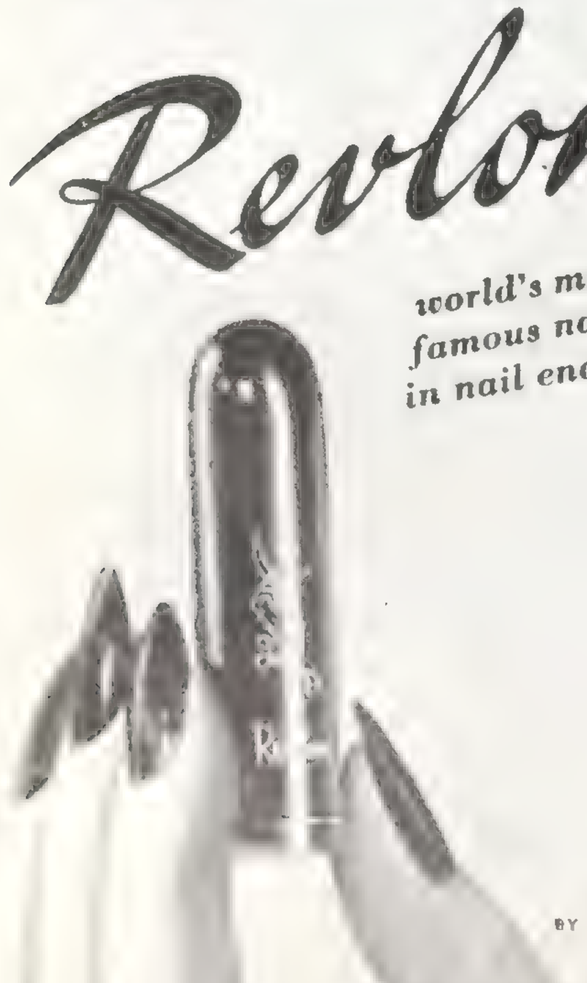
and the way it stays on!

When half the smart girls in 48 states discover a perfect lipstick, there's bound to be talk! Women rush to tell friends how marvelously Revlon Lipstick stays on . . . like their beloved Revlon Nail Enamel. They rave about the brilliant *young* look it gives to lips . . . never sticky or "faded." And you know how *everybody* talks about Revlon's excitingly beautiful lipstick shades! Have you tried a Revlon lipstick in the new HOTHOUSE ROSE or ROSY FUTURE or BRAVO or any of the sixteen fashion-making shades? Quick! They're wonderful!

only 60¢ also $1 size

Revlon

world's most famous name in nail enamel



COPR. 1941 BY REVLON PROD. CORP.



Labeled ladies at a USO center: June Millarde and Ann Corcoran; counterman: E. G. Robinson



Most stared-at newlyweds at the USO center opening were Ann Sheridan and new husband George Brent who miked a message

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

will live on in Hollywood. Hollywood can't get away from it, it seems.

Sleepwalker: Have trouble walking in your sleep? Well, sympathize then with Rosemary DeCamp, a chronic somnambulist who arrived home dog-tired after doing a day of song and dance routine for "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

"I gave my husband what probably was an awful shock," she told us. "About three o'clock in the morning he caught me just as I was going out the front door in my nightdress, feet bare of course, snapping my fingers to a time step and singing, 'Oh, what a girl was Mary.'

"He still looks at me peculiarly," Rosemary sighed.

Good Luck, England!: The sign over the door read Deutsches Chemisches Institut and outside the building a number of Nazi troops were stationed, heiling passing officers.

True, it was only a set on a studio back lot, but the terse and brusque manner of the actors was startling, to say the least.

Then, suddenly, six Lockheed planes thundered overhead on their way to England from the Lockheed plant just three short miles a[way].

Instantly shooting ceased and ev[ery] eye was raised upward. Sudd[enly] one of the fiercest Nazi officers ra[ised] his voice and in a good old Amer[ican] twang yelled, "Good luck, boys!"

The bombers droned off in the [dis]tance, the actors snapped back to [at]tention and the cameras turn[ed]. "Heil," they shouted; but good [will] for England was still in their he[arts].

Attention School Kids: So your [geo]logy teacher is a dud, the math [class] is a blow-out and the French inst[ruc]tress is a pain. You'd rather g[o to] the movies where people have gl[am]our!

Oh we know all about it. But [wait] a minute, kids. Do you realize [that] some of our best paid stars have [been] teachers? What's more, these [stars] tell us their own pupils didn't [think] they were glamorous either. Not [even] Madeleine Carroll, who taught Fr[ench] at a girl's seminary at the Br[ighton] beach resort of Brighton. And [red]-headed Greer Garson, who tut[ored] young hopefuls who wanted to [pass] entrance exams to Cambridge, wa[s no] pupils' pet by any means.

Practice teaching in a Texas Nor[mal] School was as far as Ann Sher[idan]

got in her teaching career and there is no record of boys' begging to stay after school to clean the blackboards.

Martha Scott and Louise Campbell were both schoolteachers, and good ones, too.

Among the men, Richard Carlson taught English at the University of Minnesota, Jeffrey Lynn taught English in the Lisbon, Maine, high school, and tall and handsome Dean Jagger was the math professor in a small midwest high school.

Robert Taylor almost became head of the music department at Doane College in Nebraska.

As far as that goes, old Cal was a teacher once himself!

Last-Minute Flashes: Ava Gardner Rooney has recoved from the appendectomy that interrupted hers and Mickey's honeymoon. Mickey was a frightened husband there for a while. . . .

Wayne Morris married his sweetheart Pat Stewart. Pat's name read Pat O'Rourke on the marriage license.

Which reminds us—we ran into Wayne in a Hollywood gas station recently and handsome he looked in his ensign's uniform. "Gee, I see you haven't forgotten me," he grinned. "I read my name in your column every once in a while."

Which flattered Cal no end. Wayne will be stationed for a while in Florida and then is off—to parts unknown. . . .

Sight-seers were thrilled at the sight of Lieutenant James Stewart dining with his old flame Olivia de Havilland and friend Burgess Meredith.

"Romance," shrieked Hollywood all over the place, but Cal is skeptical.

Friends were busy saying good-by to Jeffrey Lynn who marched off to camp. Hollywood was surprised that Jeffrey trekked off a bachelor, since his romance with Margaret Hayes has been in full swing, lo these many months.



Mrs. Fonda's spring hat and Mr. Fonda's grin steal the limelight on gala night at the Little Troc

IT BRINGS OUT THE SPARKLE IN ME!



WANT TO BE POPULAR? Learn the lesson that Hollywood knows so well—"Have a sparkling smile and use it." Discover the amazingly brilliant polish you get with CALOX Tooth Powder—choice of OLIVIA de HAVILLAND and so many other famous stars.



OLIVIA'S DAY is as crowded as yours. Her grooming must be perfection—so every preparation is selected for *results*. CALOX contains *5* cleansing and polishing agents ...thus checks and re-checks every job of cleansing!



MOVIE STARS are serious about their grooming—why not you? Try CALOX. You may have forgotten how beautifully bright your teeth can shine. It costs no more to use this famous, 5-way powder. Have a CALOX shine—today!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HELPS YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real *beauty* tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through mesh silk screens. Contains no harsh abrasives.
3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

You're a Dream

...AT A DISTANCE



Don't let the nearness of you shatter his dream. Don't let even a whisper of staleness brand you as the "lady who forgot" to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder.

IN SPRING TIME more than ever you need Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder. Because, spring with its bright freshness cruelly emphasizes any let-down in your daintiness.

So—before you dress, sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder over yourself. Softly as snowflakes this delicate talcum falls on your body. Dries up lingering moisture . . . leaves your skin pearly smooth, with a superfine film of protection to guard against chafing.

And Cashmere Bouquet Talcum—for dramatic climax—imparts to your person the "fragrance men love". You'll be *sweet, fresh,* enticingly feminine.

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters

Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

Another member of the Royal Family of Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Preparations.



Speak FOR YOURSEL



When a girl sa
such a pret
please as do
Indiana's Av
Donald, wh
can Photopla
Movie Mirror
but give her
Nils Asther
"Sweater Gir

$10.00 PRIZE
Pay-off on a Good Idea

WHY not have a "Best Physique in Hollywood" contest, lining up all the "he-men" of the motion-picture industry, such as Victor Mature, Errol Flynn and John Payne. Your feminine public would burn up the roads to get a copy and the masculine readers would like to see what the stars have got that they haven't got.

Why, copies would sell like hot cakes!

I don't care whether I win a prize if you will have this contest.

BUDDY COWLEY,
Brackettville, Tex.

We are awarding this letter first prize because it contains a creative idea—and you'll see that idea brought to life on page 32. Thanks, Buddy Cowley!

$5.00 PRIZE
Reader Proves the Story on Page 44

MISS RUTH HUSSEY of M-G-M has written me a letter and I'm so pleased I'd like to tell it to the world! It isn't a mere formal note but a real letter with news of an interesting incident which occurred during the making of one of her pictures. I'm tremendously grateful, fully realizing that time is a precio and not to be wasted commodity Hollywood.

Miss Hussey says she not only rea my letters to her but likes them! Y know, we fans are frequently doubt about the possibility of our lette actually being seen by our favorit much less being read with interest. sometimes fear that Hollywood tab lates us only as to numbers, sectio of the country or likes and dislik so that a personal touch makes all difference in the world.

I was already 99% for Miss Huss but you can bet I'm a "hundred p center" from now on!

M. B. DAVIDSON.
Chester, S. Ca

$1.00 PRIZE
She Gets What She Wants

SHADES of Hollywood, at las have an opportunity to tell what I want. We love our Boy Tracys and Taylors, but just give Nils Asther and they can all th fade away. Why do we have to a third-rate picture in order to Nils? Surely the Hollywood bigw can see he rates stardom. And w about our glamour queens? It see to me they would all be fighting have the handsome Asther for th leading man. Wake up Hollywo don't be so dumb.

Perhaps you can tell me what picture he is working in now. If I have to put up with Arlen, Preston or whom have you to see Nils, I guess I can as I have before. Furthermore, if South Africa rates a picture of Brian Donlevy, could you favor me with a picture of Nils Asther?

AVIS M. DONALD,
Indianapolis, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
Honest Criticism

WE, John Public, movieland's severest critics, do hereby present a large bunch of garlic to Jean Arthur and her artificial attitude. If she snubs her publicity agents, reporters, columnists, writers and others who are helping her to put another rung in her ladder of success and then takes an axe and chops them away, what happens? Like Humpty Dumpty, she will receive a great fall. If she ignores people who helped her climb that ladder what would she do to us if we dared to approach her? Well, her write-ups aren't favored by us! She has lost her appeal for John Public. Sorry, Jean, once you were a story but you're only a legend now.

CHARLES DONALD CHARMELLI,
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
Payne Plus!

I SAY Robert Taylor had better look to his laurels while he still holds them, for according to me and half the nation there is someone who is neck and neck with the great Taylor. Whom I'm speaking of (if you haven't guessed) is none other than John Payne.

If you want to hear the audience sigh go to see "Remember The Day." When John comes out in his uniform every feminine heart beats "eight to the bar."

(*Continued on page* 74)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

JANE WITHERS, Starring in the 20th Century-Fox Production "YOUNG AMERICA"



"My Canary's my 'boy friend'—and can he sing!"

Jane Withers

More and more the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation!* Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting everyone's spirits with his happy song.

One of these gay little songsters is a fascinating pet that you, too, should enjoy! A canary takes but little care, and will give you matchless hours of loving companionship.



Send for a beautifully illustrated 76-page book on Canaries. It's the book the movie stars use —and it's FREE!

Simply mail your name and address, on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2478 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

In Hollywood **FRENCH'S BIRD SEED IS THE FAVORITE . . . 4 to 1**

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Today —and every day—feed *your* canary FRENCH'S.



THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.



BRIEF REVIEWS



Decorative c
of the jitte
Cary Grant,
Lane in "Arse
And Old Lac

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWE

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT — Warners: Humphrey Bogart is a gangster who discovers a Nazi spy ring led by Conrad Veidt and his aides, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson, and from then on it's a chase between Humphrey and the police who are after him and Humphrey and the Nazis who are planning to blow up an American battleship. The cast is expert, but the melodrama is not so expertly executed. (April)

✓ *AMONG THE LIVING*—Paramount: Albert Dekker plays a dual role as the brother who returns home to find that his twin, whom he had thought dead, is alive and insane. When the insane one escapes and sets upon a round of murder, the sane brother is taken for the killer and almost lynched. Dekker does a swell job and Susan Hayward, Frances Farmer and Harry Carey are also fine. (March)

✓ *BABES ON BROADWAY*—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland instill freshness into the same old story of would-be actors' finally hitting the big time. Mickey, Ray McDonald and Richard Quine have an act they don't get very far with until they meet Judy. Mickey's impersonation of Carmen Miranda and Judy's singing are high spots and the production numbers are staged with M-G-M lavishness. (Feb.)

BAHAMA PASSAGE — Paramount: Madeleine Carroll arrives on Bildo Cay with her scoundrel father to manage the island for Stirling Hayden and his mentally deranged mother, Flora Robson. Madeleine sets out for Stirling, who's married to Mary Anderson, but don't waste your time seeing what happens. The film's one redeeming feature is the handsomeness of Madeleine and Stirling. (March)

✓✓ *BALL OF FIRE* — Goldwyn-RKO: Gary Cooper, one of a group of professors compiling an encyclopedia, sets out to broaden his knowledge of slang and meets night-club babe Barbara Stanwyck, on the lam from the police. What happens is wildly hilarious. Kathleen Howard, Allen Jenkins and the professors, all of whom you'll love, lend tremendous support. (Feb.)

✓ *BEDTIME STORY*—Columbia: Loretta Young, Broadway star who wants to retire, finally divorces her playwright husband, Fredric March, and marries banker Allyn Joslyn, but Freddie interrupts her honeymoon much to Joslyn's embarrassment and Loretta's amusement. Robert Benchley and Joslyn are killingly funny and Freddy and Loretta are at their best. (March)

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE—Columbia: Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake decide to go to college in this latest instalment of the adventures of the *Bumpstead* family. They conceal their marriage, which leads to many complications for them both, and to add to their problems, *Dagwood* goes in for all the teams.

✓ *BLUES IN THE NIGHT*—Warners: An odd, sultry, queerly somber picture, this, set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band telling of a small Southern dance band tha trouble at Lloyd Nolan's notorious roadho Richard Whorf as the young pianist whom Pris Lane secretly loves is a fine actor. With B Field. (Feb.)

BLUE, WHITE AND PERFECT—20th Cent Fox: Fast-moving mystery with Lloyd Nola the detective *Michael Shayne* who leaves his fian Mary Beth Hughes, to board a luxury liner cr to Hawaii to pursue a gang of Nazi sabote Helene Reynolds is very promising as an ad turess and George Reeves is the FBI man ab ship.

BOMBAY CLIPPER—Universal: Stolen je provide the motive for a lot of thrilling goings aboard the Pacific Clipper. Newspaperman Wil Gargan is determined to discover the je and there's a strange assortment of charac aboard the plane. Irene Hervey provides romantic interest and Lloyd Corrigan gives str support. (April)

✓ *BORN TO SING*—M-G-M: A clever l comedy-musical, with Leo Gorcey, Ray McDo and Rags Ragland trying to get back from a cro show producer the music written by Virg Weidler's father. When they're framed on an tortion charge, gangster Sheldon Leonard c to their rescue. The youngsters score brig and tiny Richard Hall is a panic. (April)

BROOKLYN ORCHID—Hal Roach-U.A.: liam Bendix, owner of a fleet of taxicabs, is t ried to Grace Bradley and Joe Sawyer is mar to Florine McKinney who doesn't like Miss B ley. But when a third woman enters the p the turmoil really gets going, but it doesn anywhere. Marjorie Woodworth is very beau as the Brooklyn Orchid. (April)

✓ *BUGLE SOUNDS, THE*—M-G-M: A bon for Wallace Beery fans is this story of a ha ten Army sergeant who is forced to turn his ment into a tank outfit. He finally is discha from the Army and falls in with a band of s teurs, but manages to lick them singlehanded. Marjorie Main as his sentimental sidekick, Lewis Stone. (March)

CADET GIRL—20th Century-Fox: George M gomery is a West Pointer who falls in love Carole Landis, singer with his brother's orch They decide to marry even though it means Geo expulsion from the school, but the brother to bring Cadet Montgomery to his senses. music, good looks and special bits of acting the picture lively. (Feb.)

CADETS ON PARADE—Columbia: Fr Bartholomew runs away from military school is befriended by newsboy Jimmy Lydon, who bu up his self-confidence. When Jimmy's father b mails Freddie's father, he returns to school pretends to have escaped from kidnapers. Raymond Hatton and Minna Gombell.

CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, THE—M-G-M: The big news of this gay song fest is Rise Stevens who becomes Nelson Eddy's singing partner in this chuckle-laden story. Eddy gives his best performance as the married operetta star who tests the loyalty of his capricious wife, Miss Stevens, by pretending to be a Russian baritone. The music is out of this world. (Feb.)

CONFIRM OR DENY—20th Century-Fox: Don Ameche is the dynamic head of an American news service in London that attempts to keep open for business despite the bombings, with Joan Bennett, as the English girl employed by the service, John Loder, Raymond Walburn, Roddy McDowall and Arthur Shields caught up in the scramble. It's firecracker fare. (Feb.)

CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE — Edward Small-U.A.: Glamorous make-believe, with romance, thrills, rescues and sword plays galore; with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing twin sons of a Corsican family who have been separated as babies and then come together to set out on their deeds of revenge. Ruth Warrick is the beautiful heroine who must be rescued from Akim Tamiroff. (March)

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL—M-G-M: Rosalind Russell's beauty and charm as the female judge is the undoing of nervy photographer Walter Pidgeon when he sets out to involve her in scandal at the instigation of his boss, Edward Arnold, who wants his alimony reduced. Lee Bowman and Mary Beth Hughes get caught up in the nonsense that proves entertaining fun. (Feb.)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal: Eccentric Hugh Herbert inherits a pickle factory which sponsors a radio program featuring Richard Davies and Jane Frazee in a newlywed series. Hugh gets himself all mixed up in a plot to substitute Anne Gwynne for Jane. Robert Paige also gets involved in the plot. With Mischa Auer to add to the mixup.

DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY—M-G-M: Sound and solid entertainment, with interne Robert Sterling ignoring a hospital ruling to bring critically injured Ann Ayars to the hospital, where Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore save the day for them. Jean falls in love with *Kildare,* but he doesn't succumb to her charms. (Marsh)

FLEET'S IN, THE—Paramount: This gay musical is meant only for fun and entertainment and succeeds in its purpose admirably. William Holden is a shy sailor who his fellow gobs believe irresistible to women. They bet he can kiss Dorothy Lamour, dance-hall singer, who loathes sailors, which leads to many complications. With Eddie Bracken, Betty Hutton, Leif Erickson and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. (April)

FOUR JACKS AND A JILL—RKO-Radio: This story provides a mediocre background for the dancing of Ray Bolger, the clowning of Eddie Foy, Jr., and the singing of June Havoc. Anne Shirley, through a fake publicity stunt, secures a good job for night-club musicians Bolger, Foy, Jack Briggs and William Blees, and cabdriver Desi Arnaz helps the hoax along. (April)

GENTLEMAN AT HEART, A—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, clever, money-making bookie, goes to enter the world of art because he's fallen for Carole Landis, who runs an art dealer's shop. His endeavors lead to a lot of laughs. Milton Berle gives his characteristic performance as Romero's wheeling associate and J. Carol Naish, a painter who copies masterpieces, is very funny.

GLAMOUR BOY—Paramount: An appealing, good little movie, loaded with human interest, with Jackie Cooper playing a former child star who's signed in to coach Darryl Hickman in a remake of Jackie's former hit, "Skippy." Jackie meets and falls in love with Susanna Foster and finds plenty of grief before emerging with a new viewpoint on life. (Feb.)

HELLZAPOPPIN'—Mayfair-Universal: This crazy movie will either have you shrieking your heads off with laughter or will leave you cold and mystified. Olsen and Johnson have taken their Broadway riot and transcribed it to the screen with all its wow and zest, madness and nit-wittery. Martha Raye, Hugh Herbert and Mischa Auer are also mixed up in the deal. (March)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—M-G-M: Frankly disappointing is our opinion of the movie version of the best seller, but our one-check approval goes for the splendid performance of Robert Young, for the careful direction and for the sterling acting of Van Heflin and Ruth Hussey. Hedy Lamarr cloaks her beauty as the business girl. (Feb.)

JAIL HOUSE BLUES—Universal: Nat Pendleton, who has been pardoned from prison, refuses to leave because he wants to remain in stir to produce the big prison show, but when Ralf Harolde who was to play the feminine lead escapes, Nat goes after him and meets Anne Gwynne and singer Robert Paige.

JOAN OF PARIS—RKO-Radio: Dealing with the attempts of five British fliers to get out of France and back to England, this is a thrilling, suspenseful movie that provides fine entertainment. Paul Henreid takes refuge in the room of Michele Morgan, a young barmaid, and she, with the aid of Thomas Mitchell, helps the fliers escape. Both Henreid and Michele give touching, superb performances. (March)

(*Continued on page* 107)



High-speed camera catches the motion and grace of Arthur Murray dancers in a Conga turn—all on one film.

In Action



Jean Kern *of Arthur Murray's Rochester Studio staff—is band-box fresh after her busiest day!*

use Odorono Cream . . . Arthur Murray Dancers Do!

• Glamourous Arthur Murray dancer Bunny Duncan rushes through her day like a whirling dervish. Yet you'd find her still enchantingly fresh and sure of her charm at the end of her last lesson! For Arthur Murray girls trust Odorono Cream to guard them against underarm odor and dampness.

Gentle, delightful to use—non-greasy, non-gritty Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! Get a jar! Dance and still be sweet and appealing when the orchestra plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter.

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK



ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

•

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

ABOUT-FACE

Winning orders
from beauty headquarters
per Patricia Morison

BY GLORIA MACK



Some "be sure" clean-up hints from Patricia: Be sure to use enough cream

Be sure no trace of the cleansing cream rests on your pretty face

Be sure you use enough powder, then give any surplus a quick brush-off

ORDER I

Every woman today should know: . . . That she should make an effort to look prettier than she ever has before, as pretty as did Patricia Morison of "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," at the opening of the Russian ballet in Los Angeles.

. . . That she should realize that a good complexion is the result of a good regimen of thinking as logically on this about-face subject as does Miss Morison: "A neglected complexion looks just what it is—neglected. You have to use a good cream on both face and hands. I always use a cream to remove make-up, then follow it with soap and water. If your skin gets temporarily out of kilter, watch your diet, be sure your skin is kept clean and get plenty of fresh air."

. . . That large pores around the chin and nose are the first sign of danger. She must be sure these large pores are thoroughly cleansed, and that she uses an astingent.

. . . That a hand lotion or cream will do wonders in smoothing out tiny lines around nose and eyes.

ORDER II

Every woman should promise herself to do this:

. . . At night, she should cleanse her face thoroughly. First, she should apply a layer of cleansing cream to her face with an upward and outward movement. She should leave this cream on for five minutes, then remove every trace of it with tissues. She should repeat this process once more. Soap and water come next, a gentle scrubbing. If her skin is dry, she should spread on it a rich film of cream and leave it on all night.

. . . In the morning, she should wash her face in clear water. Then she should apply a light foundation film. Next, an astringent, patted refreshingly over the face. She then blots her skin dry with tissues and is ready for her make-up. If her skin is dry, she will skip the astringent occasionally and leave a slight film of foundation on her face.

ORDER III

Every woman should know her skin type and how to treat it.

For the true blonde skin:
Which is almost transparent and freckles easily—
She will cream richly every night, because this skin type dries easily. An extra-rich cream is good.

For the fair and rosy skin:
Which is apt to blush easily.
She will use a liquefying cleansing cream, and probably prefer a mask-type foundation.

For the peach-toned skin:
Which is the "average" skin, possessing a good texture—
She will cream at night, but will skip the leave-it-on-overnight process.

For the rich brunette:
Which is very vivid in coloring—
She will probably want to use a liquid foundation as her skin will have a tendency to be oily.

For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE !



Allure—*for your more frivolous moments! Hair swept smoothly up off neck and face. Tuck artificial fruit or fresh flowers behind ears. Hair shampooed with new, improved Special Drene.*

Amazing difference due to hair conditioner now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!

ou'll be thrilled by the difference in your ir the very first time you use new, im- oved Special Drene Shampoo! For that onderful hair conditioner now in Special ene gives simply amazing results right ay...leaves hair so much silkier, smoother, easier to arrange right after shampooing! st try improved Special Drene once, and u'll see!

nsurpassed for Removing Dandruff!

e you bothered about removal of ugly, ly dandruff? You won't be when you ampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance.*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of loose dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop! You'll see an amazing difference!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!



Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstandi



Masterpiece with forebodings: Laurence Olivier, Eric Portman in "The Invaders"



Thrill-packed fun: John Wayne, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland in "Reap The Wild Wind"

✓✓ The Invaders (Columbia release)

It's About: *A Nazi band stranded in Canada.*

EIGHTY percent of this picture was filmed in Canada, with English actors recalled from all parts of the globe to play their roles.

The story tells of a German U-Boat in Canadian waters. While seven of the Nazi invaders are ashore, the U-Boat is sunk, leaving the band stranded on Canadian soil. The fanatical antics of men schooled in uncivilized animalism prowling among civilized men is horrible to contemplate.

Naturally, the performances of Leslie Howard, an author vacationing in Canada; Laurence Olivier, a French Canadian trapper; and Raymond Massey, a Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally fine are the performances of Niall MacGinnis, as the German who wants only to go back to his bakery; of Eric Portman as *Kirth;* and Glynis Johns as the young member of the Canadian religious group known as "Hutterites."

The result is impressive, to say the least, and the message pregnant with anticipatory forebodings.

Your Reviewer Says: Realistic masterpiece.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Reap The Wild Wind
To Be Or Not To Be
Mister V
The Invaders
Kings Row

Best Performances

Ray Milland in "Reap The Wild Wind"
Mickey Rooney in "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy"
Donna Reed in "The Courtship of Andy Hardy"
Carole Lombard in "To Be Or Not To Be"
Jack Benny in "To Be Or Not To Be"
Leslie Howard in "Mister V"
Francis Sullivan in "Mister V"
Leslie Howard in "The Invaders"
Laurence Olivier in "The Invaders"
Raymond Massey in "The Invaders"
Niall MacGinnis in "The Invaders"
Glynis Johns in "The Invaders"
Ann Sheridan in "Kings Row"
Ronald Reagan in "Kings Row"

✓✓ Reap The Wild Wind (Paramount)

It's About: *A headstrong girl and ship salvagers.*

CECIL B. DEMILLE has let loose skill and imagination on a c laden story of ships and seas and and women of the 1840's. The is a rip-snorting wind-jamming b me-down adventure story that's a

In Key West, Florida, lives Pa Goddard who has taken over the ness of salvaging ships wrecked o Florida reefs. Meeting up with Wayne, captain of a wrecked v Paulette loses her heart compl and travels to Charleston to see There she meets Ray Milland, att for the shipping company for v Wayne works. She spurns Mill offer of marriage for Wayne who moment of bitterness, betrays ship's command and sinks her o reefs in order to share the spoils the salvage crook Raymond M and his brother Robert Preston.

Wayne is brought to trial by Mi and in an attempt to discover if S Hayward has been lost in the w they descend as divers to wreck. The climax is thrilling.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrill-pack

(*Continued on page* 100)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 105

Help your BEAUTY *bloom this Spring!*



Give your skin
Ivory "baby-care,"
doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion . . .
o go with your new spring clothes.
Use as your model of skin perfection
he Loveliest Complexion in all the
world . . . baby's own!

Do as you do for baby . . . take doc-
ors' beauty advice! Give *your* skin,
oo, the gentle daily care of New
Velvet-Suds" Ivory Soap . . . now
milder and faster-lathering than ever!

What finer beauty-care could *your*
omplexion have than that advised by
octors for baby's lovely skin?

Make your skin
SPRING FRESH

Avoid WINTER-DRIED "flakiness"

Help bring spring's bloom to your skin by "babying" it this way *every night:* With New Ivory's creamy, quick lather (lukewarm, never hot!) gently massage your skin upward, following facial contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin is "winter-dried" apply lightly a little cold cream.



Avoid OILY-SKIN drabness

Since oily skins tend to *hold* dirt, give yours this *thorough* spring cleansing each night and morning: Work up a cleansing mask of quick, thick Ivory lather on your face. Then *scrub* with a washcloth. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-mask cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Let New Ivory be spring to your beauty!



I'M MOSTLY COMPLEXION—

To help keep *my* sensitive skin perfect, Doctor recommends New Ivory Soap. It's an improved Ivory — milder than ever, and contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.



ENJOY "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER!

Sink back into a caressing sea of "velvet suds" that quickly creams off your big white floating Ivory cake. Every pore responds to gentle Ivory! Then you step out to untroubled sleep . . . and waken with "Spring-Fresh" beauty!

99 44/100 % PURE
IT FLOATS

"Baby-care" is
Beauty-care . . . use *New Velvet-Suds* IVORY

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

HAVE YOU AN ENVY LIST? Girls, listen! All the time you've been envying beautiful stars, they've been busy with a bit of envying themselves. Take Barbara Stanwyck, for instance. Barbara has a figure out of this world, a salary big enough to placate a greedy moneybag, a face interestingly beautiful, a career that flourishes like the green bay tree (and grows greener by the minute if you remember "Ball Of Fire"). Besides all these, Stanwyck has Bob Taylor for a husband! And yet Barbara doesn't see perfection in herself by a long shot. In fact, Barbara has a special envy list. Here it is exactly as she passed it along to Cal. Above all Barbara would like:

To look like Ingrid Bergman.
To act like Jean Arthur.
To have legs like Marlene Dietrich's.
To possess the flair of Ann Sheridan.
To have hair like Connie Bennett's.
To own eyes like Paulette Goddard's.
To sing like Connie Boswell.
To dance like Jessie Matthews.

And there you are. How about it, girls? Got an envy list of your own?

"Their" Children Department: Ellen, the three-year-old daughter of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, is a proper little lass who calls herself Miss Powell. Her first morning at nursery school, the teacher called her forward to give her name. "It's Miss Powell," she said, and then dimpled, "but you may call me Ellen."

Carol Anne and Barbara Queen, daughters of Bob Young, are the pride of his life, but vivacious Barbara is also his problem child. Nightly after the two girls had gone to bed, Bob and Mrs. Young could hear Barbara chattering and giggling.

One night Bob went in. "Barbara Queen," he said, "if you don't go to sleep, I'm going to spank you."

No sooner had Bob's head hit the pillow than she was at it again. So Bob paraded in, turned Barbara over and gave her one good smack.

Silence, complete and utter, ensued.

At dancing school the next day Mrs. Young discovered the youngster going among all the children asking, "Does your daddy spank you?"

"What's all this?" Mrs. Y. asked.

"Oh, I just wanted to know if spankings were going on with other children, too," Barbara Queen said.

Apparently satisfied that they were, she's been a good child ever since.



PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Should Stars Fight?

THIS most vulnerable of all industries has another problem, a problem involving public opinion, patriotism—and propaganda. It began when Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, director of selective service, declared that motion-picture actors, directors, writers and technicians may apply for draft deferment as workers in an essential industry.

The answer came from the Screen Actors Guild, who rejected the classification and demanded that actors be treated like all other Americans.

This was echoed by old-time theatrical producer William A. Brady, who said, "I don't think either screen people or theater people can be termed essential."

On the one hand there is a perfectly logical argument: Why shouldn't a movie star who has made a sizable income for months and years, who probably has enough saved up so that life in the Army will work no financial hardship on him, why shouldn't he serve as well as you or I or our brothers and sons who have not been so fortunate? Will a woman seeing a handsome movie star on the screen resent the fact that he is in Hollywood while her husband or son or brother or sweetheart is fighting on a foreign field of battle?

This is the view that Hollywood takes and, as I understand it, does not plan to request deferments except in the case of a few older executives whose unique services in the producing of films for morale are legitimately considered indispensable.

Of course, this policy is relaxed in the case of an actor who is caught in the midst of making a picture at the time of his call or who, after entering the service, is needed by the studio for retakes on a film already completed. In such instances Hollywood to protect its investment has asked for and obtained a release for the star concerned. This sort of co-operation between our armed forces and the industry makes for good will and all-around efficiency.

ON THE other hand, there is the argument that although no individual star is indispensable to the morale effect of motion pictures, it is true that a complete upset of the present structure of stars and executives would so disrupt the industry that its full power from a propaganda standpoint could not be exerted. This argument implies that the audience should withhold its resentment toward individuals out of respect for the effectiveness of the whole weapon.

Take the statement made to Walter Winchell and quoted in his article on page 28 of this issue, "We want Clark Gable to stay where he is—on the screen," an Administration official told Winchell. "Clark Gable," he went on, "is one of the people's daily habits and we don't want to rob the people of their steady habits all at once."

How about it, people? It is the considered opinion of the authorities that the stars should stay where they are. Yet Hollywood doesn't wish to be considered any different from you or me. Who's right? Will you give up your habits without losing morale? Will you resent seeing stars on the screen while your boys are fighting? It is really up to you and I wish every one of you would tell me what you think. Your letter will reach me at 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

Ernest V. Heyn

Keep 'em Rolling

BY WALTER WINCHELL





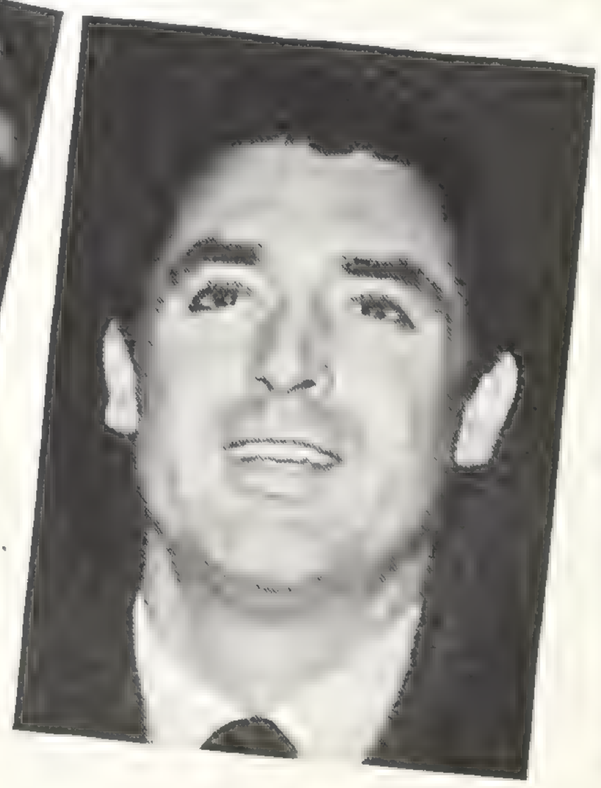
"Somebodies" in Hollywood: Charles Boyer, James Cagney, Lieut. Commander A. J. Bolton, Ronald Colman, Lieut. Commander Walter Winchell, Claudette Colbert, Fred Beetson, Col. E. A. Evans, Jack Benny, Spencer Tracy, Cary Grant.



Bob Hope: He played a part at Coventry; W. W. got the story



Claudette Colbert: Winchell's plea brought the tears to her eyes.



Cary Grant: He spoke for Hollywood when he said what he did



Myrna Loy: She w one of the thirty wo came to the foe

Hollywood

A Navy-blue columnist speaks out about Holly-

wood—and Hollywood speaks out about him!



Tyrone Power: He traveled across a continent to help



Clark Gable: Winchell heard rumors; Washington worried



Bette Davis: She proved the Navy could always rely on her

A MOVING-picture camera is as much an instrument of war as a machine gun, and an actor's ork can be as helpful as a riveter's. That is the verdict of the United tates Government in certifying the otion-picture business as a necessary ar industry.

This is not the creation of a special rivilege. It is an honest recognition f the importance of moving pictures n the American way of life.

In the showdown, the patriotism of he silver screen proved to be pure old. The movie industry is as Ameri- n as a Thanksgiving turkey and the yalty of Hollywood is as solid as lymouth Rock.

Almost as a unit, the men and omen of the silver screen asked for tive service. This means that the ople you see on the screen have olunteered to stand behind a gun.

In Hollywood's assigned post of duty their daily work—they are doing ore than accepting the Government's rections. They are obeying its ders.

Not long ago I was at a White House ess conference. When it was over, e of the President's close advisers ked me to dinner. He knew that I d many friends among the film stars d he asked me what I knew of their lings about the war.

"What do you hear about Clark ble's planning to quit the screen d join the Air Corps?" he asked. I d him I had heard such rumors.

"We don't want that!" cried this Administration chief. "We want Clark ble to stay where he is—on the een. Clark Gable, we think, is one the people's daily habits and we n't want to rob the people of their ady habits all at once.

"That's the one thing we have ied from Goebbels' propaganda nistry.

"The main reason we held up your request for active duty was the same.

"We didn't want to stop you from columning and broadcasting because we didn't want to stop the habit of those Americans who listen to you and read you merely for the joy they get—in disagreeing with whatever you have to say!"

(Editor's Note: *Walter Winchell, a lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Reserve, had requested assignment to active duty the day war was declared. His request was refused by Navy topsiders because, they said, he could help the service more on inactive duty in public relations work, recruiting via radio and aiding the Navy Relief Society, for which he has already raised more than $300,000 in his splendid promotion of the Louis-Baer prize fight and the recent mammoth benefit show of stage and screen stars in Madison Square Garden.*)

The Government spokesman told me this very dramatic story of Coventry and how laughter saved its people from despair after the Nazis devastated it for three days and as many nights.

The people of Coventry were ripe for any rabble-rouser or government overthrower. They had buried their dead. They had gone without milk for their children—without food and without shelter. To them life seemed at an end.

A few days after the bombings, someone dug up a movie from Hollywood. It was shown to the people of Coventry and other near-by towns night and day for a week, twenty-four hours a day.

It was so funny it made them laugh for ninety minutes, or at least took their minds from their personal misery.

The star was Bob Hope. The picture was "The Ghost Breakers."

"That is why," explained my Washington friend, (*Continued on page* 74)

The TRUTH about Hollywood's

SHADOW WIVES

You'd change places with her in a minute, that nonprofessional wife of any famous screen star.

You envy her her furs, her jewels, her gay life.

But wait a minute—do you envy her this?

BY "FEARLESS"

THE telephone rang in the home of a famous Hollywood movie star. The studio was calling.

"We've decided to spend $50,000 on a huge publicity campaign. From now on you're to play nothing but young romantic roles. 'His Night Of Love' is cleaning up at the box office. The fans have really gone nuts over you."

It was the voice of the publicity director on the other end of the line.

"We'd like to come out and shoot hundreds of pictures. You know the kind of stuff they want—sex art—poses of you stripped to the waist—singing in the shower—shaving—showing how you live—what you eat—how you sleep.

"They want this stuff on you alone. Now don't misunderstand. We're all crazy about Kitty. She's our favorite wife of all the wives in Hollywood. But you know how it is. We know Kitty is young—but she photographs older. Looks a bit on the matronly side. The fans want to think of your being married to someone as beautiful and exciting as your leading lady. Kitty would be the first one to understand this. Besides, it's front-office orders. Kitty's a brick. She'll understand."

Yes, Kitty understood. Unfortunately she happened to pick up the extension and hear the whole conversation. For a long time a sickly fear had eaten away at her heart. She *was* older than her now-famous husband. The studio knew it and the world knew it. How much longer could she hold the man she loved—the man now idolized by a nation of women? Night after night lying there next to him, she asked herself this question.

Kitty is only one of the many shadow wives of Hollywood, those women who must remain in the background while their husbands take the glory spotlight.

Unless you're different from the millions of women who write mash notes to male movie stars, I'm sure you've wondered many times how it feels to be married to one of the great lovers of the screen. To live with him under one roof. To wake up next to him every morning. The wife of a famous star you all know and love has this to say on the subject:

"Being the wife of one of Hollywood's great lovers isn't always so exciting as it might appear. It certainly has its handicaps. Yet I would not have it any other way. I am not a great beauty. I am not the idol of a nation. Therefore, I cannot turn to my career or my public in times of needed substitution. I must depend solely upon the love, companionship and fidelity of the man whose name I bear.

"Every month I read thousands of letters sent to my husband. They come from lonely, frustrated, sex-starved, wistful, worshipping women. Some of them are pathological by nature. Others are simple and sincere. My heart aches for those who are seeking peace and protection from life. Those who only want to share with a go husband. To be the mother of children. I count my blessings wh I read of their sad plight. But the are also letters that leave me sick a humiliated. They make me horri ashamed of my sex.

"While I am not a member of a particular group, I attend many soc affairs where other nonprofessio wives gather. Some of them stunning. Their husbands can well proud of Mrs. Fred MacMurray, M Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Mrs. Ja Oakie, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Her Fonda—to name a few. There others who bear those unmistaka signs of early-day struggle and priv tion. The nonprofessional wife w has unselfishly seen her now-fam husband through years of domes drudgery is the most unfortunate all. Some of them—I must admi deserve to be taken to task.

"I know an actor you've all se recently in one of the season's great love stories. For years he has wai for this big chance. His wife stu by him from the moment of th elopement. She gave up a good sec tarial job to live the precarious of an actor—usually between enga ments. Nightly he knelt at her f and swore that someday he'd ma it all up to her. And he has. B there is still more to the story.

"Recently tongues started waggi Was he more than interested in t rising young starlet on his own l Everyone but (*Continued on page 9*



It happened one night at Ciro's, where Gary Cooper and his wife were dining. Mrs. Cooper looked tired . . .

The Jimmy Cagneys had planned on this party. It started out happily enough but it ended up with Mrs. Cagney's evening ruined

Mrs. Fred Astaire dislikes dining in public places. You won't blame her after you hear what happened to her during dinner one night

Who has the best male



THE JUDGES



Victor Heiser, famous doctor



Alice Marble: tennis champ



Jack Dempsey: Need we say more?



Clark Gable: "He looks fit and he is fit!"

Johnny Weissmuller: The lady liked him

Fred MacMurray: Dempsey said okay

WE started something when, about a year ago, we announced that our four eminent judges—artist Paul Hesse, Doctor Mary Halton, showman Billy Rose and designer Irene—had decided that Betty Grable had the best figure in Hollywood.

Our mailbags were flooded, just as they had been ten years earlier when other judges had crowned Dolores Del Rio with this honor. Many letters applauded our judges' choice. Many protested it. And other letters asked that we hold another contest to decide who among the Hollywood men had the finest physique.

It was a good idea. We went to work instantly. But these things take time. First we had to get the measurements of every man in Hollywood, barring those who waived consideration personally or through their studio. We had to harass studio wardrobe departments and personal tailor Slowly we compiled a chart th would offer our judges comprehensiv measurements of the many me whose proportions and fitness w would ask them to pass upon.

Our judges had to be capable giving equal consideration to diffe ent points of view regarding fir physiques. Many names were re jected. Finally we invited a famou physician and author, a United State

igure in Hollywood?



The winner is pictured on these pages—can you find him? Three famous judges have made their selection, but there are several runners-up among other top male stars

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Errol Flynn: "A fine able look and a magnificent posture"



Bob Taylor: "He has a flat waistline, which is surprising"

George Brent: His proportions should make some younger men hide their heads

rector of physical fitness, and a eat sporting figure to sit upon our ard.

Victor Heiser, M.D., was our physian and author.

In his offices high above the Plaza Rockefeller Center, Doctor Heiser idied our measurement chart carelly. Again and again his pencil uld halt above the neck, calf and eps measurements.

'In a well-porportioned figure," he



Anthony Quinn: His proportions pleased the doctor; his training methods chalked up with Dempsey's

Joel McCrea: Jack Dempsey chose him as an A-number-one man; the other judges skipped over him entirely

Stirling Hayden: He rated because, although he was unusually tall, he had the weight to carry his height

America's first line of defense."

Johnny Weissmuller took third place on the Heiser list.

Anthony Quinn came fourth.

"Taylor, Hayden, Weissmuller and Quinn," he said. "They're four fine, fit men. And it's interesting to note how nicely their weight for their height agrees with the medical height and weight chart."

ALICE MARBLE, tennis champion and U. S. Assistant Director of Physical Fitness in Civilian Defense, judged the Hollywood physiques from an athlete's point of view and also from the point of view she exercises in her new official capacity.

Alice had just returned to New York following a trip across the continent in (*Continued on page 76*)

explained, "the neck, calf and biceps invariably measure about the same.

"I'm eliminating Billy Conn, the fighter who recently made a picture," he went on, "because he has a tremendous neck and a small calf."

A dozen times the Doctor's pencil returned to Robert Taylor.

"Taylor's well-proportioned all around," he said. "He has a splendid chest. And he has a flat waistline, which is as commendable as it is surprising. Taylor won his success quickly. It would have been very easy for him to grow lax, lose his waistline. But I understand he's very careful to keep fit. I understand he trains. Almost everybody has to train to be as fit as he should be. But only a few people even pretend to do this. The life we live today isn't conducive to lean strength.

"Bob Taylor gets first place on my list," he announced.

"And Stirling Hayden gets second place. Hayden's unusually tall. But he has the weight to carry his height. And he's magnificently proportioned."

We asked the doctor to enumerate his requirements for a good physique.

"First," he said, "I consider the relationship of weight and height. I look to see if the measurements of neck, calf and biceps pretty well tally. I consider the chest, the hips and last—but not at all least—the waistline. It's about the middle that the average man begins to go bad, even while he is in his early thirties.

"The waistline," he said seriously, even while he joked, "should be

Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

Exclusive

Color Portrait Series:

Norma Shearer
Appearing in M-G-M's "We Were Dancing"
page 35

Deanna Durbin
Universal star of a sensational personal-appearance tour at Army camps
page 38

Sonja Henie
Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Iceland"
page 28

Paulette Goddard
Appearing in Paramount's "Reap The Wild Wind"
page 39

Janet Blair
Appearing in Columbia's "Two Yanks In Trinidad"
page 33

Walter Pidgeon
Appearing in M-G-M's "Mrs. Miniver"
page 42



How to b



WAR, since the world began, has been a man's game. It has been woman's part to keep the vigil—to wait. We asked Carole Landis for some helpful hints on how The Little Woman Who Stayed At Home could occupy her surplus time interestingly enough to keep from biting herself because of sheer boredom.

"I have several ideas on the subject," she came back—but fast. "You might say the problem should be attacked with a three-tined fork. Point one, self-improvement; point two, good works; point three, plans and preparation."

The Landis, when her imagination is fired, leans forward and talks rapidly. Her eyes, very large and highly expressive, begin to sparkle. Her skin, which is as fine-textured as a gardenia petal (okay, so it's corny—but it's true) takes on a faint glow. And if she's wearing a chartreuse silk jersey hostess gown with a ten-yard skirt, long sleeves and a wide gold leather belt—well, you'll listen to every word of advice she offers on how to get along.

"The big temptation, when the man in your life is suddenly snatched," she went on, "is to sit down and do an All-American job of moping. It's easy to grow irritable, dull, stodgy and fit for nothing except to be bottle and sold as indigo. You have to sa to yourself, 'Introspection and worl damning will do you no good, my gi What you need is open air and a ne viewpoint.' "

As every girl with any ambition always trying to improve herself, t thing to do is to make a positive sta in that direction. "Every girl has, the back of her wish department, son unsatisfied longing held over fro childhood," Carole amplified. "Pe sonally, I always wanted to play t piano. Now that I have a piano a some spare time between pictures, I been taking (*Continued on page 7*

rappy while drafted

etting down to brass-button tacks
how you can rate with "the boys,"
benefit of pretty cute Carole
ndis and pretty keen Kay Kyser



BY FREDDA DUDLEY

UDYARD KIPLING got to the basis of all service men's complaints when he wrote "Boots," cording to Kay Kyser, whom we ught cutting capers on the set of his w RKO-Radio picture, "My Favor- Spy."

"Boots-boots-boots-boots, slogging er Africa" drove British Tommies id because of their inescapability. e thing that gets a soldier is the neness, the day-after-day eternal erlasting monotony of life in camp. 'There has been a good deal said d written lately about morale in my camps," he observed. "Person- y, I thought that—wherever the band went—spirit was pretty high. It would go sky-high if the dreariness of uninterrupted routine could be overcome. It's the lack of variety that tears the boys down."

Civilians everywhere, fathers, mothers and the girls left behind, are anxious to do everything in their power, as Kay has been told by literally thousands of letters, to help solve all the problems of the new Army. But no one seems to be certain just how to go about this help—just what to do.

"Don't feel that if you contributed handsomely to U.S.O. you have done your share," Kay says with a solemn shake of his head. "Money is only the beginning. To get down to brass tacks, the one thing that most of those boys want is to see someone from the outside world. They told us, every time we visited a camp, that our entertainment was the topic of conversation for a week beforehand and a week afterward."

Continuing along this line, Kay thinks that if parents and girl friends would hoard their cash, instead of chunking it in for boxes of groceries and knitted things that may or may not fit, and spend it on carfare or gasoline to make frequent visits to the embryo (*Continued on page* 78)









On her way to a fabulous life: At the age of one, with her mother



Leg show at three and a half for a beach party



Leg show by Betty at fo
for Fox's "Let's Go

What makes Betty run?

At twenty-five Betty Grable is a girl who has everything—including a background that makes for some exciting reading

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE STORY of Betty Grable, the gorgeous blonde with the perfect contours, is almost pure Hollywood in its conception. It's more than representative, in a way: When you trace Betty's path, beginning twelve or thirteen years ago and continuing to the present, you have at the end a map of the town. When you consider her career in all its aspects, you catch not only a glimpse of the strange and wonderful way in which the mighty picture industry works, but you sense as well the psychology of those men who run the industry, and the town, and the lives of the people who live there.

Finally, when you have looked beyond the perfect figure and the lovely face and the bright gold hair to observe at last what makes Betty run, you find in her the composite of all those girls who, lured by the great gaudy lodestone of Hollywood, have struggled through to stardom. What it has cost them, in terms of such coin as love, leisure, health and peace of mind, it has cost Betty.

What they have become, she has become

And this is how she is, and the way it happened. . . .

She is today an almost happy young woman. When you sit opposite Betty at a table in the Players, on the Sunset Strip, and begin to listen while she talks about herself, you (with all the other patrons who are craning in the direction of your table) are looking at a girl who has everything. Being twenty-five, she is at the full glow of her beauty, which is considerable. Her furs are lush and genuine, her diamonds many and ditto; an hour ago she has managed to find time from her starring role in a million-dollar production to let Paul Hesse take the portrait you see on the cover of this magazine. Her hairdresser, who came along to change that new, casual hairdress into a tailored concoction for afternoon, will meet her at home in a few hours and change it again into something soft and gay, which is the way George Raft likes it.

George will give her dinner tonight, and take her dancing. She will be told tonight that she is greatly loved, which is a thing she has heard many times, but never before with such pleasure and pride, because she is love with George as she has not bee in love before.

There will be autograph seeke waiting at the door of Ciro's when sh comes out. As she drives throug town towards home she will see h name on the marquees in big letter She will have a hamburger and milk-shake before the evening is ove since she does not have to diet to kee her figure—and her sleep, when s gets around to it, will be sound slee uninterrupted by anxious dreams worry over the future.

These are her possessions, at twe ty-five. She is almost happy wi them. You will understand, when y have finished her story, why t statement is qualified.

ACCORDING to the baptism certificate which asserts th through the offices of the Episcop Church she became, as of March 1921, an Inheritor of the Kingdom Heaven, Elizabeth Ruth Grable w born just a few days before Christm in 1916. Since John Grable, her fath was one of (*Continued on page 6*




Walter Ridgeon

This is Pidgeon

That he's a movie star doesn't seem possible — to him, or to anyone who knows him. It won't to you — after this



Walter is married to Ruth, a small-town girl, the only person who can blitz him at backgammon

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

THE pack of city kids closed in like wolves on the tall man striding down Fifth Avenue, mobbing him with noisy clamors. A New York cop rushed in, his face red and his Irish up. The kids scampered and the cop turned to the big guy with the grin-wrinkled eyes.

"Now, what's the idea?" he roared. 'Blockin' traffic like this! I ought to run you in—O-h-h-h-h—" said the cop suddenly, slamming his hands on his hips. "So it's *you,* Mr. Pidgeon! Sure, now, and I really ought to run you in. What's the matter with you, anyway—getting a bead on that divil Hitler—and then not lettin' him have it?"

Every now and then something like that Manhattan aftermath of "Man Hunt" happens to remind Walter Pidgeon that he's a movie star. Most of the time it doesn't seem quite possible—to himself or to anyone who knows him.

He's just not the type.

He's not vain; he's humble. He's not shy; he's superfriendly. He's not bored; he's curious as a cat. He's not a poseur; he's ingenuous. His friends and interests aren't exclusively in Hollywood; they're scattered all over the world. He hasn't an ulcer, a nervous breakdown, or a pout hanging around. He has about as much temperament as a turtle. But he's a romantic rave in his third Hollywood career, and the last is the best.

Not long ago Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, summoned him. "Walter," Mayer began apologetically, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to do another *Nick Carter* picture. We have another script and—"

"Fine!" boomed Pidgeon, absolutely undaunted by the prospect of a B. "They're popular, aren't they? They do a good business, don't they? When do I start?" Mr. Mayer should have known it would be okay with Pidge. Everything always is.

WHEN visiting firemen descend on Hollywood sets, M-G-M steers them to Pidge. Whether it's the South Jersey Corset Makers convention, the Pope's emissary, or a royal potentate, Walter is equally charming, sincere, courteous and delighted. He loves people—all people, always. He'll spend every spare minute of his time eagerly chinning with folk most self-centered stars would dismiss as unimportant. He's a greeter, an extrovert, a *Babbitt,* maybe. But he's the most charming, personally popular star in Hollywood, too.

The other day an obscure hand at M-G-M got in a jam with the law and ended up overnight in the pokey. Walter was down at six a. m., after scraping together $150 cash, to bail him out. When he made "How Green Was My Valley," Walter spent all his set leisure with a little quiet wardrobe man nobody at Zanuckland seemed to know. Finally, an inquisitive soul asked Walter who his chum was. "The most interesting man I've met in a long time," said Walter. "He's a scholar of the Greek drama." No one at Fox had ever suspected it.

Walter Pidgeon knows everyone on the lot at M-G-M. He keeps up on all their domestic affairs, their health, happiness and prospects. He's hurt when they don't invite him to weddings and baby christenings. He keeps informed on family financial setups and silently fixes things up with a check when they need fixing. He always chooses studio set pals to take on his hunting or fishing trips.

Yet Walter Pidgeon also moves socially not only in the swankest Hollywood circles, but local Los Angeles and Pasadena blue-bookers list him in their sets. He has hosts of wealthy, important, distinguished friends in New York, Boston, Washington—in fact, all over the world. Pals of his include New York newspaper publishers, British industrialists, eminent surgeons, famous artists, international bankers, army and navy leaders, political shots, government dollar-a-year-men—everybody.

He treats (*Continued on page* 90)

Why I read



Stacked in the Hussey garage are movie magazines—"by the millions"

The Hussey has some deep dark Reasons — maybe they're the same as yours

"I SUPPOSE you know all about Hollywood so you don't need to read the movie magazines," people often write me.

Don't you think I don't read them! I read them from cover to cover, including the ads! I have them stacked up by the millions. I recently fixed a room in my garage just for my movie magazines.

I have darn good reasons for reading them, too—reasons which I am about to set forth in imposing array. I want to tell you how they have helped me, in how many ways!

They have helped me to understand Hollywood, and to adjust to it. They have helped me to make friends. They have made it possible for me to know the people I work with as I could never have known them otherwise, not for ages, at any rate. They have actually and practically helped me with my hair, my figure, the way I dress, with my personality and with my work.

It is not too much to say that if it were not for the movie magazines I believe it would have taken me at least two years more to get where I am in pictures today. And I am not one given to exaggeration or overstatement of facts.

You know, people can tell you all sorts of things and they sort of roll off you, leaving little impression. But you read the same thing in print and it suddenly strikes home. Particularly when what you read is about your own people, the people who are doing the same work as you are.

For instance, the biographies or life stories of the stars, as they call them—they are most encouraging to me. I wouldn't miss a line of one of them for all the Books of the Month ever printed! I doubt that I would still be in Hollywood today if I hadn't read them. Because when I first came here I felt pretty discouraged. I was given such small unimportant parts for what seemed like such a long while. For three years—and in sixteen pictures—I played parts varying in importance

ovie magazines

BY RUTH HUSSEY
as told to
GLADYS HALL

om bits to colorless ingenues. I ten wondered whether I should give the whole thing and go home. Then read a life story of Bette Davis, how e had played bits. Later, I read life ories of Rosalind Russell, Ann Sheri-n, Ginger Rogers. I felt better. If ey could play bits and climb on them where they are today, there was a ance for me to do likewise. What ey had stuck to and suffered rough, I could stick and suffer.

I should think reading these biog-phies of the stars—an inspiring count like the Martha Scott "I'm oing To Be Somebody!" life story last September's PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE RROR—would be encouraging to ls in other jobs, too. Because they rtainly do help you to realize that, matter where you are or what you e doing, you have to be a "little orn" first.

HEN, too, in reading stories about the stars I've realized how many of e stars have qualities in common, e *qualities which are indicative of* ccess. Bette Davis and Martha ott, men like Clark Gable, Jimmy gney, Bob Taylor, have a certain ift and common sense which tided em over and through their noviti-s, made them stars and keeps them rs. Others have a graciousness ich stood them in good stead while ir talent was developing. Others ver take "No" for an answer. Others ve a true humility which in no way racts from their pride.

ome of these qualities I could, by king comparisons between myself l the other players, find in myself. ers I did not have but, by reading ut them, I was inspired to try and elop them. Oh, yes, reading the vie magazines helped me in self-lysis as no high-priced psychiatrist ld have done!

Moreover, the movie magazines are ort of common meeting ground the stars, the public and the press. e stars have their "say" in their rviews. (*Continued on page* 81)



Bob's first impo
tant decision abo
flying was ma
with his moth
(center); the s
ond, in his o
plane with his w

ANOTHER EAGLE TAKES THE AIR



Another "first" for Photoplay-Movie Mirror readers: Bob Cummings's own glorious story of why he's leaving the screen



The models are good; the real thing's better for Bob, a flyer since his teens

BY MARIAN RHEA

PERHAPS by the time you read this Bob Cummings will have put away his motion-picture make-up kit for the "duration" and will be wearing the uniform of the United States Air Force. Perhaps he will still be waiting for his call to active duty. But that this call will come is inevitable. Bob is a member of the United States Army Air Corps Reserve. He has been a flyer since his middle teens, has 1700 solo hours to his credit and an instructor's license. He has already been notified by the United States Army to stand by. It is only a question of time until he finds himself at the controls of one of those 125,000 planes with which Uncle Sam proposes to throw the fear of God into his enemies before 1943 is done.

All of which is exactly as it should be, Bob thinks. He wants to get going. He wants to have a hand in beating the living daylights out of the Nazis and the Japs and all the rest of the gang who, because Uncle Sam is at heart a peace-loving old gentleman, have had the effrontery to go to war against him. He is a typical American, Bob is—easygoing, careless of his privileges until he finds them threatened; tolerant of the other fellow's vices until he is hit below the belt. Then he gets mad. And when he is mad, he knows how to fight.

This story begins on a day when Bob, a freshman in the Joplin, Missouri, high school, entered the R.O.T.C. because it was either that or gym, and he didn't like gym. "No future in gym," he told himself, but that was just a schoolboy's figure of speech. It didn't mean he thought there *was* a future in the R.O.T.C. It didn't occur to him, even, that the R.O.T.C. is a fighting organization. To him, war was just so many pages in history books. He knew Uncle Sam had fought wars on occasion, that he had comparatively recently finished up one which was supposed to make the world safe for democracy. There couldn't be any more wars. He and all the others of his generation had been promised that.

No, to Bob Cummings the R.O.T.C. was just a welcome substitute for gym. He liked it, though. He took to it like a duck takes to water. He got to be corporal, a sergeant. Then he won a commission—a second lieutenant's, later a first lieutenant's, then a captaincy.

It was when Bob was still in high school that he acquired, as he puts it, "the flying bug." "I was nuts about flying," he says. "Lindbergh had just made his flight to Paris and I suppose that, unconsciously, I wanted to top his record, or something." However, Bob's father wouldn't hear of such a thing, which meant he wouldn't put up the money for flying lessons, either.

His mother did it, instead.

"One day, when I came home from school, she called me out into the kitchen and gave me some freshly baked cookies," he said. "And then, sort of offhand, she said, 'Son, if I don't miss my guess, aviation is going to mean a good deal to this country one day.' Then she stopped a minute and I saw her hand was trembling as she put back the cover on the cooky jar. But her voice didn't tremble as she said, 'Son, you may have your flying lessons if you want them.'

"And so I learned to fly. I'll never forget the first time I went into the air. I felt—well, I felt better than I ever had in my life! I felt strong and capable and—free, sort of. I can't describe it—" He broke off. "I felt like a million dollars," he finished, simply.

"It never once entered my head that flying might mean fighting. It never once occurred to me that along in that dim, distant year of 1942, I might be called upon to exchange the thrill of being in (*Continued on page* 84)





Parallel prei
are Dona D
(far left) n
Gene Tierne
newcomer h
rated a sec
look in "Loui
Purchase," Do
a beauty fa
Mexico City
gets a third
here as a s
under-the-ski
Countess C

Tilt of a pretty chin, high pompadours and blue eyes do the trick here, make Dolores Moran of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" a nice pair-off for M-G-M's little dynamo, Lana Turner







Paging Blondie! Maybe she ca
tell which one is Dagwood! Fo
left is Arthur Lake, whose an
tics are the highlight of th
"Blondie" series; near left
Fred MacMurray, who with
quirk of his eyebrow turn
into an amazing look-alike gu

Look-Alikes

Want a look at what looks like a minor miracle? A double-or-nothing dozen







Matchmates are James Craig and Cary Grant, both black-eyed, black-haired specimens of male appeal—the first, a recent up-and-comer who's being applauded in "Valley Of The Sun"; the second, a tried-and-true favorite hero who's already made a nice Hollywood mark

-of-a-kind lineup: Jack Beutel, comer from Dallas, Texas, who s Billy the Kid in Howard hes's "The Outlaw"; and Ty- Power, his Hollywood double

blance of a tricky resemblance lary Brodel, sister of Joan Les- nd a titian-haired beauty who's ing good in "Yankee Doodle dy," turns out to be a dead- er girl for Ann Sheridan





Don't Forget Romance

The first anniversary can see the last of love—unless there's a romantic ace up the wedded sleeve. Broadcasting information on the marriage station from the Ray Millands



BOY COMES TO HOLLYWOOD: A young recruit from British films, Ray Milland, arrives in Hollywood, takes it over



BOY MEETS GIRL: He also takes over a tall, slender blue-eyed girl, Muriel Weber. Soon he's calling her "Mal"

IT WAS Sunday at the Ray Millands.

A fire blazed merrily away in the big fireplace in the living room. Over all there was a pervading sense of peace and contentment. An appetizing aroma emanated from the kitchen as Mal Milland came into the room.

"Anybody hungry?" she asked happily, glancing around at her guests.

Ray looked up from the oversized davenport where he was stretched out, reading a book.

"You can count me in, Mal. I could eat a horse!" he announced. "Hey—want me to fix the sauce for the pudding? It's about that time, isn't it?"

He hauled his six-feet-two figure off the davenport, stretched lazily and disappeared into the kitchen.

Ann Sothern, curled up in a big easy chair, was giggling over the funnies. Bob Sterling pulled himself up off the floor to peer over her shoulder.

"Who said food?" Jack Benny, engaged in a hectic game of gin rummy with Mary Livingstone, suddenly came to life. "I'm 500 points ahead, Mal. Don't you really *need* me in th kitchen?"

That's why the Millands look for ward to Sunday, close friends drop ping by, no servants to clutter up th place, a day when they can ignore th routine and formalities of everyda life and putter around to their heart' delight.

After ten years of marriage, th Millands are still like a couple c newlyweds — romantic, adventure seeking, getting the most out of ever new day. They weathered plenty c



BOY MARRIES GIRL: He helps her cut a celebration cake, plans a "success" marriage

THREE-SIDED PICTURE of a happy marriage—Ray, Daniel David and Mal with tenth-anniversary grins

orms during the early part of their arried life, too, which is probably e reason why their life together now so full.

There's no mention of those early ars in the Milland home these days. ey don't even think about the time, er only one year of marriage, that y decided to separate.

It had been tough sledding for the ung couple that first year. Holly-od, motion pictures, the bright and rkling future which had seemed so ely theirs appeared suddenly un-ainable. Time and again hope was tilled in the young actor—promis-roles just in the offing, new pic-es coming up—only to be snatched m under his very nose.

Despondent and discouraged, he gested a separation. Unwillingly, l agreed. It had been hard going, e, but she loved Ray and she could e it. But Ray, with his supersensi-soul, his romantic Welsh blood noring for perfection, for the ans to shower upon his wife all the utiful things he felt should be hers e couldn't stick it out.

There followed a year of misery both of them. At the end of that e, he came to her, begging forgive-ness, asking for another chance. Things had started picking up for him, he told her. But he needed her more than ever. Wisely, Mal held off. She wanted him to be sure, this time, that he wanted it back the old way. And it took a power of convincing before she finally gave in!

As each successive year has brought them new blessings, so they have grown closer, more content, more united. And as time has gone on, they've remembered to keep alive that spark of romance, so often allowed to flicker out and die in the hustle and bustle of everyday existence.

"IT'S really wonderful," Ray was holding forth one day not so long ago, "when you get a little bit older and begin to revise your sense of values, to find how much fun you can get out of life if you just take the time to look for it. The trouble with most people is they've forgotten about romance, and that's bad. And in spite of the fact that women are supposed to be more romantic than men, which I don't believe at all, by the way, I think they're to blame just as much as the men. Most women have such a confused and distorted idea about what romance really is.

" 'My husband just won't do any of those important *little* things,' a woman complained to me the other day. 'He never pays me nice compliments or remembers to open the car door for me and he almost never remembers my birthday. Men just aren't romantic any more, I guess!'

"Which is all a lot of nonsense! There's no real romance back of any of the things she mentioned. The thing she wants is flattery, small talk, surface things. Which to me have about as much real romanticism about them as last year's hay crop!"

Yet, people will tell you that despite his protests, Ray is one of the most considerate and thoughtful husbands in the whole of the film colony—flowers, a new car in the garage, surprise presents. But the occasions for such attentions must have, to Ray, a real and personal inspiration. The cut-and-dried gift days and national holidays are not important to him. It's the unorthodox holidays, the dates that have some special meaning to him and to Mal, those are the ones he observes.

"There was the twenty-eighth of January," he (*Continued on page* 72)

You've got to believe me!

The girl stumbled against him in the darkness. He reached out to her. "Don't touch me," she said sharply. It was then that he had to tell her

BY WILL OURSLER

BILL had never thought when he came to Hollywood to get an advertizing tie-up with Caryl Winslow that it would end this way. Here he was, posing as a gangster, caught in the hide-out of the gang who had kidnapped Hollywood's top star. He watched Caryl's face as she sat across from him now in the dark cellar. He knew she didn't know whether to believe him when he said he was trying to help her.

His mind went back over the terrible day. It had started innocently enough with his trying to reach Caryl at her home and being put off the grounds by a four-fingered man he'd thought was the watchman. Then he'd sent a wire begging her to see him—and his answer had been to be dragged off to the police station where he'd found Caryl, her director, Larry Pierce, and her leading man, Roland Summers, accusing him of being the one who'd been sending kidnap notes to the star.

There, through Summers's conversation with the captain, he'd realized that Caryl had no watchman, that the man who'd thrown him off her grounds was really the criminal they were seeking. He'd decided to say or do nothing, realizing no one would believe him innocent. But when the door burst open and Pierce, who had left a few minutes before with Caryl, staggered into the room gasping, "Caryl—they've kidnapped her!" he'd decided it was time to act.

He'd trapped Summers in a little windowless room by telling the police he'd tell his story only to the actor, had knocked him out, grabbed his clothes and dark eyeglasses and had walked out of the place posing as Summers.

He'd realized the kidnapping was the work of the gang. He had one clue—the four-fingered man—and by a careful search of every gambling joint in the vicinity, he'd finally found some men to whom the words, "Four Fingers," meant something. Through a bold trick, he'd convinced them he was one of them working under the big boss's orders and he'd gotten them to bring him here to their hide-out where they were keeping Caryl. Now, if, without showing his hand to the men, he could just convince her that he was really trying to rescue her. . . .

He looked up to see Red and Clip, the four-fingered guy in the doorway. Clip was looking hard at him. "The boss just phoned," he said. "He doesn't even know your name."

"But he must," Bill said. "He—"

"Don't let it worry you. He'll be here in half an hour. Then we can get it all straight. We'll wait upstairs. . . ."

THE boss coming. The one person who would know Bill was lying. The shadowy individual whose word was life or death. For Bill it would be—

Sam, lounging in a chair before the fire, looked up as he walked in with Clip and Red behind him.

Clip said, "Turn on the news."

Red sauntered to the portable radio that was on the mantelpiece. "What'd Blackie say about the dough?"

"No payoff yet. Blackie was sore."

Red twisted the dial. "Ransom was supposed to be handed over tonight. Maybe something went wrong."

The others were staring at Bill. Faces like masks. It could have been something on the stage. Only this was real.

There had to be a way. Some means of escape from the terrible trap closing about them. Murder to these men would be only an incident.



ILLUSTRATION BY C. C. BEA

Caryl's eyes were pleading with him for help. Clip was watching them both closely. Bill took her arm roughly and said, "Clip's right. We've got to shove off!"

Not just himself. It was Caryl t

He forced himself to grin at t men. Trying to be easy and relax Trying to hide his emotions, realization of the danger.

Blackie. That evidently referred the boss. But he hadn't got the ransom money yet. Maybe the stu wasn't going to pay. If they didn'

The announcer's voice was excite

". . . and police and G-men a seeking a tall youth who earlier the day slipped through the hands authorities.



"One moment—a late bulletin has ust been handed me. The $100,000 ansom demanded by the kidnappers vas paid two hours ago, it has been isclosed. Where payment was made s not known. It is known, however, hat police, acting on an anonymous ip, are scouring a secluded section orth of Hollywood where the gang-ters' hide-out is believed located."

"So Blackie didn't get the payoff? Ie was lying. He was trying to—"

"The—Feds!" Red cried out. "If ney find us—"

Bill's thoughts came fast. It looked like the break. But it had to be played carefully. Smartly. Because if this failed, it was finish.

He sat down on the floor before the fire, slowly, deliberately. Stretched out his legs.

"Sure." His expression sardonic. "Blackie wouldn't double-cross anybody."

"What do you know about it?" Clip demanded.

"Enough to know he sends me here to get a ransom note from the girl and all the time he's getting the dough himself. Walks out with the prize money and leaves us to take the rap. Me especially. That tall gent the announcer was talking about—that's me."

He told them about his arrest and how he slipped out.

"The boss said follow her. Just to keep an eye out. Now I'm hot—so he never heard of me."

"You've been telling a lot of stories." Sam sounded suspicious. "Where'd (*Continued on page* 86)



ın of the hour: Leslie Howard,
o flew from England to Canada
oard a British bomber to
'e an intense performance in
intense film, "The Invaders"

...Of The Year"...
...Hepburn, whose
...bloodstream is the
...film role as the
...maker of the month



JACK ALBIN

The list of the ladies in his life is legion. They ranged from little unknowns to socialites like dinner partner Liz Whitney



Lana came in... life, a ... flicke... burned ... out in t... links e...

JACK ALB...



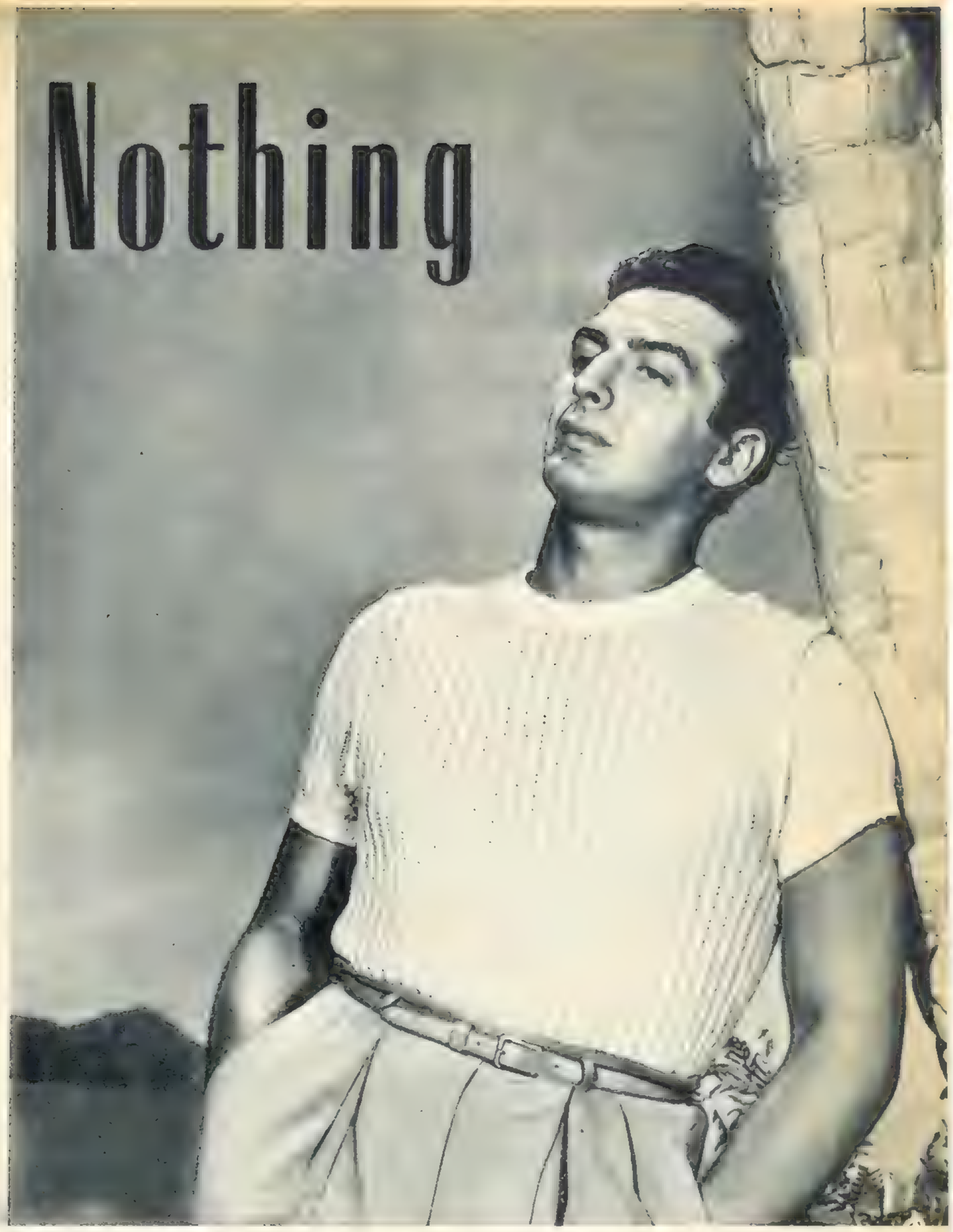


Betty Grable was his have-fun partner for months. He was seen everywhere with her while male Hollywood looked with disapproval and female Hollywood with envy. Then came Martha Stephenson Kemp (right), widow of bandleader Hal Kemp. He met her, married her—and now, against a background of black headlines, is separating from her

Life Owes You Nothing

". . . no more than a man deserves a woman merely because he happens to love her." That's what his father said to Victor Mature, who has just separated from the woman he loved—and married

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY



ONCE again the name of Victor Mature is making history in the newspapers of the country. No longer are references to his marriage breakup with Martha Kemp Mature carried in the rumor columns; they have now hit the cold hard facts of the news section with "Victor Mature admits wife will get divorce. . . ."

And the women across the land who have made Victor Mature a success. . . . Some feel a vicarious glow that another handsome male is back in circulation. Others shake their heads in reluctant disapproval of this outcome of another madcap marriage.

Madcap it certainly was . . . the bride and groom who never showed up before the wedding throngs at St. Patrick's Cathedral but stole away three days later in a borrowed car and chauffeur—a tale which you will presently hear—to be married in seclusion . . . the groom who startled Hollywood by returning brideless . . . and, after the bride finally arrived, the domestic symphony that alternated between passages of hot love and the staccato stridency of separation reports.

What else, demanded men everywhere, could you expect from a so-called "beautiful hunk of man" like Mature.

But there is an answer to this man who is at once lushly overestimated by women and rankly underestimated by men. It begins with the Louisville boy who couldn't take school discipline but who could discipline himself into a business success in a few short years—from working in his father's scissors-grinding business to operating his own candy route and thence owning his own restaurant.

Yet to Victor this was not the answer to the driving restlessness within him. On a wild impulse he decided destiny lay in the West. So he hustled around converting the candy business into cash and as much returned stock as he could get into the back seat of his car, then phoned his friend Charlie Root who said he'd be ready in thirty minutes flat. . . .

The trip cross-country was hectic but wonderful. Bound vaguely for California but without itinerary or schedule, they poked along fitfully, stopping wherever and whenever the mood of the moody pilot dictated. With Charlie anything went—come or go, fast or slow.

When they hit Texas the smell of the prairie and the dull, soft glow of the Texas skies began working their magic on the fabulous fugitive in pell-mell flight from himself. For three days they bivouacked at Dallas, city of beautiful women, and had them a larruping good time.

If the young man in search of his destiny slighted the Dallas beauties, there is a justification for his conduct in this: Back in Louisville was a girl named Jeanette Morris who walked in beauty like the night—even if the phrase is right out of Lord Byron. From her vantage point a cut above the social stratum in which Vic moved, she was the only girl in his home town to challenge the boy's quest of the unattainable. The thought of her as he had seen her that first night at the country club of which he was not a member—when she had stood lovely and apart—had haunted him. And though he saw to it that they met many times thereafter, she still was to him a thing apart and therefore desirable.

A few miles east of Denver a tire blew out, annihilating by that single blast the remaining capital and leaving no money for gas and oil. Undaunted, the erstwhile wizard salesman chose some chewing gum from the stocks in the back of the car and

drove from filling station to filling station converting cartons of gum into gasoline (and an odd dollar or two, occasionally) as he went along. That is the genius of Mature: He can sell anything—especially Mature.

ON the morning of October 23, Victor rolled into Los Angeles with a capital totaling eleven cents, his friend Charlie, and a vexing dilemma having to do with his future. That very afternoon he got his first glimpse of Hollywood. And on the evening of the same day, he roared into a telegraph office, picked up a pencil and scribbled the following message to his father:

"Arrived here with eleven cents and an ambition. I am going to become an actor.

"Vic."

A few hours later he received a classic reply.

"Dear Vic: For your information, I arrived in New York forty-four years ago with five cents in my pocket and a stranger to the language. You have six cents more than I had. Furthermore, you understand English.

"Dad."

He read the telegram over three times before he put it away. For some strange reason he felt neither anger nor resentment. Nor disillusionment. Nor even despair. No, on the contrary he found his spirits gaining altitude by the second. It all came back to him now (only with more force and clarity than ever before)—this philosophy of his father's, the philosophy of a man who had bucked great odds and had prevailed. It rang in his ears like a phonograph record with its needle stuck . . . "life owes you nothing . . . life owes you nothing . . . life owes you nothing." His father was right. Life didn't owe you a thing; you got from life what you were man enough to wrest from it. The best proof of young Victor's complete endorsement of his father's wisdom lies in this fact: Never in the three or four years of storm and stress that lay ahead of him did he ask (or receive) of his father a single penny!

There was, of course, the problem of shelter, so Vic drove up to the first drugstore he spotted, an establishment on Franklin Avenue, and talked the proprietor into buying eleven dollars worth of candy from the backseat stocks. Then, blithe as a magnate who has just tapped the R.F.C. for a $1,000,000 loan, he set out to find himself and Charlie a roof over head.



The informal Mature in a more than informal pose, the guy who after his initial screen appearance in "The Housekeeper's Daughter" had a phenomenal 20,000 letters pouring into the studio about him

He found a place out on near-by Canyon Drive (at $8 a month) that did the trick. It was a vacated servants' quarters atop a burned garage, but no one let out a yip. It was a place to sleep, wasn't it?

They weren't even unpacked before Victor Mature was plotting his campaign. At the drugstore he bumped into a couple of actors who had come on evil days and were ekeing out a living on the now-defunct Federal Theatre Project.

"What's the best way to go about becoming an actor?" he demanded as soon as introductions were over.

"Movie actor?"

"Yes, eventually."

"Get all the stage experience you can. A good place to get it is over at the Pasadena Playhouse. They have Sunday night auditions that are open to everyone."

"Even to jerks like me?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. So long, boys."

A little urgent—that departure? So is Victor Mature urgent. Let an idea or impulse strike him and he reacts the way dynamite reacts to a detonator. With Mature the time is *now*. It is as much a part of him as his use of the word "genius" to describe anyone who isn't actually stupid, which last is a way of inflating the ego of the little man who, after all, can stand a little ego-inflating. Hence, it will come as no surprise that come Sunday evening and Victor Mature was up front and center at the famous Pasadena Playhouse directed by an equally famous Gilmor Brown and waiting, more or less patiently, for his turn to read.

The Sunday night tryouts, as it happens, are not the province of Mr. Brown; one of his subordinates, in this instance a man named Herschel Doherty, is in charge. It was this same Mr. Doherty who finally got around to the squirming young man in the front row, asked him to read, thanked him in routine fashion and told him they'd let him hear.

For a week he hung around the house waiting for a message from the Playhouse, but none came. Still another week later, after having written the tryout off the books, he was sitting in Sheetz' restaurant out at Pasadena and beauing a beautiful girl named Phyllis Bell, a student at the Playhouse, when Ted Carafodias, a Greek lad he had met the night of the tryout, rushed over.

"They've been trying to reach you for almost two weeks. You've got a part. Get in touch with Mr. Brown right away. He happened to drop by the other night and heard you read."

ON the night of November 16, 1936, Victor Mature made his debut as an actor in "Paths Of Glory." It was neither a great part nor a great performance. It must have been the shape of things to come in the mind of at least one person, Mature himself. After the opening-night performance he sent a message to his father as follows:

"I now have more than an ambition. I have a career."

After a few weeks, Charlie Root returned to Louisville—alone; in three months the name of Victor Mature was a byword at the Playhouse. In six months the name had a ring to it all over Pasadena. It was the name of a tall, dark dynamo who let it be known (*Continued on page 97*)

the mode, the mood, the model

The mode is May -
The mood is gay
The model – Miss Priscilla



This idea is new . . . Priscilla Lane, star of Warners' "Arsenic And Old Lace," goes a'Maying come evening in white piqué topped off with white cotton lace. It's a shirtwaist-type formal dress, which is smart; it has a front yoke, back, sleeves and inset of cotton lace, which is novel; it has white beads decorating the centers of the flower pattern, which is a final flourish. Intriguingly simple, it will swing in approved fashion when you dance, be a dress you'll love to wear because it makes you look so pretty





This idea rates a big bouquet . . . a black bengaline suit worn by Pat Lane, which looks trim and has a few tricks to make it a one-of-a-kind spring suit. The longer jacket and the patch pockets follow the fashion trend; the four large nail-encrusted buttons put up a good front. On top: A shiny little black straw lined in smart white



This idea is something to think about . . . a two-piece suit that is a go-everywhere dress. Pat Lane wears one of Orry-Kelly design that has a soldier-girl feeling, a flirtatious touch. The flared black skirt is topped with a knit jacket and the buttons are a "pure-gold" decoration. The little gabardine overseas cap goes to any girl's head

★ This idea marched straight over the border . . . a jumper dress that gives a bow to Central American influence. The blouse is sheer white; the jumper, soft yellow linen, rating another look because of its Panamanian embroidery in red, white and blue—spruce outfit for the spruce little Lane





★ This idea you've thought of yourself . . . a print jacket dress that starts you off on a fashionable spring and carries you through a dated-up summer. Priscilla Lane's is in red and white with red bias fold pertly pointing up the jacket and the pocket. Wear it by itself any time, everywhere; wear it with a tricky little straw bonnet

It's Your Dea

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

A ♣ — Misadventures may happen so watch out for foes.
Look enticing in lace to your soldier beaus.

2 ♣ — A long pleasant journey will bring money gain;
In a blue and white suit you can board the train.

3 ♣ — You're due to fulfill your highest hopes.
A beige wool suit shows you know the ropes.

4 ♣ — You're bound to get the wish you make.
Own a shirtwaist dress, for fashion's sake.

5 ♣ — You're going to get more money soon.
A striped chintz dress is a fashion boon.

6 ♣ — A surprise is due, but it won't be fun.
Striped chambray's a must for a day in the sun.

7 ♣ — You're a very good-natured little girl.
A smart spring touch is a necklace of pearl.

8 ♣ — Someone is trying to make you mad.
Mid-calf trousers are a brand-new fad.

9 ♣ — A new love is in the cards for you;
Make time, my gal, in the gay soldier-blue.

5 ♦ — You'll always be faithful to the one you marry.
An evening shawl you'll want to carry.

4 ♦ — Your friends are loyal and to them you're true.
A polka-dot blouse is a fashion new.

3 ♦ — Invest your money with care, my friend,
Defense stamps are now the safest trend.

2 ♦ — A beau will propose on bended knee;
In a black net dress his choice you'll be

A ♦ — Fierce enemies threaten so be on guard
In a brightly flowered cotton foulard.

K ♣ — Great joy will surely come your way.
Taffeta rustles for nighttime play.

Q ♣ — Gaiety and cheer are yours today.
A challis dirndl for you we say.

J ♣ — Sure signs of business success ahead;
The dimes rest well in a purse of red.

10 ♣ — A minor illness will put you to bed.
A pale peach blouse is a must, 'tis said.

6 ♦ — News brings a shock. so watch out please
Fashion says short should come to th knees.

7 ♦ — Good fortune near by your home affairs.
In a striped taffeta bo net you'll have cares.

8 ♦ — A friend will fall ill we're sorry to say;
A cotton-rope necklace will brighten her day.

9 ♦ — Watch out or you' pull a boner to day.
A coolie's hat keeps the sun away.

10 ♦ — You're going to be disappointed, but never mind;
You'll forget it soo with a coat red-lined

J ♦ — Good news is defi nitely on the way.
There's a comeback due for the felt beret.

Q ♦ — You're a gentle g and your frien abound.
White trimmed wh red is a fashi sound.

K ♦ — Good tidings will co to you via the mis
You'll get more lcks with gay dot-d veils.

An acquaintance may seek to betray you by lies;
Size up your enemies in red calf ties.

A visitor comes knocking at your door;
Wear a pink wool suit —he'll come back for more.

You're due to be a most popular miss;
In a pale yellow dress you'll be nice to kiss.

Riches will come to you through some stocks.
Wear a white crocheted bonnet set back on your locks.

ant your fortune told? Just choose
ds by name, write them down, find
sponding cards on this page—and
have your fate for the day. You also
ion trick that—combined with the
elling fortunes you learn here—will
phone ringing at furlough time.

Your secret is told by someone with pull;
Keep up your morale in a sand-shade wool.

In all your ventures you're sure to succeed.
A citrus-green suit is the outfit you'll need.

You're changing your residence so get set.
In checked rayon taffeta you're a p.m. bet.

Flattery surrounds you, so beware!
In a scarlet shawl show your fashion flair.

4

Your friends are interested in what you do.
Choose your big pouch bag in a brilliant hue.

3

Good luck is yours throughout the day.
Deck lapels with flowers, a fashion gay.

2

High honors are chalked up on your slate.
Try a striped silk hat for your next big date.

A

Some unlucky events may happen, 'tis true.
Meet them smartly dressed in a suit of blue.

K

A friendship that changes to love is your fate;
In a beige felt hat you may meet your mate.

Q

A rich and happy marriage ahead.
Be daring and wear some gloves of red.

J

A mystery solved which will bring you joys.
Pastel wools will intrigue the boys.

10

Your life will surely be happy and long.
With a bead-trimmed black you'll never go wrong.

9

A voyage on water will turn out so-so;
In a twill box coat get set to go.

5

You're a girl who's prone to flirt a bit;
In pale mauve silk you'll make a hit.

6

A loss by theft is almost at hand.
With a peg-top dress a beau you'll land.

7

A rift in your marriage but quarrels will cease
If you wear a lace blouse to make the peace.

8

A powerful foe tries to do you dirt;
Foil his meanest trick in a white tweed skirt.

9

Beauty and health will mark your day.
Dance like Pat Lane in white piqué.
(See page 59)

10

Family quarrels, alas and alack!
End them in gaily checked flannel slacks.

J

You love life intensely, you live it well.
With a feathered toque you'll ring the bell.

Q

Someone is thinking of you with love;
You can catch his eye with a pale green glove.

K

You'll gain your highest romantic aim;
In a pink bridal dress you'll win fashion fame.



One, a find; the other, a "consolation" pr
Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling; Hedy Lamarr
George Montgomery. Below: Lana Turner like
look at Tommy Dorsey right now. But don't t
any bets—the color of her hair figures in



Olivia de Havilland: What's happened to her is what you can expect in times like these



George Sanders: Miss know-all and tell-all Hopper thinks he's pulling a fast one romantically

Let's chat about

If you were to meet this Hollywood chatterbox personally, you'd ask her about Hollywood romances, wouldn't you? Here's how she'd answer: An inside little earful of hearts — and hints!

I'VE been called all kinds of harsh names (you can write your own ticket) and "Cupid" has never been one of them, but I've tackled everything else and I don't know why I should let a four-letter word like "love" get me down. And this being the spring of the year with the scent of orange blossoms, hyacinths, mimosa, tulips, jonquils and night-blooming jasmine cluttering up the air, I'll take a chance on anything.

Of course, to make any prediction about the Hollywood gang is tantamount to cutting your own throat, because some of them, for just plain orneriness, would go and double-cross you. And too, romance is such a fleeting thing here (as well as every place else), especially this year with war claiming the spotlight. Just as you think you've got your clutches on a good he-man, before you can lead him to the altar or even get him comfortably seated in your own cozy co
ner, the Army, Navy or Marines ha
got him!

But war never has and never w
prevent people from falling in lo
What's the attraction? Don't ask *me*
it's so long since I've had it. But
still remember the time when I used
shiver and shake and grow hot a
cold and tremble like an aspen leaf (
an ass) when I heard those certa
footsteps coming down the front wal
Why it is that one person can ha
such an effect upon you and the rest
the hundred and twenty-nine milli
not even make a dent is beyond m
but so it's been since the beginning
time—or we wouldn't be here—and
wouldn't be making a chump of m
self, writing about love!

Just as I thought Ginger Rogers w
practically hitched up with Geor
Montgomery, she goes French on n
and switches to that importation, Je

ove

Y HEDDA (CUPID) HOPPER

abin. Not that I blame her, because
e seems to have what we, in the old
ys, called "unleashed power," what-
er that means. And George Mont-
omery has turned for consolation
nd I think, a darned good time) to
edy Lamarr. Those two, with Ann
thern and Bob Sterling, have been
tting the out-of-the-way night spots
ery night of the week. However,
the time this appears they'll all
obably have switched partners.

From where I sit it looks as though
nn Rutherford would become Mrs.
avid May any day now. But you
ver can tell—any more than we
uld about the happy marriage of
nne Shirley and John Payne. Here
e were, certain that theirs was the
eal marriage that would last till
ath do us part, and without any
arning sirens or hint of a quarrel,
ey up and separated and divorced.
hat the (*Continued on page* 74)



Heard the rumor about Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul? Hedda has and, furthermore, she's figured out an answer. She's also one-sided on the Anne Shirley-John Payne marital breakup

Aha! Re the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita situation — well, according to Hedda, Errol's just going to have to whistle

Garbo's romance with Gaylord Hauser is going to net her just what her tie-up with Stokowski did

What Makes Betty Run?

(*Continued from page* 40) the most prosperous stockbrokers in St. Louis the house into which Betty came was a large stone affair, comfortably furnished and staffed; the best pediatricians attended her and the best foot doctors and the best dentists—so that she began work early on the beauty and the figure that are hers today.

More important, the Grables were a happy family. They were young and were in love with such things as laughter, music, the theater, good food, clothes and vacations; they worried not, neither did they brood—as a result their children were cheerful, uninhibited, optimistic.

Betty had all these qualities, and more—although ambition was not included among them. However, she was amiable and easygoing, but essentially stubborn about having her own way. She did possess a strong streak of envy in her budding personality. It was not of the property of others that she was covetous, since she had enough things of her own; but when anyone else did something, small Elizabeth Grable wanted to do it, too. This is ordinarily a highly irritating trait in a young child, but her mother, Lillian, did not find it so. It was one way of guiding her daughter, who had early displayed an essential laziness, into productive activity.

Thus when, at the age of six, Betty was taken to the Orpheum to hear the Four Bruno Brothers play their saxophones, she held out her chubby little paws at the shining, mooing instruments and in the week that followed yelled bloody murder until Lillian bought her one. It turned out to be bigger than its new owner and Lillian promptly sent for a smaller size. That one, when it arrived, was too hard to play. Meanwhile Betty had observed her older sister Marjorie holding court for sundry boy friends, each of whom sat in the porch swing and made amazing sounds on a gadget imported from Hawaii, called a "uke."

She did better with the ukelele that Lillian, in desperation, finally got her. She even learned to play it while doing a tap dance, which she was taught to do in dancing school. Neither John nor Lillian Grable had intended making a dancer of their youngest offspring. On the other hand they had incautiously taken her with them to see a musical comedy and after that they had no choice in the matter. Betty was two uneaten meals along on her hunger strike when they gave in.

During the next four years Mrs. Grable, who had always wanted to be an actress (or a dancer, or a singer, or *something*), found a vicarious outlet for her frustrated ambition in the amazingly talented youngster, who never ceased to amaze and, at times, confound her.

Aside from being pretty as punch, unself-conscious as a monkey and capable of learning overnight the various songs, steps and lines demanded of her, Betty had the special kind of little-girl charm which delights without going so far as to nauseate. By the time she was seven she had a radio job, appearing with famous names like Frank Fay, Jack Haley, Ed Lowry and the like; in between engagements there were always local vaudeville companies, which were glad enough to find talent for their Saturday matinee Kiddie Shows.

There was one complication: The Grables had enrolled Betty in Mary Institute, an ultraexclusive St. Louis school for girls, and it was understood that if Mary Institute should discover that one of its pupils named Betty Grable was appearing on the stage for money, Mary Institute would be forced by the rules of propriety laid down by its founder to toss Miss Grable out on her little pink ear. In accordance, Betty accepted only such offers as would call for her appearance in out-of-the-way suburban theaters and used pseudonyms when anonymity was impossible.

School she took in stride, finding it mildly dull but not dull enough to rouse her to troublesome activity. Her excess energy was taken care of by the forbidden evenings spent backstage at little neighborhood theaters.

THOSE were the first eleven years spent in such fashion; and they were her childhood, what she had of it. Then in 1927 the Grables, accustomed to spending their summers on long motoring vacations, piled en masse into the family car and trekked to Hollywood. At the end of the summer John Grable, with Marjorie beside him in the front seat, returned to his business. Lillian and Betty stayed on. The strangely virulent virus that Hollywood produces had infected them thoroughly. Here were romance and glamour, here the great opportunity, here the heart and center of the world they wanted to live in.

To Betty it meant the end of the stir at Mary Institute and the beginning of a fabulous new era. As the years went by Hollywood became the universe, with the earth forming its suburbs.

By the time she had finished her work at the Albertina Rasch and Ernest Belcher academies and at the Hollywood Professional School, it was 1930; and she was thirteen, and ready for anything. She knew the ropes, now. She knew by heart the contract lists of every studio and the addresses of those studios and how to get a job in one.

After a few months of strenuous application of all the rules she came home one afternoon to sit on the arm of Lillian's chair, a tired but triumphant smile on her face.

"Guess what?" she said. "Today I've aged two years."

"*What?*"

"I'm sixteen. I have to be. It seems labor restrictions and my new contract at Fox—"

"Baby," said her mother firmly, "stop that this instant and begin again. What have you done?"

So Betty told her. About the audition and the specialty dances she'd performed for the director, and the screen test that was set for the next Friday, and the contract, a twelve-month contract with options, already drawn up and waiting.

"I had to sing, too," she added, as a final touch.

"But you can't sing . . . What'd you tell them?"

"Said I could."

"You weren't any good, were you?"

"Not very. As a matter of fact," said fourteen-year-old Betty, "I stank. But they seemed to think it was all right—I made it good and hot. So there we are."

"Yes," Lillian agreed, after a thoughtful pause, "we are indeed."

Thus began the odyssey of Betty Grable through the Hollywoods. It took her nine further years, altogether, counting that first one (*Continued on page* 70



When Betty Grable first met Jackie Coogan, she felt sorry for him, started out by trying to cheer him up, ended up by going everywhere with him and becoming one half of a talked-about newlywed twosome

For that Spring-Lovely Look

POND'S TWIN BEAUTY SPECIAL





Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Tissue it off again. Do this *every* night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is *free* with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You'll find this Pond's Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don't wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond's!

● "I just love Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my face feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond's lovely engaged girls.

● "I'm so pleased with Pond's new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.



Free *28¢ size Pond's Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.*

(*Continued from page* 68) she spent at Fox, where they dressed her in tights and sequins and gave her a specialty number to do in a not very special little number called "Let's Go Places." After that was over they gave her another costume with a few less sequins on it and stuck her in the chorus for eight months.

Thereupon her first option time arrived. She departed from Fox quietly, going to Goldwyn and his chorus, with which she helped to decorate Eddie Cantor's picture, "Whoopee." The same chorus appeared in "Kiki," and that finished 1931.

The Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay stage production, "Tattle Tales," was being cast at the time. Betty, after several conferences with Lillian, applied for and got a small part.

The show ran for a few months, folded and Miss Grable found herself once again in the waiting lines at Hollywood casting offices. But not for long; Ted Fiorito, a new, up-and-coming bandleader, had seen her in "Tattle Tales" and liked her. "Come with me," he sang over the telephone one afternoon, "and be my vocalist." Furthermore he named a substantial sum. She accepted, thereby ordering for herself a year of new experience and something she had never known before, although she had read about it (in scripts) and seen it (in the movies).

THIS was Love, Romance, in the person of one Bert Jensen, saxophonist de luxe with Ted's band, and capable, if required, of doubling on the clarinet. It was first love, and it was terrific, as first love must always be, and it had all the trappings: Stolen kisses in the moonlight on a hotel balcony, while the drifting strains of Fiorito's music came to them; suppers at ten minutes after two A.M., arm-in-arm rides from one engagement to another. . . .

Then she had a chance for a small part in "Hold 'Em Jail" which she took. After that she sang for a while with Jay Whidden's orchestra, and RKO signed her to do the K-nock K-nees number with Edward Everett Horton in "The Gay Divorcee." Paramount, having witnessed this exhibition at the preview, approached her with a contract.

Then, for a year, she did nothing except pose for leg art and spend long hours arguing with Lillian over the advisability of sticking with Hollywood, which did such things to a girl.

. . . Until it was 1935, and spring, and two enormously important things happened to her. Her bosses, one afternoon, called her in and said, "Toots, we don't know where we've been all these months, not to have seen that you were our next star. We know better now. The first thing we're going to do . . ."

And also, after the campaign was well started, she caught the boat to Catalina one morning, and met Jackie Coogan.

She had gone to the island that day because she was bored, because the weather was nice and Catalina seemed indicated, and because anyway Glen Gray was playing at the Casino, which made for good dancing.

It was nearly midnight when Jackie Coogan came in. Betty noticed him, standing alone at the edge of the floor. "Isn't that The Kid?" she asked her partner, who replied that it was.

"He's been over here all week, since that accident that killed his father."

"I read about it," Betty said. "He and his dad were pals, weren't they?"

"Yeah."

"Poor guy." She followed the intricate pattern of Balboa steps accurately but absently, turning her head to stare at the tall, frowning young man; his eyes, she noticed, were on her as she danced.

"Like to meet him?"

"Hmm?" She looked up. "All right, sure. Maybe we can cheer him up."

But as it turned out she took on the job alone, because her partner, after the introduction, went to join his own girl friend; and she kept on the job for two years, until 1937, when she married him. Which was the very worst thing she could have done to either Jackie Coogan or herself, if she had only known it.

She recognized in him that first night, as they danced, only youth complementary to hers, a gay spirit which had

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ASK YOURSELF THIS—

Am I kidding myself when I say I'm doing all I can to help my country? Would the effort I have made, multiplied by 132,000,000 people, be enough to beat Hitler and the Japs?

Well, let's see. Suppose you had bought fifty 25c Defense Stamps. A lot of people think that's a lot of stamps. But $1,650,000,000 is barely a twentieth of one of the defense appropriations made by Congress . . . No, fifty Stamps aren't enough.

So couldn't you go without that dessert twice a week, walk instead of ride two or three times, wash your own hair and do your own nails occasionally—and BUY 70c WORTH OF STAMPS EVERY WEEK—10c a day? Couldn't you—honestly?

Don't tell anyone, just ask yourself—

AND THEN DO IT!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

been hurt deeply. And she thought of him occasionally during the next two months, with sympathy but with something else, too.

THEN, one Saturday afternoon, her phone rang and she picked it up and there was his voice, saying, "This is Coogan. Remember me?"

"Sure," she said. "Hi."

"What're you doing?"

"Sitting around."

"I mean tonight."

"That's what I mean, too."

"Let's go somewhere and dance."

"Now," said Betty, "you are speaking my language."

That was an evening in July, 1935. As the months slipped past it developed that they spoke each other's language in more ways than one. They laughed at the same things, for instance; and he was the best Balboa dancer, she discovered, west of the Rockies—which was wonderful. He did things with a flair, too. His roadster was a special cutdown job boasting an over-drive and red leather upholstery, and he drove her in it to the best places, and to the most expensive parties. And one night he gave her a ring, a solitaire that would knock your eye out.

"I asked your mother if I could, first," he told her shyly. "She said it was okay—but that you were too young yet, to think about marriage. Well, but sure . . . We both are. Besides, I don't get my money until I'm twenty-one."

That night, after he had brought her home, she went in and sat on the edge of Lillian's bed. "Did he really come to you first about this?" she wanted to know.

"He certainly did," Lillian said. "I thought it was rather sweet and old-fashioned of him—he's a nice boy, Betty. I like him."

"So do I."

"Enough to . . .?"

Betty thought for a moment, turning the gleaming new bauble on her finger. "Why—why yes, I guess so," she said finally, in her amiable, generous fashion. "There's plenty of time yet. No use getting steamed up about it."

She realized faintly, as she undressed for bed a little later, that she really didn't know Jackie very well, that although he made a gay companion and was one of the nicest fellows she'd ever known, there was something missing, something beyond her immediate power to define. Well, she would think about that later, when the time came, when there was good reason to worry about what she wanted, what she must have in the man she married.

BUT when the time did come, in the autumn of 1937, she knew him no better, understood him with no greater insight into the complex character of his personality. She had been too busy, in the interim, pulling what was left of her career out of the fire. Once again her high hopes had been lost in miscasting and progressively unimportant roles; the great publicity build-up Paramount had given her had fired the fans into a certain watchful, expectant mood when, for their pains and their quarters, they got a brief view of Grable's legs in a collection of college pictures ("Collegiate," "Pigskin Parade," et cetera, with three cheers for Team!) they wrote letters about it. Lots of them, and none of them kind.

So, following the Hollywood formula, Betty made a personal-appearance tour. She and Jackie made it together, as a matter of fact, since their romance had created a good deal of important publicity; and it was a success, and Jackie was as sweet as could be during the whole exhausting business, even when her nerves and temper frayed and snapped—so that in the end, without bothering to think about it any longer, she married him.

At the time, which was November 2, 1937, it seemed like an extremely good idea.

For some never-revealed-before facts about Betty's unsuccessful marriage to Coogan and for the inside data on her current romance with George Raft, see June PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.



DURA-GLOSS *nail polish contains Chrystallyne**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels; and this polish "stays on" amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed way it *sticks to* your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn't get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn't "peel" or "fray"—is all because of a *special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss, CHRYSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, *and* unparalleled adhesion-qualities. Dura-Gloss is a remarkable nail polish. No other polish is like it. Enjoy its wondrous gleam and sparkle, now, today. Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world, with Dura-Gloss.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

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PLUS TAX

3 New Colors for Spring

Blackberry
Mulberry
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It's **DURA-GLOSS**
for the most beautiful fingernails in the world

(*Continued from page* 51) reminisced. "That was the day Mal and I made our first trip to Europe together. We'd been married about five years when we finally were able to make it. It had been a dream of mine to take Mal abroad ever since we'd been married, but something always had prevented it. So when we finally found ourselves actually on the boat, it was a pretty big thrill to both of us.

"We had a wonderful time! We enjoyed the boat trip coming back just as much as we did the one going over. Nothing was planned in advance, but we had the most marvelous adventures. We've made four trips to Europe altogether, but that first one was the really important one and sets aside the twenty-eighth of January as a special day for us. Every year since then, we've gotten all dressed up and gone to Ciro's to celebrate. And we've never failed to recapture the fun we had on that trip!"

Then there was the first night they spent in Paris, which calls for another celebration. They've found a place in Hollywood—Preston Sturges's cafe—built high up on a hill, overlooking the city. The whole atmosphere of the place is very Continental. The menus are in French and they always insist that the waiter speak nothing but French while serving them.

"We even try to order the same dinner we had in Paris," said Ray, a faraway look in his eyes. "Snails, and a wine we loved—Château Laville. After all, you don't have to go to Vienna to enjoy a Viennese waltz. People are really pretty much the same the world over and, if you adopt the right frame of mind, you can create any atmosphere you want no matter where you are."

THE charming Milland home in Coldwater Canyon is filled with objects collected during their travels, each of them bringing back, in its own way, memories of their own private adventures. There's a small ash tray on one of the living-room tables that reminds them always of a little pub in Carlisle and the wonderful day they spent there.

"Neither Mal nor I had ever had any inclination to visit the cathedrals abroad," Ray will tell you, "but we were motoring through England one Sunday, just rambling along, and there didn't seem to be any particular place to go. We happened on the Lincoln Cathedral. For lack of anything better to do, we dropped in.

"There we met the most delightful little old man. He had probably been in that one spot for at least fifty years, or so it seemed to us. At any rate, he knew everything there was to know about the history and romance of the Cathedral. He spent hours telling us tales about the monks who spent their long hours of prayer there. He took us around to the stalls, pointing out in detail the carvings on the backs and seats where they had engraved pastoral scenes just as any schoolboy might carve his initials. These little intimate glimpses into the lives of people who had lived hundreds of years ago brought us a feeling of romance that was intriguing beyond words.

"And when we left the Cathedral, we went for a long walk. It was spring—April—wonderful crispy weather. In the fields, we met a shepherd and his flock. He was carrying an old-fashioned crook. I found out for the first time what the crook was for and why it was made in that particular way—that the big hook on the end was fashioned in just such a manner that it would catch a straying lamb and bring it back to the fold. It had never occurred to me before that the crook was anything except a symbol, probably from the old Biblical days. We spent the whole afternoon with him, walking and talking and helping him carry the tiny lambs. We had a glorious day.

"Then we stopped at that little pub where Mal swiped the ash tray and hid it under her coat!" He chuckled. "I caught the devil from her there, too. I was showing her on a map just where we'd been that afternoon and just happened to mention we had almost crossed the border into Scotland. She was mad at me for two days because I hadn't taken her to Gretna Green!"

THERE'S another ash tray that brings to mind an amusing incident that occurred on their first trip to London. It was one of those bitter, blustery days and Mal was freezing. Her teeth chattered as they strode along, in spite of the briskness of their pace.



Mr. and Mrs. Milland remember romance with zest, do one of their special-celebration acts at a night-club shindig. The no less romantic sideburns are Ray's decoration in DeMille's new thriller, "Reap The Wild Wind"

"Why don't you get some long underwear?" Ray kidded her. "That thin silk stuff you wear is no protection against this cold."

Much to his surprise, Mal called his bluff and they stopped at a little shop and purchased a pair of woolies, insisted on going back to the hotel so she could put them on. They had a good laugh at the bulky, shapeless affairs. Even though they only came to her knees, they were still pretty funny. On the way home, they saw this attractive ash tray in a window and bought it. It's now an ever-present reminder of Mal's first woolen underwear!

Then there was the time they found the grandfather's clock, now so proudly displayed in the entrance hall of their home. This was discovered while on a visit to Canterbury Cathedral. It was a good day for walking and they loved looking in the little shops as they went along. This old clock was in one of the windows and they stopped to admire it. Its face was so disfigured you could hardly see the time, but it was still running perfectly.

Mal came back to the States soon after that, leaving Ray to follow a month or so later. Before he left, he looked up the old clock and had it shipped over.

"I wanted it to be a surprise," he said, "so I had it delivered on a Sunday morning when I knew Mal would be visiting her mother. It arrived—in pieces! Believe it or not, I put it back together myself and, much to my surprise, it *still* ran! When Mal came in and saw that clock she could hardly believe her eyes. It was really a thrill to see her face!"

Surprises, Ray believes, are important in keeping romance alive. And Mal, too, shares this belief.

On his birthday last year, for instance, he came home for dinner. A nostalgic odor emanated from the dining room. Oddly enough, it took him back to his home in England. When they sat down to the table, he discovered Mal had sent back there to his mother for his favorite stuffing recipe for the roast chicken—a special surprise for his birthday!

INSTEAD of the ordinary procedure that exists in most homes, where hubby comes in a few days before his wife's birthday—if he happens to have remembered it without prompting—and asks her what she wants for her birthday, Ray has his own methods of finding out.

A few days before her birthday, Mal and her sister attended one of Irene's preview style shows, which is one of the big fashion events of the year among the film femmes. Calling the sister on the phone next day, Ray discovered there was one particular dress which had intrigued Mal. That same day found him in Irene's salon, giving a detailed description of the dress and then looking it over from all angles while a model pirouetted around the room. It was just Mal's type, he decided, and walked in that evening with the dress under his arm.

On a recent trip to New York, he came back with three Lilly Dache hats as a surprise present. Knowing her fondness for Dache hats, he decided she'd enjoy them more than some useless and expensive gadget.

Trusting a husband to select hats and dresses would be disastrous in most instances, but Ray, with the eye of a romantic, has also an eye for beauty of line, even in material things.

"Adventure gives you an insight into a lot of things," he once said. "Strangely enough, it exercises the spiritual side of you and gives you an appreciation of things. It enables you to see beauty in a painting, that the material eye would brand as ugly, not having looked for the subtle appeal intended by the artist.

"You can't appreciate a book, either, merely by concentrating on the written words. You must capture the spirit of the character as the author felt him in order to get romance out of it."

And there you have him—tall, not so dark, but oh so handsome, the light of enthusiasm ever present in his eyes, adventurous and romantic beyond even the swashbuckling hero he portrays in his newest picture, "Reap The Wild Wind." May that spirit never fail him!

THE END

"Will YOU give one month to winning a ROMANCE COMPLEXION?"



ROSALIND RUSSELL

See what Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather Facials will do for you



1. "It's lovely skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap.

"Make Active-Lather Facials with Lux Soap your regular care. First, smooth the creamy lather lightly in—



2. "Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool . . . You can be sure this soap with Active lather is gentle and mild, too . . .

3. "Pat to dry with a soft towel. You'll find this gentle care a wonderful beauty aid! Try it for 30 days. See what Lux Soap Active-Lather Facials can do for you!"

YOU want the soft, smooth skin that wins romance—a lovely Romance Complexion! Lux Toilet Soap removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives skin protection it needs.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Keep 'Em Rolling, Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 29) "we don't want Hope or people like him—in such times—to serve behind a machine gun or a bayonet. They do more good behind a movie microphone or in front of a camera. We want Hollywood to keep those cameras rolling!"

A short time after that dinner in Washington I went to Hollywood to appeal to the Hollywood Victory Committee to help our Navy Relief show in New York, just as they had so generously been helping in hundreds of shows at camps and naval bases all over the country.

I told that story of Coventry in Hollywood, and I told them that the recurrent attacks on Hollywood by certain Congressmen sounded like squeaks beside the heart-tugging roar of approval such a tale deserves.

I told Hollywood that these attacks on it by certain isolationist Congressmen are not new. They happened during the recent Senate probe. They are not directed against any one personally. They are directed against the entire industry. This is because the industry has been so faithful and devoted to the Administration to which these Congressmen are opposed.

The people in Hollywood are so much for the President and these Congressional critics are so much against him that they take it out on the movies.

Darryl Zanuck has one of the best answers to these naggers. "Hollywood's critics should remember the movies are the only industry working for the War Department without profit," he says.

I wish some of those Congressional critics who ask, "What do actors ever do in any war effort?" could have been at that meeting of the Hollywood Victory Committee. Before I spoke there were talks by Army and Navy commanders who thanked the movie industry for all the free talent that was being given the service in the name of morale.

Then a man read a list of the stars who have appeared and who will appear all over the nation at various camps and naval bases. That reading consumed thirty-five minutes!

After the meeting was over, an Army officer elaborated to me just how far-reaching an effect these shows have.

"It's not just the immediate effect on the morale in camp, or at a navy base," this officer explained. "Naturally anything which helps break the monotony of training camp is a welcome treat. But the value of these camp shows goes further than that. When the stars come to our camps and entertain, the men are grateful not only to the performers but also deeply appreciative of the friendly interest their superior officers have shown in arranging such stunts. It helps build that spirit of loyalty to commanding officers which has its ringing answer when those same men are about to go into action and their leader cries, 'Come On!' "

In the Victory Committee audience that night were Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Jimmy Cagney, Cary Grant, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Jack Benny and many others you've met on the screen. When I finished my talk, explaining the Navy Relief Society, all of them came over later to say, "The Navy can have anything we have."

I'd noticed Claudette Colbert, as I spoke. There were tears in her eyes. Afterwards Cary Grant said: "You touched our hearts because what you said came from your own heart!"

Maybe you've read by now how magnificently Hollywood responded to our request for aid in the giant Navy Relief Show at Madison Square Garden Bette Davis was there, and Myrna Loy, and Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Constance Bennett and Madeleine Carroll and Janet Gaynor; Tyrone Power acting as one of the masters of ceremonies, Edgar Bergen, John Carradine, Reginald Gardiner, Bert Lahr, Dick Powell, Jimmy Durante and . . . well, just to give you an idea, we went West to ask for a half a dozen stars for the show and were offered thirty!

Once more Hollywood had stood watch with us. Once more we have been reminded that with all the world a stage the only part Hollywood wants to play is the role of a loyal American citizen.

That great show in Madison Square Garden was not the culmination of a drive for the Navy Relief Society. It was merely the beginning. And I know that soon again Hollywood will be helping the Navy Relief guarantee its doctrine that no man in the naval service or any member of his family shall go in want.

You readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror soon will have your chance to help, too. In the near future there will be other benefits held in various parts of the country, at which you will have the opportunity not only of seeing a stage full of your favorite stars but also paying tribute to those other stars of the fighting forces who are "on location" in the arenas of the war.

And remember that Hollywood values an Academy Award but it thinks even more of the Congressional Medal of Honor!

The End

(*Continued from page* 19) Besides being the handsomest man on the screen, his acting is super.

I'm on a strike for more, more and more of John Payne.

DORIS RICHARDSON,
Shively, Ky.

$1.00 PRIZE
Thought for the Producers

HOW come the producers are charging the public fifty-five cents for the picture "Sergeant York?" It is true the picture deserves all the praise it receives, but did you ever stop to realize how many people will be deprived of the privilege of seeing this great film because they cannot afford the admission price?

Some people cannot go to the show three or four times a week; they are lucky if they can save twenty-two cents to see a double feature. Did you know that? Or don't you care?

Not only "Sergeant York" but "The Great Dictator" cost more than the average admission price. Because of this the studios lost a small sum of money with "Gone With The Wind." It was understandable that the price was higher than usual. But can't you keep within *your* budget?

Movies are one of our greatest entertainments; please let the "big" and "little" people alike enjoy them as long as we can.

F. ROTH,
St. Louis, Mo.

Speak for Yourself

$1.00 PRIZE
A Tribute to Ameche

HATS off to a mighty nice person; Don Ameche is his name. He's as nice a fellow as there is anywhere. Anyone who comes in contact with Don could tell you of his friendliness, of his easy-going, good-humored nature, but the people who could really tell you of the true Ameche are shut-ins and other ill folks whose lives have been brightened by his kindness to them.

You don't hear much about the happiness he spreads among the shut-ins, because he does it from that big, kind heart of his and not for publicity.

How do I know all this? I'm one of them who will forever be grateful that there is a man named Don Ameche in the world.

DOROTHY SCHUELER,
Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

ARTICLES such as "My Own Super-Superlative Awards for 1941" by Hedda Hopper which appeared in March Photoplay-Movie Mirror are the kind movie fans like best.

This article was so completely frank I found it the most refreshing bit of news I'd read in a long time. Thank goodness there is someone in Hollywood like Hedda who gives credit where credit is due and no more.

We movie fans would like to hear more about the stars' real characters.

JEANNE BARROW,
Tucson, Ariz.

DEAR Hedda Hopper,

You certainly stuck your neck out for plenty of criticism in your recent article in Photoplay-Movie Mirror—"Super-Superlative Awards for 1941."

Frankly, I don't like the cracks you made against Greta Garbo and don't think you're justified in making such cracks. *And* though it wasn't exactly a critic's dream "Two-faced Woman" hit the spot with audiences. I saw the picture several times myself—because I got a heck of a kick out of it and because I'm content to watch Garbo emote.

About her being stingy—I don't believe it! Ask Winchell about her USO contributions.

GEORGE,
Seattle, Wash.

IN "Speak For Yourself" and other various columns I have read articles that start out, "Why all the remakes of old pictures? Aren't there any new stories in Hollywood?" etc. Don't those people that write that stuff ever realize that the younger generation likes to go to shows too? They like to see famous stories on the screen no matter how old they are, just so they're entertaining!

CLARENCE THORNBEY,
Nebraska City, Neb.

THERE'S a real film—"Texas." If Glenn Ford and Bill Holden don't deserve Oscars for their marvelous acting, I'll stop reading Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I prefer those two to all your Gables, Taylors and Powers.

MARJORIE FISH,
Kenmore, N. Y.

"A Whole Week Without Polish Chipping" *Mrs. Mervin Lane*

Hand MRS. MERVIN LANE

Polish NEW CUTEX "BLACK RED"

Time 7 DAYS AFTER MANICURE



After a whole busy week Cutex Nail Polish was still wearing like a dream—still sparkling like a dream on Mrs. Mervin Lane's lovely, long nails!

Mother of four active children, a successful illustrator and now a busy war worker . . . MRS. MERVIN LANE. No wonder she's so enthusiastic about the way Cutex stays on her nails! "At the end of a whole busy week there wasn't a chip or peel in my polish!"

Wear Cutex Sugar Plum, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sheer Natural, Black Red! See if you aren't thrilled with the way their beauty lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U. S.

Northam Warren, New York



Wear CUTEX

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

Who Has the Best Male Figure in Hollywood?

THE WINNER—ERROL FLYNN!

(*Continued from page* 34) behalf of the general physical fitness which our government believes so important to civilians in this time of war. Messengers besieged her hotel suite with telegrams and packages and letters. All the telephone extensions rang at once.

"Clark Gable gets my vote for first place before I even look at the others' measurements," she said. "And although I like Clark tremendously I'm not prejudiced. I've spent much time in Hollywood and played tennis with many of the stars. And always when anyone anywhere talks of a fine physique it is Clark who comes to my mind.

"Clark has magnificent shoulders and fine proportions. He looks fit. And he is fit. Because he takes care of himself. When he hunts, for instance, he hunts the old-fashioned way; he does a lot of walking and climbing. He plays golf and tennis, too. And he rides. He's hard as a rock. And, thanks to his tennis among other things, his reflexes are splendid."

She put down her pencil and looked a little solemn. "Clark," she said, "brings me to the boys who're being inducted into the Army these days. Because, in many cases, he's so different. Clark can walk miles over rough country without feeling it. And innumerable boys in the Army can't walk any distance at all. They've never developed their leg muscles. They've always taken it easy; jumped into a car even to go around the corner for the new copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror."

As tennis champion and as a director for physical fitness Alice stressed the importance of good legs. More than one Hollywood gentleman lost her vote because he had what she calls "skinny legs."

John Carroll took second place on her list. "He's tall," she said, "with weight and proportions suitable to his height."

Errol Flynn got third place.

"Errol not only has a swell figure," she said "he also has a fine able look and a magnificent posture. You're always conscious of Errol when he's in a room irrespective of how many other fine-looking men there are about.

"Posture's terribly important and not stressed nearly enough. An erect posture, besides being of inordinate help to appearance, keeps our organs where they should be and allows us to breathe properly. It contributes immeasurably to general fitness.

"George Brent doesn't have a magnificent posture, by any manner of means," she went on. "He's so conscious of being a big fellow that he often slumps when he walks. But he's still one of my choices. He has a beautiful build. His weight is perfect for his height. And his proportions should make many younger men—even in Hollywood where physical fitness is stressed more than elsewhere—hide their heads in shame!"

Alice's choices doubled the lineup:

Robert Taylor
Stirling Hayden
Johnny Weissmuller
Anthony Quinn
Clark Gable
John Carroll
Errol Flynn
George Brent



Name of Star	Victor Heiser M. D.	Alice Marble	Jack Dempsey	Tot.
Errol Flynn		25 + 2	25 + 2	54
George Brent		25	25	50
Anthony Quinn	25		25	50
Joel McCrea			25 + 5	30
Robert Taylor	25 + 5			30
Clark Gable		25 + 5		30
Walter Pidgeon			25 + 3	28
Stirling Hayden	25 + 3			28
John Carroll		25 + 3		28
Johnny Weissmuller	25 + 2			27
Fred MacMurray			25	25
Ray Milland			25	25

JACK DEMPSEY, ex-heavyweight champion of the world, considered our chart in the big Broadway restaurant which bears his name. It was a little before noon when we left Jack, but men and women from all over the country already were coming in to shake his hand and find him a gracious host.

Jack noticed Billy Conn's measurements first, naturally enough. He didn't agree with Doctor Heiser that Conn's ankles were a handicap.

"Thin ankles make a man fast," he said, speaking from a fighter's viewpoint. However, Conn did not make Jack's list; which read, in the beginning, Joel McCrea, Walter Pidgeon, Anthony Quinn, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland.

But when Jack went over the chart again he put George Brent on his list too.

"Brent's in his late thirties," he said "but he's still fit as a fiddle—flat at the waistline and beautifully proportioned all around. I notice a lot of younger men in Hollywood who can't hold a candle to him.

Then Jack was off on his favorite subject:

"Building a body is like building a house," he said. "If you have a good solid foundation the chances are you'll go through life well preserved. The fellow who never takes exercise and who never does any hard work goes off faster than the man who keeps active—always.

"Today especially," Jack continued, "the fellows who've lived soft lives are going to know it. The softer they've lived the more difficult they're going to find Army training—which is a fine healthy existence.

"Fellows who're expecting to join up or be inducted ought to

Name of Star	Age	Height	Weight	Chest	Waist	Hips	Neck	Wrist	Thigh	Biceps	Calf	Ankle
Errol Flynn	33	6′ 2″	178	42½	33	42	16	8	29	16	15½	10½
George Brent	38	6′ 2″	175	42½	33½	39	16	9	30	15¾	15½	11½
Anthony Quinn	26	6′ 2″	185	43	33½	43½	16	10	32	16¾	16	11

begin toughening up a little. They ought o do some walking first, then some run-ning. They ought to wrestle among them-elves, ride bikes, swim or chop wood. I don't mean they should suddenly work or exercise so strenuously that they'll suffer serious fatigue or tax their hearts. But a good perspiration wouldn't hurt them.

"Errol Flynn goes on my list too," Jack said. "I give him third place. McCrea, Pidgeon, Flynn, Brent, Quinn, MacMur-ray, Milland—like that.

"You can tell by looking at Flynn that he's hard and strong. He looks like a man who is plenty active and enjoys it. The way everybody does if he's ready for it, in condition, with muscles that do his bidding quickly and smoothly.

"I tell you," Jack said earnestly "it's a parent's duty to see that his kids—girls or boys—get the habit of taking exercise and being interested in athletics. Take my girls, for instance. They swim, swing on bars, bicycle, ride horseback, go through a daily calisthenics routine with an instructor and even box a little. Not because I want to make fighters of them —just because I want them to learn to use their bodies and to develop good strong muscles."

Jack's nominees swelled the list considerably:

Robert Taylor
Stirling Hayden
Johnny Weissmuller
Anthony Quinn
Clark Gable
John Carroll
Errol Flynn
George Brent
Joel McCrea
Walter Pidgeon
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland

THE rest was a matter of simple arithmetic. Every time a star was a judge's choice he received twenty-five credits. If he was a first choice he received an extra five credits. If he was a second choice he received an extra three credits. If he was a third choice he received an extra two credits.

It happened that no star was chosen by all three judges. But Errol Flynn, George Brent and Anthony Quinn were chosen by two judges. However, George and Anthony received no extra credits as first, second, or third choice. Errol did. He received two extra credits from both Alice Marble and Jack Dempsey, ranking third on both their lists, giving him a grand total of fifty-four points, causing us to roll the drums, blow the trumpets, and announce:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The Winner—Errol Flynn!

Obviously George Brent and Anthony Quinn, with fifty points each, tie for second place.

Joel McCrea, Robert Taylor and Clark Gable, each a judge's first choice but not appearing in the lineup of any other judge, totaling thirty points each, tie for third place.

Walter Pidgeon, Stirling Hayden and John Carroll, each a judge's second choice, but not appearing in the lineup of any other judge, totaling twenty-eight points each, tie for fourth place.

Johnny Weissmuller, third choice of one judge, but appearing in no other lineup, with twenty-seven points, captures fifth place.

Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland, named by one judge, with twenty-five points each, tie for sixth place.

On page 76 is the score card which shows the results at a glance. The measurements of winner Flynn and the two runners-up are also on page 76.

Guess What?



Unh-Unh . . . guess again.

Something worse. . . . Give up?

All right, here's what's wrong . . .

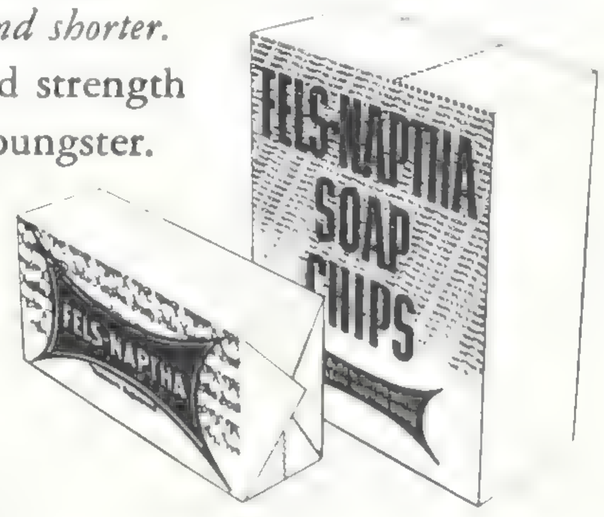
This young man is lonesome. He wants company. He wants that wonderful woman who always understands him. Even if he can't talk. So he's sending a hurry call for Mother.

And Mother? Well, today was washday. Her poor back aches. Her arms are like lead. And she just *has* to rest another minute before flying up those stairs again. If only she had some help . . .

And so she should. *Especially* on washday. She should have the help that only Fels-Naptha Soap can give . . . *two* wonderful cleaners—gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap—combining to banish dirt, without the rubbing that wears a woman out.

Making washdays easier *and shorter.*
Giving her more time and strength
to lavish on this lusty youngster.

[*MORAL: On washday, a boy's 'best friends' are his Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap.*]



Golden bar or Golden chips_ **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Look who's talking now!



NO—DON'T LOOK OUR WAY! This time it isn't us that's telling you news about Modess. This time it's 12,000 women who're talking and telling what *they* discovered. So . . .



TURN YOUR HEAD and listen! Recently, 12,000 women compared their regular napkin with Modess in a nationwide test.* "Modess is softer!" voted 3 out of every 4. Now it's *your* turn to wonder. Have you been missing out on extra comfort? Well, find out! Go on . . .



AND SCURRY OFF to get Modess. Try it! See if you don't join the millions who say Modess is the softest, most comfortable napkin they've ever tried. If you don't agree, mail the package insert slip with a note stating your objections to The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J. We'll refund your purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

The "56-pack" costs you less—
The thrifty way to buy Modess!

How to Be Happy while Drafted (Kay Kyser)

(*Continued from page* 37) warriors it would be a tonic both for the visitor and the visited.

Here's a tip on decorum while visiting camp: Find out what the rules are for visitors and service men alike and obey them as if they were part of the Ten Commandments. One of Kay's favorite stories is about the very plump and determined matron who put in her appearance at an Army camp one Tuesday morning at ten o'clock and demanded to see her son, who had been sent, on Monday, to another camp on a detail. First she fainted. Then she screamed and cried. Then she began to send wires to every official in Washington, demanding to know why her Willie should be "maliciously ordered out of camp" at the precise time she chose to visit him.

Needless to say, Willie is having some trouble living down this dramatic sequence.

SECOND most important gesture next to visiting camps is writing letters, according to Kay. If you're one of these "poor letter writers," at least take five minutes and a pair of scissors and see what you can do toward cutting a letter. By riddling late issues of the home-town paper, you can let your soldier in on a lot of dirt. If he is already receiving the home-town paper—a subscription would be a fine gift idea—why not run through back issues of old magazines and snip out the cartoons.

One enterprising girl, whose heart-beat is in Camp Barkeley, Texas, went down to one of those shops that specializes in selling ancient copies of all the periodicals. For fifty cents she got enough to fill the back of her car and she has been running a clipping bureau ever since. She says one crazy paragraph went the rounds at camp until it was worn thin, at which time her honey mailed it back with a request that she provide him with carbon copies.

As for gifts, Kay suggests that you stoo-dents form co-operative groups and appoint a chairman. Let the chairman get in touch with the recreation officer in the camp that you want to favor with your help. Find out if the recreation center has a piano. If it hasn't, canvass your neighborhood or district or city until you find one, have it tuned and make the shipping arrangements.

The tuning business is important. Recently a group of well-meaning persons put on a piano drive. The idea was to collect the instruments gathering dust in attics, cellars or underneath the family rogue's gallery. As it worked out, there were dozens of pianos available, but most of them were in such poor condition that a fortune needed to be spent on them to restore them to listenability. The Government, having a defense program on its hands—remember?—couldn't take time out to draft a class of piano tuners, felt-replacers and other musical surgeons.

If the piano need is filled, you could find out if boxing gloves are needed, or a basketball. At many camps the boys have rigged up volley ball and hand ball courts, so you could check on the condition of this equipment.

If you have a portable phonograph that *really* works and you want to contribute it, you should again communicate with the recreation officer, provided you don't happen to know a draftee in your near-by camp who could be trusted with distribution of such a windfall.

Kay says that in forwarding records to a camp, the donor should be careful to wrap them painstakingly and to ship them in a well-protected condition because there have been frequent instances of an entire shipment of records from some kindly, but careless, person arriving in more pieces than there is confetti in Times Square on New Year's morning.

SO MUCH for the big united effort that should be correlated with whatever master plan is in effect at your nearest camp. And now for the pick-up gifts that everyone who has a gun-toter in the family delights to send.

How about, suggests Kay, a harmonica? You can buy these one-piece orchestras for any price ranging from dime-store thrift to real opulence. Nearly everyone can play a harmonica, provided he has the time to tinker with it, and time is one thing that most draftees have plenty of weekday evenings. Also a sweet potato, with its gut-bucket whine, will gladden the heart of many a selectee to say nothing about the ears of his barracks mates.

As a relief from this auditory exercise how about providing a few really good genuinely intricate puzzles? There are some intertwining bent-nail puzzles that would stymie a homing pigeon and the Swiss have perfected a series of sliding panel-box mysteries that can be obtained in most shops selling carved wooden objects.

And now for the matter of hospitality. One afternoon recently Kay and a friend of his were driving along the coast north of Los Angeles when they overtook two plodding boys on leave. Kay stopped and asked the marchers to hop in, which they did faster than a cat enters a fish market. During the course of the conversation, it was established that the two boys were hiking to Los Angeles on week-end leave. Neither of them knew anybody in town, so Kay's friend said: "Say, I have a little ranch in the Valley. My wife and I could put you up while you're here. We don't have a swimming pool, or anything too fancy, but I'll barbecue you some swell steaks tonight."

The boys accepted, looking as if Santa Claus has parachuted down in August. Finally one asked shyly, "Do you happen to have a dog?"

"Two cockers," was the answer.

The boys looked at each other and grinned. "Both of us had dogs back home," they explained. "Sometimes a guy kind of misses a dog."

THAT should be a tip-off to any family with a spare room and a dog: Get in touch with the recreation officer at the nearest camp and make some sort of arrangement to entertain an occasional week-end guest in uniform.

To girls who are frightened by a memory of *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* (whose adventures are now being brought up to date by Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "Here Come The Marines") Kay has only this to say: "Today's army is a totally different organization from that of any other in American history. Most of these boys have had advantages and rearing equal to your own. All they want is a gal who has a sense of humor, who is a durable dancer and who can *listen*. When you date a soldier, he wants to talk about his outfit, his experiences, his recipe for an improved top sergeant. Encourage him to talk and listen with genuine interest. This is called good old-fashioned button-polishing and it's the finest morale-builder on earth."

The End

How to Be Happy while Drafted

(Carole Landis)

(*Continued from page* 36) lessons. I'm not good, but I'm getting better and I've obtained a lot of satisfaction out of the effort. It's the sort of thing that any girl can do if she's determined enough."

If music doesn't appeal, there's always sketching. Don't give up if you get turpentine in your hair and burnt umber on the freshly papered walls—perhaps oils aren't for you. Carole, personally, prefers water colors and lately she's been copying photographs of her friends in the aquatic medium. Charcoal is messy, but fun, and simple pen-and-ink sketches can furnish artistic satisfaction.

If a needle, rather than a brush, is your favorite weapon, why not get busy on a vast needlepoint project? The parlor of the nineties would have seemed empty without its plush sofa and, mark Carole's words, the living room of the coming decade is going to look uncivilized without its item of upholstery made by someone's lily-white hands.

"Of course, sedentary occupations won't appeal so much to girls who are working in offices all day," Carole continued. "As soon as they are free, they need to get open-airy and stretch some pet muscles."

Since these gals frequently select boy friends who could double for Charles Atlas, Carole suggests that they develop proficiency in the favorite sport of Ye Beau. If he was a low seventy-er on the links before his driving was all done in a jeep, the waiting frail should practice her golf to the point where she will be able to give him a hard, fast game when he comes home on furlough. The same theory applies to tennis. And to bowling.

Since eating advances to the prominence of a major sport after a lad has been doing the double quick for several hours each day, the wise girl should polish up the family cook book—in anticipation of leaves—devoting special attention to delicious things that never cross a mess-hall table.

"FOR girls who have a natural study aptitude, it seems to me that now would be the time to learn French or Spanish," Carole emerged from a furrowed brow to add. In practically every city of any size there are free adult night schools. Carole, some time ago, decided that she wanted to take French, some additional English courses and Vocabulary Building so she went up to Hollywood High School five nights a week for many long months. Undoubtedly this determination to advance herself is the prime reason why smart guessers say Carole Landis is going to be a top cinema name for years and years, unless she, herself, decides that there is something she wants more than she wants fame.

"If there isn't a night school in the town where a girl is living, surely a group of girls could get together and make arrangements with the local high-school language teacher to give them instruction one night a week," she said, being practical.

"These suggestions are just meant to be general guides, because—after all—nearly every girl knows in her secret heart at least one thing she should do toward self-improvement," Carole observed, putting four more records on her phonographic-vic to furnish a musical background.

"Well, I think that washes up *that* subject. Now, about good works. First, there's always knitting. Would you



Gown courtesy of Kalmour

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

believe it?—the other day I was seated next to a woman in a movie who was blissfully watching the picture and knitting at the same time. She didn't miss a stitch. Although I doubt if most girls are so adept, the need is certainly great enough to encourage that kind of devotion. Any Red Cross chapter or Bundles for Bluejackets headquarters will give one explicit information about the right yarn to use and the type of thing on which to work."

Provided a girl is a jitterbug on the sewing machine, charitable organizations are avid for her services and if she has a way with pompous papas who write checks, she can always solicit funds for yawning coffers. Every children's hospital needs doll makers, doll dressers and washers of doll clothes. In almost every town there are shut-ins who would count it a gift straight from the gods if someone would come in once a week for an hour's breezy conversation, or to read a few chapters from a best seller. So you see there is no lack of things to be done, if one looks for them.

THE third essential department in the maintenance of feminine morale is Plans & Preparations.

"If it's really love," Carole said with a soft smile, "the gal in the case should write to her trainee every day. If it's palship, two letters a week should do, and if it's just one of those pleasant comradeships, once a week is okay. But there are letters and letters in this world and she who aspires to aid the Army should really turn out a letter as smooth as her Saturday night rhumba. DON'T write to him in detail about other men you've dated. DON'T—if you happen to know his family—recite all their minor illnesses and woes. DON'T give him hints about some unpleasant bit of news that will plague him until your next letter arrives. Do try to be bright, merry and genuine. Tell him what's doing on Main Street and who won the inter-city softball championship. Tell him anecdotes about the local high-school football, baseball, basketball, or track team. Remember recent doings of his friends or acquaintances and put them down in detail."

The trouble with most letters, Carole thinks, is that the writer is in a hurry. Really funny things that could be made into productions are barely mentioned or passed over entirely.

The letter-writing disposed of, our sweetheart of selective service should take a solemn look at herself in a frank mirror. Could she do her hair in a more becoming way? Is there something to be wished for as to skin texture or clearness? How about the wardrobe—everything Yankee-faced? The Army is taught neatness to the point of spinsterish precision, so it behooves any girl who is about to stand official inspection to be as trig as a polished brass button. These personal problems solved, our draft divorcee can turn her attention to the dearest dream of her heart: week-end leave or a longer (oh, joy!) furlough.

Too often these things degenerate into one of those "What do you want to do?"—"Oh, anything *you* want to do," travesties that brings on mutual exasperation.

CAROLE thinks that definite high-jinks should be planned, yet planned with care. When a boy comes home he wants to see the Pulse Accelerator, certainly, but he also wants to see his old friends and members of the gang. So the thing to do is to have a dinner-dancing party. After dinner the girls can gracefully withdraw to the kitchen or some other feminine haunt, while the boys have one of those man-to-man confabs. Allowing an hour for this, the gals can rejoin the gentlemen and the party can proceed as it did during 100% civilian days.

If you are not in the old home town but in a large city and Private Mars is going to visit you there, by all means get a guide book of the city and make a list of the most interesting sights to be seen. Be a tourist guide. Determine which activities are really worth while and which strictly from madness. And find out how much everything costs, on account of that famous twenty-one dollars doesn't go far.

Finally, pay close attention to his conversation and if—during your talks—he happens to mention some item that he needs at camp or some gadget that would be convenient to have, write it down in your Have To Get notebook. What with birthdays and other suitable occasions happening regularly, you need a memory prodder.

"And," Carole finishes with a flourish, "I'm studying flying every chance I get—I'll soon be able to solo—because I want to be accomplished enough to release a combat pilot from routine jobs. I want to fly the errands and the fatigue details; I want to be right in there pitching."

And when she speaks those words, Carole Landis is voicing the desire of every American girl on earth.

The End



Carole Landis, who knows some tricky ways of doing her bit for the armed forces, now does her share for charity, gets Constance Bennett and husband Gilbert Roland to John-Henry some chance books

Is True Love Just a Dream?



Carole Landis with Victor Mature in "My Gal Sal" (20th Century-Fox). Carole uses Jergens Lotion.

Soft Hands hold a Wayward Heart—

Carole Landis

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

YOU can easily help keep your hands desirably soft, flower-petal smooth as Carole Landis does—by using Jergens Lotion. Helps *prevent* unexciting rough, chapped hands. Gives you almost professional hand care. To help common-looking rough skin to lovely smoothness, many doctors use 2 special ingredients which are in this famous Jergens Lotion. Never sticky! The first application helps you.

JERGENS LOTION



FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Mail this coupon now—(Paste on penny postcard)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3537, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to try Carole Landis' hand-care. Please send *free* purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Why I Read Movie Magazines

(*Continued from page* 45) The public writes letters to the editor, the editors write open letters to the stars or tell us what they think about us in their editorials and the press does stories with us and about us. We know how we stand with each other, all of us.

Fan mail, as the name implies, comes from our fans who like us or they would not be writing to us. So, for the most part, only kind and flattering things are said. If we read only our own fan mail we are apt to forget our faults, be made a little dizzy by much emphasis on our virtues. But when we read letters written to the movie magazines about *all* of us, we get a different, and an impartial, slant. I always read the letters written about the other players because the things the fans admire in them may give me ideas for self-improvement along similar lines or objections expressed about something someone else does make me watch my step in the same direction!

SOME of the polls the magazines run occasionally are very helpful, too. Listing The Most Generous Girl, the Most Thoughtful Girl and so on. I read about Alice Faye and how, when she signed her new contract, she stipulated that her hairdresser, make-up girl and stand-in must be included in her contract and that, after it expires, they are to be kept on the pay roll whether she is or not! I read about how considerate Maureen O'Sullivan is, always the first to offer condolences to those in trouble or congratulations to happy people. I will never forget reading about the lovely warm things Jean Harlow used to do for everybody. I take things like these very much to heart and keep them well in mind. Because we are apt to forget, especially here in Hollywood where we are so well-paid, so flattered and cosseted and spoiled, apt to overlook the humbler, sterner virtues of unselfishness, thought for others less fortunate, self-sacrifice.

The advice stories are helpful, too. Many of the stars are as much in need of advice as are girls in other walks of life. Maybe more so. I know I've been helped. As when I read in the magazines, many times, how if the people who work with you on the sets, the props, electricians and all, like you and are for you, it's more to your advantage than it is to be in the social swim, your name on guest lists printed in the columns.

That kind of advice helped me enormously. The people I work with on the sets have always been wonderful to me and have made me feel they like me. But when I first came to Hollywood I was not, heavens knows, even a minnow in the social swim.

When I first came here I was, I must admit, kind of lonesome. I was here by myself and I must say I stayed by myself! So much so that I began to wonder whether anything was the matter with me! There was everyone on the sets being lovely to me, but come six o'clock and "Good night" was what I heard.

I took to looking at myself in mirrors, wondering whether I'd broken out in spots or anything. I once sat at home for three weeks without so much as a single date. Date! Why, the phone didn't even ring! I got desperate. Time was when any masculine voice sounded good, even if only trying to sell me Fuller brushes or insurance!

It was then I got help from the movie magazines, hugged to myself the assurances they gave that if the folks on

"the sweetest KISS on your Satin-Smooth FACE"



A pity if Dry Skin Wrinkles age Your Face too soon



QUICK, "BEFORE-A-DATE" SMOOTH-SKIN TREATMENT

Cleanse off stale powder and make-up with a generous application of Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Now a second (light) application of Jergens Cream; splash with cold water. Such satiny skin!

THIS new smooth-skin care for your face is as simple, effective, as the famous Jergens Lotion care for your hands.

Just one cream is all you need—the new Jergens Face Cream! Made by the same skin scientists who make your favorite Jergens Lotion.

Look! You use Jergens Face Cream:

(1) for Cleansing; (2) for Softening your skin; (3) for a suave Foundation; and (4) for a Night Cream that helps your complexion to satin-smoothness.

Call Jergens Face Cream your "One Jar" Beauty Treatment. Use it every day. 50¢, 75¢, $1.25; 25¢, 10¢. A sensation? Already over 6,000,000 jars have been used!



ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Identical Twins prove...

PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT



Jack and Alan, the Sampson Twins of Norwood Park, Illinois, champion swimmers, tournament golfers, team up in a new contest.



"Honors are usually pretty even between us, in swimming, golf, or track...almost any sport. But when we made the tooth powder test... wow! Jack beat me a mile because he was using Pepsodent... I had chosen another well-known leading brand."

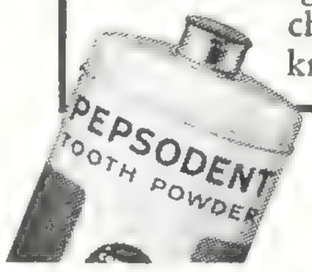


"It wasn't even close! At school, friends knew Jack at a glance... because his teeth were *twice as bright!* No question about it—Pepsodent made the difference! That's why the family began using it, too, even before the test was over!"



SAMPSON TWIN TEST CONFIRMS THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST... PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!



For the safety of your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

the sets like you, you're okay. Help from reading how Bette Davis had had an experience exactly the same as mine, how she once had sat at home for three weeks without her phone ringing once! The experiences of other girls, too—Ginger Rogers for one, I remember. I'd read and reread the articles advising newcomers in Hollywood to pick their company carefully, to stay at home and be lonesome rather than be promiscuous in the name of popularity or for the sake of publicity. They helped me to rationalize, such articles, as well as to realize that if others had gone through these lonely-heart phases, so, by heck, could I!

I should suppose girls everywhere get the same kind of help I got from reading things like these. Girls all over the country, I mean, girls who move to new towns, perhaps, and feel out of things, lonesome and unpopular. They read the movie magazines and find that it happens to everyone, even to the so-called Glamour Queens.

There is, too, another reason why I read the movie magazines, one which is interesting to me, personally, and also definitely helpful in my work. By this time you have guessed, I imagine, that I am a fan myself. Oh, I am. Well I remember a day when, after I had been with M-G-M for some months, one of the girls in the publicity department offered to take me on some of the sets to watch the stars at work. We went on the first set, a *Thin Man* picture, and I heard a voice. Myrna Loy's, it sounded like. I whispered to myself, "Oh, it can't be. Oh, I'm dreaming. Oh, it *is!*" Why, if Queen Elizabeth had stepped right out of the pages of history or my favorite storybook character had asked me to have a coke, I couldn't have been more delirious!

Well, there are still many of the stars I have never met. Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer (alas!), Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall (alas again!), Alice Faye, among others. I have met Tyrone Power, by the way, just recently—I wish I hadn't so that I could meet him all over again! But I haven't met them all, by any means, so that I know as little about them as people in other towns, and am just as curious about them. So, then, before I ever dreamed of coming to Hollywood—*and* since—I have been a fan and the movie magazines have been my point of contact with the stars.

I HAD never met Melvyn Douglas until I was cast with him in "Our Wife." I had never met Hedy Lamarr until we started to work together in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." But I had read so many stories about them in which they actually seemed to be talking aloud, that I felt I knew both of them, and well!

And *so I did.* That's the best of it. The things their interviews had told me about them were *true* things, absolutely straight steers. I'd read that Melvyn is extremely intelligent, very social and political-minded, beautifully mannered. He is. I'd read that Hedy is friendly and natural and easy to know. She is. She *really* is just as her interviews have said. So, knowing these things about them in advance, all awkwardness, the need to adjust to each other, was smoothed away and we got along naturally and easily, Melvyn and I, Hedy and I.

Or perhaps you work with someone who seems to be distant. When I worked with Bob Taylor, for example, in "Flight Command," there was constraint between us. It was "Miss Hussey" and "Mr. Taylor." A couple of days after we started to work I read an article about him explaining how shy he is, how difficult it is for him to break through his natural reserve. So then I knew what to do about it. The next morning I bounded on the set, gave him a boisterous "Good morning, Bob!"—and we became very close friends and had a wonderful time.

And as I learn about other players from reading about them, it works both ways, I'm sure. I am one of those who, thanks to my New England background and bringing up (Providence, R. I., is my home town), appears to be cold, diffident and rather haughty. It was difficult for me to speak to people unless they spoke to me first. I couldn't call people by their first names unless they asked me to. I'm better now. Probably because people have relaxed with me; probably because they have got wise to me, too, by reading about me. As one friend told me recently, "I used to be scared pink of you until I read about the 'Real You' in a movie magazine article. After that I was able to get through to the 'Real You' without my previous fear of being refrigerated!"

THEN, too, by reading the movie magazines you know what interests the stars have—horses with Bing Crosby . . . gardening with Myrna Loy . . . whatever it may be, if you know it you can open a conversation and social sailing is smooth.

Reading movie magazines has certainly made me a success at dinner parties where I might otherwise have been a tongue-tied wallflower. And there isn't any other way of knowing about the stars unless you take a house-to-house canvass among their friends and relatives.

I remember reading an article by Cecil DeMille called "The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood." One of the "sins" was the danger of suddenly getting more

ey than you've been used to so that es to your head and *you* go haywire. as one of the things I felt worth cut- out and keeping. In fact, I still carry round with me in my purse. Don't laugh at advice like that; it's sound it's necessary.

—and then the star fashion pages he magazines—they are interesting ther players as well as to nonpro- onals, believe me! I often have tations to go to fashion shows in , Irene's, Saks-Fifth Avenue and so but never have the time. So I peruse movie magazines to see what they're ring next spring, next fall or when- . . . no girl from Oshkosh or East rsgoe could pore over them more iously than I do!

KE the beauty departments, too. ke to study the hair-dos of the dif- nt stars, copy some of them. Each of us can slip ourselves into some gory of type.

mean, I am certainly more like dette Colbert or Myrna Loy in type I am like Lana Turner or Greta o. So I naturally go for the kind of gs they wear and the hair styles most ming to them. I wear my hair quite t the way Claudette wears hers, for nce . . . and I must admit that I ed myself to quite a few ideas (with ifications, of course) after looking at clothes Claudette was shown wear- in the September PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE OR.

get all kinds of little helpful hints the beauty departments, too, which nscientiously apply to myself. With lts both money-saving, time-saving I hope, self-improving. I read that of the stars do their own nails. We get so tired of sitting under dryers, being waved and manicured and made up when we're working that it's agony to go to beauty parlors between pictures. But until I read about some of the stars' doing their own nails I never thought I could. I found it easy and now I do 'em!

I READ the gossip columns from the first syllable to the last! I have a deep, dark Reason. If you who are not in Hollywood read them, as you do, for the fun and interest of it, I read them for the same reasons but, in addition, for self-protection!

I want to know who is "in circulation" this season so as not to step on anyone's toes. I don't make these embarrassing mistakes because I read my Cal York and all the chatterers and know what's what with who's who.

I'm not interested in cooking so I don't pay much attention to menus. But I am terribly interested in house decoration—I took courses in painting, interior decoration and architecture when I was at Pembroke College in Providence—and I do pore over the pictures of the stars' homes in the magazines. When I build my own home one day it will probably turn out to be an amazing composite of the best features in the homes of Myrna Loy, Joan Bennett, Irene Dunne and others. And I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I can't go wrong by copy-catting them—they have the best there is to be had! I already have a few features from Joan Bennett's beach house neatly incorporated in the patio of my little house in Westwood!

I read the reviews *very* religiously. Not only because they help me choose the pictures I most want to see, but also because they serve as a sort of barometer for me with my own pictures. If I am fortunate enough to play a part the reviewers like—as in "Susan And God," for instance, which was my first *real* little success—the reviews give me an indication of the kind of personality they like me to be. Then the fan letters, those to me, personally, and those printed in departments like Speak For Yourself, either confirm the critics' opinions or make alternative suggestions.

Oh, yes, I read the movie magazines all right—I've always read them. Why, when I was at home, like all other girls I had me a scrapbook, with stills from my favorite pictures and portraits of my favorite stars cut from the magazines and pasted in. I still have it. I was looking at it the other day and it is most interesting.

What is more, I have just started another one! I'm still cutting stills and portraits from the magazines, some of the interviews I find most interesting, all of the life stories, some of the columns, too. Think it will be a wonderful memento in years to come.

If the fans enjoy hearing from me, personally, they can thank the movie magazines for that, too! Because reading them as I do makes me realize how interested in us the fans really are. How often they ask, "Do the stars really answer fan mail?" Well, here is one who is trying awfully hard to answer hers! On my vacation last summer, for instance, I took care of 700 letters. And had fun doing it.

It's because I am a fan, myself, you see. I know what a letter from a star would have meant to me. "Would have meant"—I'm getting my tenses mixed, by golly. "Would mean," is what *I* mean! So, I'm right along with the rest of you, reading the movie magazines, for the fun and interest I get out of them, for the help they give me!

THE END



Wally Westmore *is head of Paramount's make-up department. His good taste is tops in the art of make-up. Here's Wally—behind the scenes, working on a shot for "Dr. Broadway."*

• • • •

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Name

Address

Another Eagle Takes the Air

(*Continued from page* 47) the air for a deadly purpose; that that funny-looking checkerboard below me might come to mean not only a place where I could set down my plane when I wanted to leave the air but my native soil, to be defended against other man-made birds; to be suddenly respected and revered as a place not only worth living in, but worth fighting for."

HE broke off, again. "Heck," he said. "I'm no good at expressing myself about things like this. Seems to me few Americans are. Most of us have had good lives, such darned good lives that we haven't bothered to think about them much. All of us have had a better time of it than people in comparable circumstances throughout the rest of the world, if we only knew it! The thing is, we haven't known it! We've had no chance to compare our way of living with that of other nations. We've just taken it for granted and have kicked like steers when some little thing went wrong.

"Of course," he went on, "I met and worked with people who hadn't always lived the life we live here: who had come to this country from places like Germany and Austria and had found the difference so great they almost wanted to get down on their knees and kiss our good old taken-for-granted American soil. Take Director Henry Koster. He came from Germany. And even though he left Germany a long time before the war began, he apparently saw this difference I mention.

"I remember one day when I was working under his direction in 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' quite a while ago. I was doing a scene—well enough, I thought—but suddenly he stopped me. 'Get more life into yourself!' he told me. 'Act happier; act freer! *Remember, you are supposed to be an American!*'

"Well, at the time," Bob said, "I didn't think much about the significance of what he was saying, although I understood what he meant as far as my acting was concerned. But I have thought about it since. 'Act happier,' he told me. 'Act freer! *You are supposed to be an American!*' In his eyes being an American was synonomous with happiness and freedom. And—" slowly, "I guess if you stop to think about it, that is exactly what it is."

But, as Bob confesses, he didn't think about anything like this when he earning his pilot's license. He just s every minute he could in the air. It for him, all right! He was crazy abou

Was he scared the first time he solo "Heck no!" he said. "It didn't surp *me!* Remember, I was still a kid my teens, and at that age, remem you not only own the world, but can handle it!"

So Bob, in due time, took his pi license home to his mother, and his instructor's license. "That's fine, s she said. "That's wonderful. I'm p of you!" And if ever stark fear w knife in her heart, he never knew She was a mother, but she rode ab with progress, too. She was a mo but she found the courage to help do what he had to do. And that is way a soldier of the Stars and Str is made.

BEFORE Bob was out of high sch he owned a "piece" of a plane. and three other boys pooled their mo and bought a "monocoupe." Tha they scraped together $250 for a d payment. Eventually, the owner ha take it back because they couldn't k up the payments, but that was not u after they'd all found a good many h of ecstasy in the "old bus."

Bob interrupted himself here to c ment sadly on the fact that there so many private pilots whose knowl of flying, to date, hasn't been util by the American fighting forces beca for different reasons, these flyers c fulfill military qualifications. "You c buy love, nor train love into men. said. "Yet a flyer who spends his money for lessons does it for one re and one alone—because he loves it. seen men go around literally with in the seats of their pants because had used all their money for flying. in their blood. Surely these men and will be worth something to U Sam in this war. But—" with a s "how I do go on about something isn't particularly relevant here!"

His own love of flying is rele though. After he left Joplin High spent a year at Drury College in Sp field, Missouri. Enrolled at Carnegie stitute of Technology, he kept the f up—this in addition to training in Carnegie R.O.T.C. He was crazy f plane of his own. "The only reaso fact, that I ever became an actor

EAGLE SQUADRON—

—the pulse-racing story of the American boys who battle in British skies—their loves, their laughters and their glories.

Personnel—Robert Stack and Diana Barrymore, newcomer from an old star family

Command—Walter Wanger with Universal Pictures

Target—A hit!

Don't miss the fictionization of EAGLE SQUADRON in June Photoplay-Movie Mirror

cause I wanted to make enough money buy one," he admitted.
Now, of course, he has owned two nes for several years. He was up in e with Mrs. Cummings (who is also a er), Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks, radio singer, the day the Japanese mbed Pearl Harbor. The news came them on the radio and with it a call all private planes to get out of the

As Bob taxied onto the landing field Van Nuys, near his home in San rnando Valley, he says he had a strange ling. He says he felt as though, nehow, all of those years when he s drilling and shooting and practicing neuvers in the R.O.T.C., all of those ars he was piling up solo hours in the . even all of the fun he had had in life and the success he had achieved, t of came into focus. He says that idenly he seemed to know the meang of being an American. Like many of countrymen, he hadn't been trained war. Nor had he thought very much out American blessings and benefits. t when trouble came, he found himf ready not only to do what had to done about it, but to appreciate why.

OF course, I know it won't be easy to win this war," he said. "It n't be pleasant. And it can't be done n. We Americans need more, even, n guns and tanks and planes and ined men to knock the enemy on his . In my humble opinion, we also ed a certain fanaticism to lick an enemy tough as the Germans and the Japs d all the rest. You see, in the past, have been taught tolerance. We have en taught to see the other side of a arrel and the meaning of sympathy. have been taught the beauty of manity, if you will, and that is as it uld be. But we aren't fighting a tol- nt or a sympathetic or a humane emy. We are fighting as tough a combination of ruthlessness and cruelty as r mobilized its forces for battle and had better get ruthless, too. Hitler's ys and those little yellow men from ppon are blind fanatics. Well, we had ter become fanatical, too. We had ter learn to hate as they do. It will ke the end come quicker. It will ke it just that much easier to teach enemy that when an American ts, he fights to win!
Heavens knows I had been hearing out the possibility of a war long ugh," Bob confided. "My brother, O. Cummings, is a lawyer who serves as ige advocate (the military equivalent a civilian judge) in the Ninth Corps ea and he had been telling me for ars that sooner or later there would be uble with Japan. Of course, like the erage American ostrich, I didn't pay ch attention to him. But now," with a y grin, "I see what he meant!"
In conclusion, Bob told a funny little y. It will make you smile, but it uld make you think, too.
"As you know," he said, "Allan Jones d Irene Hervey have a youngster out four years old. Well, Irene heard ng Jackie out in the back yard the er day, talking to himself. She listed and he was saying, 'Oh, how I ad it. Oh, how I dread it!'
'Jackie, what do you dread?' Irene ed him.
'The next war,' he said.
But what I mean,' Bob remarked erly, 'this time there won't be a t war. I, personally, along with two three million other fighting men end to see to that!'"

The End

Win with English Tint

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The Englishwoman's complexion is known the world over as the loveliest of all . . .

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[illegible]

For faces of fashion

PRINCESS PAT

He'd Never Guess Her Age!



New kind of face powder makes her look years younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! He'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35? She has found her *lucky shade* of face powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin, makes her look young and enchanting.

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Are you sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *today!* Try them one after another and let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

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Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Mail the coupon for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier!

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7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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CITY_____ STATE_____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

You've Got to Believe Me!

(*Continued from page* 53) you know Blackie?"

"New York." Safe enough naming the metropolis. Racketeers travel plenty.

The other said nothing. Bill stared into the flames. After a moment, he looked at Sam.

"Where'd you know him?"

Sam grunted with disgust. "Rhode Island. He wasn't actually in the gang. On the fringes. Tried some smart trick and we pushed him out. We heard he went over to New York. Then he came out here."

"The coppers seem to have a line on this joint." Bill spoke slowly. "Wonder how they got wise?"

"Couldn't have been Blackie, could it?"

"Why should he?" Red muttered. "He's in it same as us."

"He's got the cash." Bill looked at Sam. "Then he gets us arrested. Who's to believe anything we say?"

"Nobody." Clip cursed. "All we know is a guy named Blackie runs out and leaves us holding the bag."

Sam said, "Only I happen to know who he is, see? You guys don't. We'd never have gotten him on this job, only he owed so much dough at the gambling house—"

"So now he pulls the double cross—"

SAM flipped his cigarette into the fire. "Looks like maybe you're right. He's got us in a trap."

"We aren't all the way in yet," Bill said. They looked at him. "If we moved fast, we could get out."

"What about the dame?"

"It's too late for a new hide-out." Bill pretended to puzzle over the matter. "The cops are getting too close. She'll talk if we let her out. Looks like—"

Clip's eyes narrowed. "Like what?"

"Like we got to get rid of her."

The icy way he said it seemed to startle the others.

"Dump her off some cliff, into the ocean. Weighed down with stones. They'll never find her. Then we hold out fo more ransom."

"And burn for it when they grab us!"

"Not if they don't find her," Bill an swered airily. "No body—no trial. Bu if they found us now, with her alive—"

The very uttering of the words sent chill through him. Yet it was the on way. The only way.

There wasn't much time. But the pla was working. As they talked, he bega to see hints of fear in their faces.

"So what?" Red asked. "We stay he like rats—"

Clip was pacing the floor. Sudden he whirled and faced Bill. "It's you idea, brother. So it's your job."

Bill said evenly, "You mean—I'm take her out?"

"Sure. You'll handle her. Only I'll g along. For company."

Clip turned to the others. "You fe lows stay here. If Blackie shows, sta him. Don't tell him I've taken over—"

"You aren't taking over, Clip." Sa stepped foroward, his face livid. I the guy Blackie owes. I'm running th show from here on!"

They glared at each other. Sam's ha went to his breast pocket.

Clip stepped back. He looked scare "Okay, Sam. No hard feelings."

"That's swell. Don't forget it. Whe you and this monkey get finished takin care of the girl, get back here."

Bill was lighting a cigarette. "Whi car, Sam?"

"Same one we used for the snatch

"Pierce—her director—his chauffe spotted part of the license number—"

"Stolen plates, lunkhead. We ditche them soon as we got out of town. There another set of hot plates on now."

SAM and Red brought her upsta Pale and tight-lipped. Sam's ha grasped her arm and she pulled aw from him. Her eyes cut through him.

"You can't—you can't get away wi it!"



Blonde lady in the two-gun-Gertie pose is Ilona Massey, who hits the cinema bull's eye in Edward Small's "Up In Mabel's Room." She goes in for some straight shooting with one hand and refreshment with the other

e yourself, chick," Sam said. "This
no studio."
e looked around her and she saw
and he turned away.
ute, isn't she?" Red leered.
l laughed hoarsely. "Come on. We
n't time to waste talking."
e was looking at him now. He knew
ears in her mind. If only this were
ent. If only he'd met her in some
ary way. Only he knew he never,
d have met her—in an ordinary
It wasn't in the cards.
p said, "We've got to be moving."
ryl hung back. "Just where are we
g? Has the studio—"
he less you ask, honey," Sam said,
better off you'll be."
r eyes pleading with Bill for help.
was watching them both closely.
took her arm roughly and said,
's right. We got to shove off."
ey stumbled out into the darkness.
l was close to him. Once her
ing snagged on a bramble. She
d her ankle free and stood there a
ent. Bill put his arm around her.
e tried to pull away. "Don't touch
Don't dare—"
whispered quickly, "Caryl, you've
o listen. I'm trying to help. Trying
t us out—"

broke off. Clip was too close,
urned his flashlight into their faces.
ushed her from him. "Get moving."
made out the shadowy forms of
cars in the darkness. The one he'd
brought in. The other machine was
r. The kidnap car.
ou gonna drive, Clip?"
t helpless with you behind me?
s again, brother!"
ant me to do the driving?"
ou got right. I'll sit in back where
keep an eye on both of you."
ure. Great idea. But I haven't any
se—"
p's laughter. "You don't need a
se for what we got in mind."
ow far are we going?" Bill inquired.
got a place in mind. About twenty
. High up. Has a view of the sea.
to go along the main road a ways.
that don't bother much. This time
ght, there's no traffic."
ure. Only we have to keep the dame
."
he'll ride up front with you. I'll
watching. If she makes the least
npt—"
en in the darkness, Bill could see
dull gleam of the blue-steel auto-
.

et in." Bill held the door as Caryl
ed into the front seat. He walked
nd to the other side, climbed in
e her. For a moment he fumbled
e dark until he found the dashboard
s. He turned and looked at her.
e light striking from below lent her
sterious gypsylike charm. For one
instant he forgot everything ex-
her.
et going," Clip barked.
ryl said, "I don't understand. What
e doing? Where—?"
ou shut up." Clip's voice was flat.

L got the engine going, backed up
e car, turned around.
hen you get to the main road," Clip
him, "turn to the right and keep on
till I tell you to turn off."
drove in silence. Once or twice
passed them going the other way.
could figure on some way of at-
ng their attention—
e warmth of her beside him. He
to let her know the truth. Some-
to get it over to her without Clip's
ing.



YOU'VE got the glooms . . . want to crawl off in a corner and have a good cry. But you keep saying to yourself: "Snap out of it . . . I *won't* be a slacker . . . there's so much to do today!"

Big important things that mean far more than your own fun and frolics. Things that really matter!

Making bandages this morning. A Defense Stamp luncheon. Then you've simply *got* to finish that navy helmet.

And tonight, the boys come home from camp. You'd be a fine citizen spoiling their furlough with a faceful of frowns.

What's the answer? . . . simply give up? NO, a thousand times . . . there *must* be a way to be comfortable and at ease on trying days of the month!

There *is* a way! . . .

Too bad if you're one of those who didn't discover Kotex sanitary napkins long ago! Because if it's comfort you're after . . . you'll find Kotex is *more comfortable!*

For Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

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Coty



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GITANE
bright "gipsy" tones

BALI
luscious, siren shade

DAHLIA
lovely, flower-soft

TAMALE
ultra-chic "Latin" red

So many times—in the darkened theater—he had watched her in some menacing moment on the screen. Only then he had always known it was make-believe. It wasn't really happening at all.

This was different. This wasn't anything dreamed up by the scenario department. And the chances of getting out alive—

The first picture he had seen her in, "Secret Heart"— Then, suddenly, he remembered the last scene. His fingers tightened on the steering wheel.

So close to the scene they were living through now. She'd been riding with her fiance. In a coupe. Knowing the fiance was a murderer. Knowing he was planning her death. Driving fast, over a treacherous mountain road. Seeing the murder in his face, she had managed to get the door of the car open and leapt to safety. The sudden moment of horror as she saw the car veer sharply, plunge over the cliff.

The memory of it vivid in his mind.

He broke the silence with, "Sorry it had to be like this."

She made no answer.

Clip from the back seat, said, "Too bad, ain't it? But business is business."

Bill said lightly, "I remember the first picture I ever saw you in. It was called —let's see—it was 'Secret Heart,' I think. Something like that."

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her startle, turn toward him.

"Ever see that one, Clip?"

"Don't go to the movies."

Caryl said softly, "I remember it."

A pause. Then Bill said, "Say, it was clever—the way she got out of that mess."

"Mess? Oh! Of course. It was clever." She was staring hard at him.

HAD she got it? Got the cue he was trying to give her for the plan he had in mind? He knew he had to talk in a way Clip wouldn't understand.

Clip snorted behind them. "Yeah—what kind of mess was it? In the story, I mean?"

"Oh, you know," Bill answered. "They get everything so mixed up in a movie you don't think they can ever get the characters straightened out."

"But then—you don't like the movies, do you?" Caryl said.

Her hand was beside him and he managed to put his on top without Clip's noticing. For one instant his fingers pressed tightly against hers.

"Pretty rare, though," Bill said, "that you meet a girl like that in real life."

A long silence.

"I see what you mean," Caryl said finally. "The way the girl figured out what her relatives were planning for her."

"That's right. Maybe men don't like brainy women, but it sure was cute to watch her."

He found tingling excitement in this cryptic conversation, in spite of their predicament. And so far Clip apparently hadn't caught on.

"Some of those scenes were pretty dangerous." Bill was casual. "I suppose you played them all yourself?"

"Naturally. They don't like to use doubles if they can help it. Besides, the scenes weren't—too difficult, you know."

He glanced quickly. Her other hand against the door. Fingertips lightly on the handle. He caught the flicker of light in her eye, turned his glance back to the road.

Now he knew she understood. Waiting for his signal.

She threw her head back so her hair tumbled over her shoulders.

After a while she said, "One tro with that picture." Her voice soft didn't care much for the hero."

Clip was mocking. "Really? interesting. Now will you leave off chatter—"

"Oh, stop crabbing," Bill told "You won't have to listen long."

"That's a comfort."

Bill asked, "What was wrong with hero?"

"He wasn't any good. And after a was—the love interest."

"The love interest can't be bad?"

"Shouldn't be. Ever."

"Maybe he wasn't, really. In real I bet a fellow like that might be pr understandable. One thing sure— knew he really was in love with the g

ANOTHER silence followed that mark. He could see her reflectio the windshield. Looking straight ah

"Was he?"

"Beyond any doubt."

"But he hadn't known her very How could anyone—"

"Men are funny. Usually know they want the minute they see it. woman spends time shopping arc Takes a long time to make up her m

"Maybe. But some women do k —what they want."

"You think she did?" He spoke slo "That girl in the picture?"

After a moment, she said, "I think

"But she couldn't know anything a him."

"I know."

"And yet she—"

"Maybe you can't explain it. Th just happen."

Strange, startled emotions. The sane desire to stop the car and take in his arms.

Clip suddenly leaned forward. What's going on? That kind of talk make sense."

"Sure it does." Bill was glib. "If knew anything about the movies."

"That ain't an answer. I want to k what you're talking about. Or m you're too thick to understand!"

"Keep calm," Bill answered. "W almost near the end of our trip."

"Yeah? Just how do you know th

They were on a straightaway. A half a mile distant, Bill could see lights of an approaching car. He lo quickly at Caryl, nodded.

His foot on the brake. The car s ing down from fifty to forty. He her fingers on the door handle, p ing it down The door swinging op

"Now!"

The sudden movement of her bod she plunged through the door. Lea clear of the car. At the same ins Bill swung the steering wheel crazi the left.

The splintering of glass and stee the car crashed against the tree, care off wildly and rolled over.

MOMENTS later, he managed to c from the wrecked machine. D and groggy. Trying to collect thoughts. He rubbed his hand a his forehead, saw his wrist was b ing.

A cold horror ran through him. A the road—Caryl. Lying there on ground.

The approaching car had stop Several men from the machine hurrying toward Caryl, reached he the same instant as Bill.

He bent down beside her. She half-conscious, trying to say somet but they couldn't understand. On the men turned on a flashlight. A h

v her face he uttered a cry. It's that screen star—Caryl Win-v. I just heard about it on the io. She's been kidnapped. It must –"

hey looked at Bill, shot the light in face, saw his cut wrist.

You were with her? Are you one the—?"

He must be part of the gang," an-er said. "Trying to get her away—"

ill attempted to explain. "It was—as—helping her escape. The one in back seat, he's one of them—"

truck had stopped and two burly ers had joined them.

hey grabbed him. The other men e looking over the wrecked car. ere's another one in here! He's un-scious. Out cold."

othing Bill said made any differ-e, "Tell it to the cops. We're not ng any chances. Come on."

hey put him in the front seat of the k, wedged between them. The others ed to take Caryl and the uncon-us Clip.

e didn't care if they took him to police. Didn't care what happened. nly he could be sure she was all t. If the injuries weren't bad—

he truckmen wouldn't talk. Driv-fast. Nobody speaking.

nother car behind them. He could the reflection of the headlights in rear-view mirror outside the driv-window.

Must be the others," the driver said.

Don't think so," his partner answered. e lights on the other car were almost e."

E machine clung to them. They tried pull away and couldn't. All the into the city. The truck roar-over the deserted streets. The car behind them.

he police station a block ahead. Bill ld see the blue lights. The truck slowing up. But the machine be-l was pulling out, passing them, ing in front.

n agonized screeching of the truck's kes. The sickening sensation as the hine skidded, swayed precariously, e at last to a dizzy stop with one el on the curb.

he driver of the other car had jumped Standing below them, ordering n to the pavement. They saw the y revolver in his hand.

oolly, he forced the two drivers into shadows on the sidewalk, ordered into his car, climbed himself into driver's seat.

at pulled down over his face, coat ar turned up. Bill couldn't see his .

he engine was running. The man's d on the gear shift.

head of them, Bill saw a sedan pull before the police station. A girl got It looked like Caryl. Two men either side. They started into the ion.

ill started to cry out. The man—hand on the wheel and the other ling the gun—dug the weapon into side.

Shut up or I'll let you have it." The e was low and harsh.

he car leapt forward into the kness.

he next few minutes Bill is going to over who the big boss is. He is as ked as you will be when you read amazing final instalment of this erful mystery in June Photoplay-ie Mirror.

"And you're the fellow they called the 'Hermit Crab'!"



"Yes, but I'm living it down fast! Not a bad rhumba for a hermit, hey?"

"It'll do . . . Were you really like people said you were . . . crabby, sour, skinny, down on the world?"



" . . . like this? I sure was! And worse. But then I learned I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"Say it in smaller words, please."

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I took two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S every day in nice, cool tomato juice, and before I knew it, I was . . ."

" . . . a man among men again! Nice work. But what's this talk about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take yeast. Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Very tasty, believe me."





FLEISCHMANN'S is the only yeast with *all* these vitamins: A, B_1, D, and G. And remember, the only sources of the Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources such as yeast and liver. Remember, too, if you bake at home: Vitamins A, B_1, D and G are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go into your bread! Ask for FLEISCHMANN'S—with the yellow label.

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KIRKEBY HOTELS

This Is Pidge

(*Continued from page* 43) them all the same. He loves them all—and the more the merrier.

Even when he sticks his neck out, Walter Pidgeon does it so good-natured that it's impossible for anyone to take offense.

Some weeks ago, in New York for the opening of "How Green Was My Valley," Walter crowded into the theater lobby with Donald Crisp. Someone called Pidge's attention to the fact that Wendell Willkie was in the crowd. "You can have Willkie," boomed Walter. "I'll take the pretty *Mrs.* Willkie!"

At that moment, Donald Crisp turned Walter around to face a small woman pressed directly against him. She was looking up and laughing at him. Pidge almost collapsed.

"Mrs. Willkie," said Donald, "I'd like to present Mr. Pidgeon, an audible admirer of yours!"

The secret of Walter Pidgeon's charm in any and all circumstances is his genuine friendliness. A gentleman is said to be he who considers others. And that standard Pidge is the greatest gentleman in Hollywood.

IN public he abhors special favors because of his screen fame. On butler's-maid's-night-out evenings, waiters in Hollywood restaurants sometimes seat him and dance up saying, "Your reservation is ready, Mr. Pidgeon."

"What reservation?" Walter invariably inquires. "I haven't any reservation. I just take my turn."

Two summers ago at the New York World's Fair, Walter Pidgeon and his pretty wife Ruth were ambling over the vast Flushing acres in search of a celebrated restaurant.

After miles and two aching arches, Mrs. Pidgeon halted her husband. She told him her feet were just about to drop off.

"If we ever get to this place," she said, "and a waiter offers you a table, Walter—for heavens' sake, just this once—*take it!*"

Mrs. Pidgeon knew her mate would stand around graciously bowing everyone into a seat before him. At that point Mrs. P. wasn't in the mood for such super manners.

Walter's wife was formerly Ruth



"Pidge" and "Little Pidge": Walter with daughter Edna, who cuts quite a figure in her father's li

lker, a Missouri small-town girl. ey're very happy together. Ruth is allish and attractive, quiet and intelent.

he doesn't interfere in the least with husband's career. No one at M-G-M remember seeing her on the lot. out her only connection with Wal-'s career is that she weeds out best-ing books for Pidge and recommends s she thinks he'd like. Sometimes impinges on pictures he's about to do. hey agreed on "How Green Was My ley," incidentally, long before Pidge any idea he'd do it.

RS. PIDGEON is the only person in Hollywood who consistently blitzes lter in backgammon, his favorite game, ough he can take care of the gin-my situation. She's also his favor-partner in bridge. Pidge doesn't play er. The Pidgeons spend most eve-gs card-playing, giving or attending ner parties around Los Angeles, Pasa-a, Hollywood and points handy. y're fixtures at music events, the vl and the Philharmonic. Some of lter's eminent pals are continually ving from the East or abroad to up excitement. That's the only time Pidgeons show at Hollywood's plush ries. Paul and Daisy Lukas are prob-y their oldest and best screen colony nds.

espite their active social life, the geons have never expanded their lest Monterey house on the right side the tracks in Beverly Hills, or ac-red much swank in other living de-tments. They own two cars, a small about and a three-year-old con-tible which Walter babies and refuses urn in on a new job.

while back, one of those newspaper standbys, a list of the best dressed men in America, popped up and Walter was included, along with a number of distinguished Americans such as Dr. James Bryant Conant, President of Harvard.

This drew fire from an aunt of his in Boston—a conservative down-East lady who had always thought Walter wasted his talents on such frivolous stuff as movie-acting. One brother is an eminent physician in Boston. Another is a Canadian army officer. Pidge's aunt was pretty let down when Walter didn't study for the bar.

Anyway, she forwarded the clipping and with it this eloquent sentence, "Well, my dear, it's nice to know you can be classed at least *sartorially* with important people."

Actually, Pidge is no clothes-wise Beau Brummel. He passes up Eddie Schmidt for Bullocks-Wilshire, a Los Angeles department store. He owns about twenty suits. The only thing he's fussy about is his hats, which are specially made; sometimes his shoes are too. The Pidgeon dogs are oversize—number fourteen. But he's not a bit touchy about that.

The thing Pidgeon is fussiest about, perhaps, is food. The travels to which he devoted his youth (he's been everywhere except the Orient) have tempered a gourmet's tongue.

Last year, returning to Hollywood from New York, he took a long train trip through the South just to load up on Oysters Rockefeller and crepes suzettes at Antoine's in New Orleans. He doesn't drink, though. On the rare nights when Ruth is away he gets lonely and goes out to bars, sitting around sipping ginger ale. It's not through any teetotaler complex. A few years ago one of those pals of his, a surgeon at Mayo's, removed Walter's gall bladder and then cryptically told him, "I've had to remove 2000 gall bladders to learn they should never be removed!" Something about this digestive deletion makes Pidge dizzy on one drink, so he lays off.

SMOKING is another matter. Walter smokes too much and it worries him. In the last World War, he joined the Canadian army. He never got to France because he was crushed between a gun carriage and seriously injured. Gangrene set in and then pneumonia. He spent most of a year in bed and since then has felt guilty every time he puffs tobacco. For a long time Pidge stuck conservatively to pipes. But when the movies got him he found cigarettes were always being called for in scenes. He puffed them dutifully but daintily until his brother wrote him caustically. "Have you ever seen yourself smoking a cigarette in a movie?" wrote the disgusted brother. "Well—you look like an old maid trying to be wicked. For gosh sakes, if you're going to smoke, smoke as though you meant it!" Walter immediately started inhaling and now he has the habit.

This comparatively minor vice hasn't wrecked his health or anything. For Walter Pidgeon is in as good shape as the next man, if not better. He's not too athletic, though he's no pushover at tennis and badminton. He hates golf cordially and can never look on skating or skiing as sports. Where he came from, St. John, New Brunswick, they were practically necessities.

For his figure's sake he works out each morning with old-fashioned calisthenics and a rowing machine. He's a long sleeper—nine hours at least—so nothing will keep him up late when he's working.

YOU FACE A "JURY OF 21" EVERY DAY

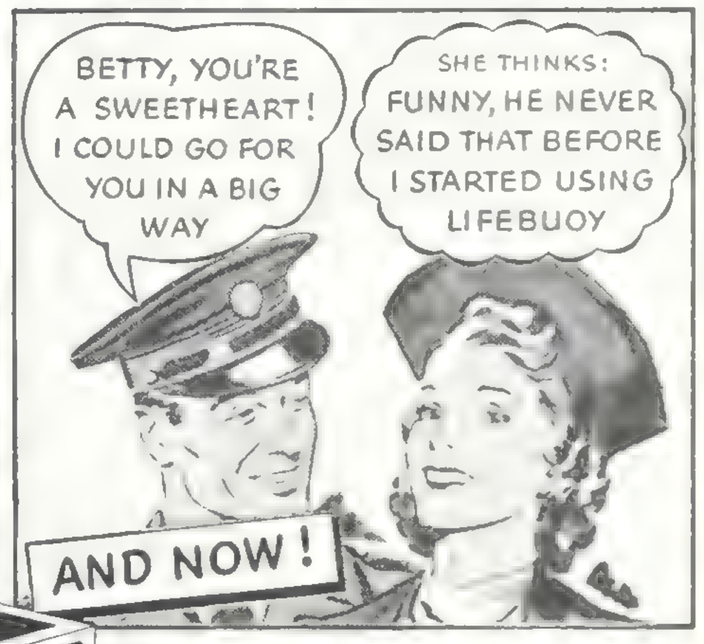
hese busy days, check-ups show that you et an average of 21 people a day. What ression do you make on this "Jury of 21"?









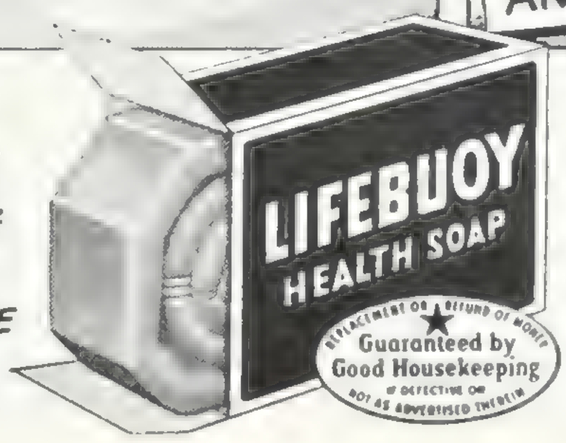


MAKE THIS VANISHING SCENT TEST

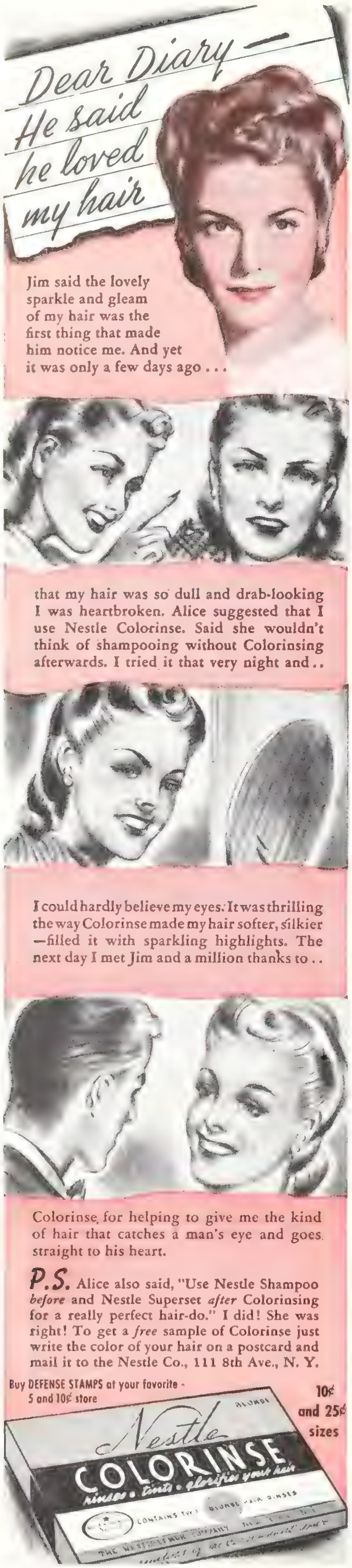


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BATHE DAILY WITH
NEW 1942
LIFEBUOY
FROM HEAD TO TOE
— IT STOPS "B.O."



Pidge is pretty practical about "dough." In fact, he already has a comfortable stack of the stuff. His penchant for pals has paid off. He doesn't rely on his salary check, hefty though it is by now.

Some years ago one pal steered Walter on to a good thing in the Texas oil fields. Now he has fourteen wells pumping merrily away for the family cookie jar. He has financed a few movie shorts, too, and indulged in various business ventures on the side, all of which turn out as golden as Mammy's pancakes. Right now he's looking for a thousand-acre dirt farm—a Chicago attorney pal of his is looking into this for Pidge. Walter wants it strictly for an investment. "I don't care if I never see the place myself," says Walter. "Imagine me on a farm!" It is a little impossible.

ALL this business acumen, so rare in actors, isn't difficult to understand when you realize Walter was a whiz himself once in the world of finance. He sold stocks and bonds around Boston in the palmy days. One morning a million and a half dollars of municipal bonds came into his office. That afternoon he sold the whole portfolio. Walter's friendliness paid off in finance, too. He had one client who was a stony nut to crack. The extremely wealthy old codger refused even to see salesman Pidgeon. Walter learned the old boy had a soft spot—he was crazy about apples. He promptly ordered a barrel of New Brunswick pippins and sent them in with his card. That day he cornered the biggest account in Boston.

Because of his business head, Walter Pidgeon is one actor who could do all right for himself if the studios closed down tomorrow. He's justly proud of the fact.

But the greatest pride and joy in Pidge's life by far is his tall, pretty and talented daughter, Edna. Edna looks so much like her dad that Mrs. John Ford, traveling East on the Chief recently, recognized her though they had neve met. She is the daughter of Walter's fir wife, who died at twenty-one in child birth.

Edna's bringing up and education ha been personal projects of Walter's li Like Walter, she gets "Pidge" from h chums. Right now Edna is attending t New York Academy of Fine and Appli Arts.

Walter insists Edna inherits her arti tic talent from her mother, who was successful magazine illustrator. Art out of his line and so—professionall at this point—is music, although he s likes to sing and play for himself a his friends and his collection of record symphonies is the only thing besid cards that will keep him up past hours.

The Pidgeon third Hollywood com back bore a guarantee that he'd nev have to make a musical. After "Ho Green Was My Valley," Darryl Zanu tried to persuade him to sing again, b Walter said "Sorry." He remembe that musicals ruined his Hollywo career Number Two. But he's still cra about music, with a preference for ba lads and Stephen Foster when h sitting around with friends and yodeli The only music he can't take is ope

Pidge hasn't the faintest intention ever returning to his singing for a livi He makes that clear to everyone w asks him. He's convinced that his voc chords are so rusty by now he'd be chump to risk it. Of course, there's remote reason for Pidge to change movie stripes right now when he's j had the very best year of his life. Aft "Blossoms In The Dust," "Man Hun "How Green Was My Valley" and "M Miniver," Walter Pidgeon is Hollywoo major male success story of '41. Wh you come right down to it, the fact t this has occurred after Pidge's bei twice discarded by Hollywood makes the greatest success story in the hist of the town.

The End



★ ★

He's the hero of W ners' "Larceny, In —and he's a sm man to boot. E ward G. Robinson changes some gre backs for gold-m defense stamps, d a smart trade-in o the counter with sal girl Juanita Ste

★ ★

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) whole world to know that down deep, Hollywood is recovering its ability to laugh . . . at itself for the world. . . .

England, in a sense, has pointed the way that makes this adjustment possible. Take, for instance, that exciting and thought-provoking movie "The Invaders" . . . "The Invaders" is an English-made thriller . . . an anti-Nazi movie, in one sense of the word . . . but swell nonentertainment . . . I'm sure you will enjoy it . . . but I think the big kick you will get out of it is the reassurance you'll get from the appearance of Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard and Raymond Massey in it. . . .

And it is so good to see these English-men who have been lost to us for a time . . . it is so keen to see them looking healthy, looking relaxed and happy and acting as debonairly as always . . . while symbols of courage that it does your heart good to see. . . .

Similarly, you can expect more of our American stars to go into military service of some sort all the time . . . and yet expect to see them also on the screen, every once in a while. . . .

Meantime a new set of stars is rising . . . they are coming as never before from the ranks of Hollywood's original settlers. . . .

Peeper at RKO these days, for instance, will find the Misses Peggy and Gloria Lloyd, hard at work, under the direction of papa Harold Lloyd . . . over at Selznick they are busy trying to find just the right script for K. T. Stevens, who won't want to be directed by her dad, Sam Wood . . . not, at least, until she can show that she has made good all by her very young self . . . over at Universal they are knitting up a contract for slender brunette Diana Barrymore, John's daughter. . . .

MAYBE you argue that Noah Beery Jr. has never equaled the fame of his dad Noah or his uncle Wally . . . or that sympathetic young Tim Holt has come nowhere near the record of Joel Holt . . . or that handsome Young Doug's record is in no way comparable to the first Doug's box-office stature. . . . But you need to remember, then, is Mickey the mighty Rooney, son of Joe Yule, little knockabout comedian, and Tyrone Power, the fourth generation of his family to bear that name to its greatest fame. . . .

Then you think of this newest crop . . . and then think ten years ahead . . . the four Crosbys, the four Ameches, the two Shearer-Thalbergs, the three girls named Young, one of whom belongs to Loretta and two of whom belong to Robert Young, and Mary Martin's youngster, and Virginia Bruce's, and Connie Bennett's and Joan's, and Brian Erwin's, and Andy Devine's . . . and on and on and on. . . .

Exciting, isn't it . . . exciting to think, that in the case of the Lloyd girls there will be a perfect proving ground to how much acting ability comes by inheritance and how much by sheer environment . . . for one of those girls is an "adopted" daughter . . . and when you think of how beautiful every one of those coming-generation children should be . . . I call it a thrill. . . .

And I call it characteristically vivid Hollywood-ian that it should be building up these future pleasures for us in this beauty and this talent and this will to highlight our world that most certainly must and will survive. . . .

The End

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(from a letter by G. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.)

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(from a letter by D. J. C., Lewiston, Me.)

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(from a letter by H. E. H., Lewiston, Me.)

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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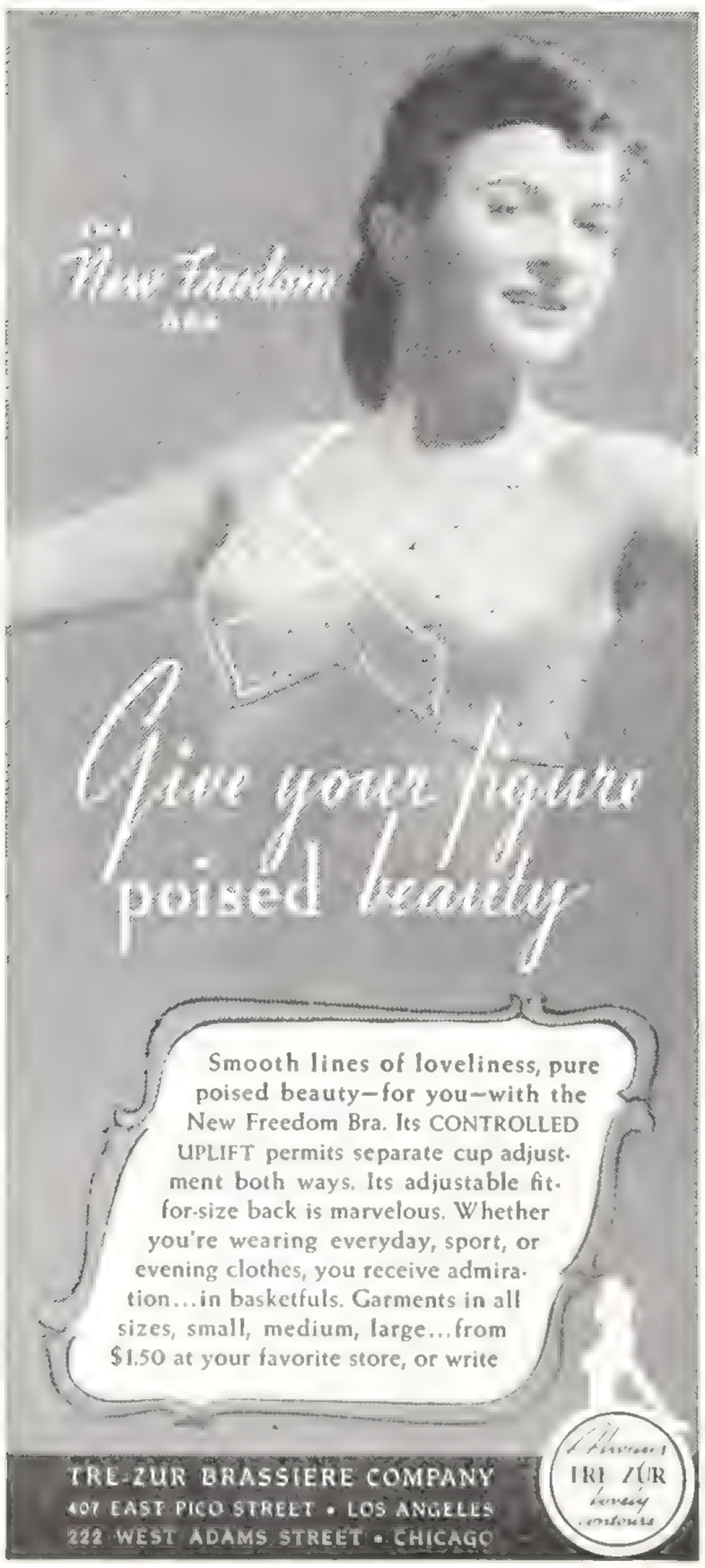
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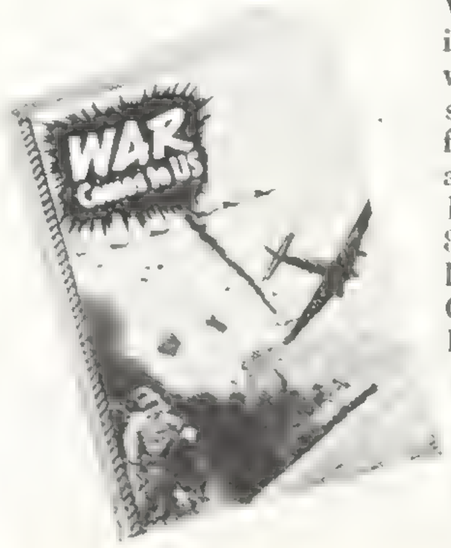
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The Truth about Hollywood's Shadow Wives

(*Continued from page* 30) his own ... seemed to think that he was. Finally, ... friend who had more courage than ... rest, went to her and said:

"'I can't stand to see you standing ... and behaving like a blind fool. Ma... (which isn't his right name, of cour... works with beautiful women all day lo... He comes home to you at night and yo... as plain as an old shoe. Your hair ha... in a shaggy mane. Your clothes dr... like a sack. It would be different ... Martin couldn't afford it. But he's ... ways urging you to spend money ... yourself. He's a matinee idol now. ... loves you. But if you don't keep up ... him, eventually you're going to lose h...'

"The entire effort was wasted. ... wife in question just smiled sweetly, p... ted her well-meaning friend reassurin... and smugly explained that there ... nothing to worry about. Martin lo... her. He always would. They'd b... through things together that bound t... forever. Of course Martin saw ot... women at their best, her at her wo... But what she had for him was r... theirs was synthetic. She knew it ... a welcome relief for him to come home ... her—the way he had always known ... and loved her.

"I predict an early divorce for t... couple. Everyone will probably bla... her husband. In some cases this has b... true. But nonprofessional wives can ... wrong too."

THERE'S the case of the wife wh... husband's success went to *her* he... The two of them were married long ... fore he was ever discovered for pictu... He has remained real and regular, as ... steadily climbed the ladder of succ... The only reason she is ever invited ... is because everyone is so fond of her h... band. He always remains inconspicuou... in the background. She monopolizes ... conversations. She imagines herself ... be a great authority and invariably wi... up telling some big star how she *sho*... have played a scene. No one can und... stand how her husband puts up with ...

Another familiar Hollywood tale c... cerns the wife of a handsome star w... wanted to be a great actress he... Somehow, she never quite made ... grade. It left her a bitter, disillusio... woman, one who occasionally takes ... cocktail too many. At such times ... delights going around knocking her h... band—the husband she really is ... about. He enjoys the reputation of be... a great screen lover. She loves to e... barrass him in front of a whole roomfu... people—usually when there are femi... stars present. In a loud voice the ... tells how the "great lover" goes to sl... every night in front of the firepl... She informs her listeners that their fa... ily physician has prescribed vita... shots for added energy.

SO MUCH for those nonprofessio... wives whose names it is wiser a... kinder to withhold. It has been the f... of "Fearless" to witness other demon... tions, when the wives were put on a ... where they had to grin and take it. ... sure Mrs. Gary Cooper must have b... very embarrassed one night going i... Ciro's. She and Gary were just ahead ... our party. The usual crowd of f... swarmed around the entrance. G... stopped to give autographs.

Mrs. Cooper looked tired. She m... have been ill. Perhaps she had suff... some unfortunate experience under si...

r circumstances. The fans can be very ıde to nonprofessional wives at times. nyway, Mrs. Cooper seemed to give the ıpression that she resented the inter- ıption. As they turned to walk on in, smart-aleck fan called after them:
"Hey, Gary, who's been feeding raw eat to sourpuss?"
In all Hollywood there isn't a nicer uple than the Jimmy Cagneys. Maybe ice a year they step out to a night ıb. On one of these occasions, a young ly who obviously had had too much to ink recognized Cagney. Lurching over him and his wife Billie, she berated n in a voice that everyone could hear: ou're always tryin' to push someone in e face with a grapefruit. I wanna push u in the face with a grapefruit!"
Naturally Mrs. Cagney was quite em- rassed. Everyone was staring. Jimmy k it calmly. Then, in that quiet, in- itable fashion of his, he replied: "All ht—if it will make you happy. Go ead!" The woman took her evening , hauled off and let Jimmy have it ht in the face. He never moved a scle. Then he softly said:
There now. I hope you feel better." Mrs. Cagney's evening was completely ned.
Nonprofessional wives are often put in ilarly humiliating spots. But they e not voice their disapproval. Their bands are public heroes. Their fans st be served. Quick judgment, control temper, complete tolerance at all es are necessary. They know they are ject to criticism. They know they always under close scrutiny. Un- btedly that is why Mrs. Fred Astaire ikes dining in public places.
ccording to the story, she once heard women at an adjoining table openly ussing her. "My, wasn't she thin; t *did* Fred see in her?" This often pens, you know. Strangers discuss es in loud voices, right under their noses. They are regarded as inani- e objects, completely lacking such monplace faculties as hearing, seeing, ng. Most of the wives do try to have nse of humor about it. If they didn't would indeed be a sorry group of ıen.

DM time to time it has been com- ratively simple for "Fearless" to ob- e the most successful nonprofessional s. Rubbing elbows with Mrs. Don che, Mrs. Robert Cummings, Mrs. ton Foster, Mrs. Dennis Morgan, Mrs. cer Tracy, Mrs. Nelson Eddy, Mrs. h Bellamy, Mrs. Robert Young, is ous proof that these wives have what tes to see them through. Yet there ably isn't a single one of them who t at some time experienced the kind opularity" that only a nonprofes- l wife must tolerate.
ere are certain Hollywood hostesses love handsome male movie stars d their tables. The wives are in- d because their famous husbands make the parties a huge success. lly, when dinner is served there are s seating four sprinkled around the g room. Handsome and famous hus- are placed at tables opposite beau- and equally famous women. The usually finds herself enjoying the any of an intimate member of the hold. Perhaps an out-of-town ! The wives are wise. They don't the hostess. Actually, they feel for her.
be a success as a nonprofessional a woman's work is cut out for her ng the way. More or less, they all he same way. Once she has mas- the role, her part in her husband's is comparatively simple. She must pay no attention to those anonymous items in the gossip columns. Even though they threaten the very foundations of her home, she must pretend not to hear bits of scandal that have a way of floating through thinly partitioned walls in beauty parlors. She has to beware of sympathetic females who tell her husband that his wife doesn't appreciate him. Then she has to pretend that she's not aware of the female at all.

When his fans hide in his car or attempt suicide on her very own doorstep, the nonprofessional wife accepts it all as part of a busy day. When her husband complains at dinner that she's given him the same thing he had for lunch at the studio, she wouldn't dare remind him of a line from his current picture. The night before she might have helped coach him. "Darling," he says (only this time to Claudette Colbert or Bette Davis), "I'd eat mush every day in the year—as long as I knew it was prepared by your pink and white paddies." A good wife would never tweak him about this. Acting is *very* serious business!

SOMETIMES relatives arrive in town unexpectedly. (It's happened in Hollywood!) They have never met the nonprofessional wife's husband. Naturally, she wants to show him off—so they can go back home and tell everyone about her brilliant marriage.

Invariably this turns out to be the night her husband comes home sore at his leading lady. He doesn't feel like talking. No one understands him. He says he's going to get out of this rotten business. Dinner becomes a nightmare. He grumbles an excuse and drags himself off to bed. The wife has the rest of the evening to explain she just *can't* understand what's got into him.

Of course it's quite different when they go to a night club. Or attend a Hollywood party. Someone drags the famous husband off to meet someone. He tells his wife he'll be gone only five minutes. He leaves her sitting there for hours. She feels like a woman with two heads. When he returns, even if she tactfully suggests that he should be more considerate—this is a great mistake. He couldn't be rude and walk away, could he? He's surprised at his wife's complete lack of understanding. Later on in the evening he gets tight. The women in the place think he's adorable. They swarm over to the wife and tell her about her amusing husband. Such devastating humor! He's the life of the party. When the wife gets him home, *she* holds his head until morning!

You've all seen those pictures in the magazines. Movie stars at home! Wives snuggling cozily next to their famous husbands. Candid camera shots at Ciro's. At Santa Anita. Premieres at the Four Star. At Grauman's Chinese. Gay, laughing wives covered with jewels. Smothered in furs. Clinging possessively to famous arms that have clung possessively to the most famous waistlines on the screen. Deep down in your heart you've probably envied these women. Nice work if you can get it, you say?

Before you envy a nonprofessional wife, before you write those passionate pale pink missives, remember it's one thing to "have" him for those ninety minutes on the screen. It's quite another when you've got him three hundred and sixty-five days in the year—*and* he behaves quite like any other normal man. Maybe that's why so many shadow wives of Hollywood are such terrific fans themselves. They seldom miss a movie. *Especially when Charles Boyer is on the screen!*

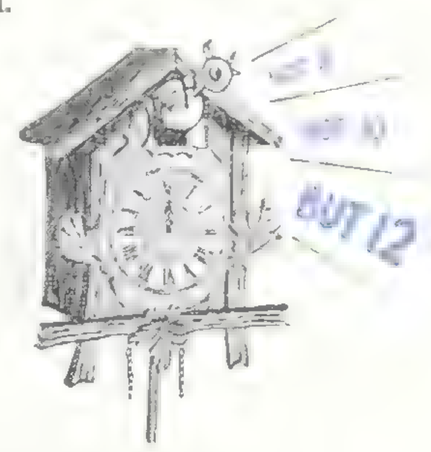
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Table Talk

Wendy Barrie gets on the silver standard in a way that will have all Hollywood buzzing



Good look at a good-looking table, hostessed by Wendy Barrie, decorated by silver that has two telling points



BY ANN HAMILTON

A better look at Wendy in her Ambulance and Transfer Corps uniform, with her stand-in Youda Hays and Youda's small son

IF there is anything I like better than a tea party it's a tea party in the real British tradition. So a few days ago when I was invited to tea at the home of Wendy Barrie and her mother, Mrs. Jenkin, you can bet I went arunning.

The tea table was like the rest of the house—perfect. There was tea in a smart streamlined earthenware pot—Mrs. Jenkin believes, and rightly, that there is nothing like earthenware for bringing out the true flavor and aroma of tea—a luscious-looking cake, tiny napkins with sprightly monkey appliqués and gleaming and lustrous beneath soft lights, the loveliest silverware I have ever seen. I couldn't help admiring it and Mrs. Jenkin, noticing my interest, told me that it's a new selection of Wendy's. They like it particularly because it is light yet sturdy and because its simple dignified pattern makes it suitable for all occasions from a family breakfast to the most exacting dinner party. (For your information, Wendy's silver is the Del Mar pattern.)

Wendy came in clamoring for tea as a relaxation after a long day on duty. She had been at her post with the American Women's Ambulance and Transport Corps. She was still in uniform with a pert little cap slanted over one eye and did she look like a million dollars!

The only fault I could find with Wendy's devotion to the Corps is that it seems to have disrupted completely her film work. She just hasn't any picture plans at all, she explained, and she doesn't know when she is going to find the time to have any.

"You'll have to find time," I protested. "I don't see how 'The Gay Falcon' is going to get along without you."

But Wendy just smiled and said she felt the work of the Corps was so important that it would have to take precedence over any personal plans and the next moment, as serenely as though such ugly things as war didn't exist, she was serving me another slice of that delicious peach jam layer cake and writing down for me these directions:

Peach Jam Layer Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsps. double acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
¾ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, add egg and cream together thoroughly. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with milk, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased layer pans in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Spread uncooked frosting between layers. Spread peach jam on top, then cover sides with remaining frosting, sprinkled with 1 cup chopped toasted almonds. Garnish with whipped cream.

Uncooked Frosting

4 tbls. butter
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3 tbls. milk
Pinch salt
1 tsp. almond extract

Cream butter, add half the sugar a cream together thoroughly. Add remai ing sugar, alternately with milk, a sm quantity at a time, creaming thorough after each addition. Continue until mi ture is of right consistency to spre easily.

When there isn't time to bake a cak Wendy suggests fruited tea ring.

Fruited Tea Ring

2 cups prepared biscuit mix
¾ cup milk or water
⅓ cup butter or margarine, softened
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 tsp. chopped fruit
½ cup chopped nuts

Combine biscuit mix and liquid ar roll dough one-third inch thick. Spre with softened butter. Mix brown sug cinnamon, salt and nuts and spread dough. Form into long roll and join en of roll together to form ring. Place greased baking sheet. With scissors c slices almost to center of ring (each sli should be about one inch on the out edge) and twist each slice so that t cut edge slants upward to show fillin Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 20 25 minutes. Cooked dried apricots prunes, chopped and well drained, may b used, or raisins, currants, figs or date or any combination of these.

Life Owes You Nothing

(Continued from page 58) ther say two lines on the main stage the Playhouse (there are four stages, told) than eat. And heavens knows loved to eat.

But, after a few months, Victor Mature gan to think "Paths Of Glory" had en fool's gold. He had hit it lucky e first time out and now he couldn't a part to save his life. He decided move out to Pasadena and save him- f the trouble of commuting back and th to Hollywood. That raised a prob- n: Where could he find a place to stay $8 a month in Pasadena? He hur- d the problem by putting up a tent the back yard of the house belonging one of the Playhouse's numerous (and utiful) girl students—the kind that n't resent studying dramatics before ing. That took care of the rent prob- . As for food—cheerfully Victor ture passed the word around that was v.a. (very available) for any d of a part-time job from minding ies to washing cars. Offers trickled His economic problems solved, he oted all his free moments to his great sade.

was almost summer when he received he news: At the recommendation of mor Brown, he was herewith being arded a fellowship at the Pasadena yhouse, etc., etc.

He was supposed to attend classes rnings and act afternoons and eve- gs. He went to one solitary class and re off. He didn't mind building nery, moving props or what have you, this academic study of acting—it n't for him. That was all right for stage-struck girls who had nothing better to do, perhaps. . . .

One of these girls was Frances Evans, a beautiful red-haired maiden. The Louisville rebel took one glimpse of her, was transported to another world, returned to this earth in time to begin an instant courtship and wound up marrying the girl at Yuma, January 30, 1938. The marriage was destined to failure almost from the beginning. Performed on an impulse, maintained in secrecy (he lived in his tent while she lived in the girls' dormitory) and practiced only haphazardly, the marriage lasted a few months and was dissolved in the divorce courts.

The marriage floundered but the career prospered. By the spring of 1939 when Gilmor Brown announced that the Playhouse would present "To Quito And Back" with Victor Mature in the lead, he had appeared in over 100 plays, some twenty-five of them starring vehicles. "To Quito And Back," however, was the play of plays.

Or so, at least, Hal Roach, the producer, was led to believe when he came across a huge broadside announcing the coming Playhouse production of "Quito." On the cover of the brochure (the handiwork of the star, himself), was a picture of a vivid young man with sex appeal written all over his features.

"Victor Mature, eh?" Hal Roach mused. "Never heard of him, but maybe I'd better."

Hal Roach dropped by the Playhouse, saw the vivid young man in action and then put the question up to him: How would he like to play the part of a gangster named *Lefty* in "The Housekeeper's Daughter"? Mature snapped up the offer with a line that is pure Mature:

"Actors make parts—parts don't make actors."

If Hal Roach was skeptical at the time, he soon had ample reason to change his mind. "The Housekeeper's Daughter" hadn't been released a month before an avalanche of letters—20,000, by count—descended on him. The avalanche of letters did him a great service. They helped make up his mind as to whom he would use in the lead of his prehistoric epic, "1,000,000 B.C." He picked Victor Mature—again on a piece-work basis. When the returns began pouring in, mostly rhapsodies from women who had swooned away at the sight of the Adonis in doeskin and wanted to see more of him, Roach gave his discovery the lead in a swashbuckler called "Captain Caution." The critics, as usual, panned the picture and dismissed the principal performer as "scenic but so-what." Roach, ignoring the critics, signed Mature to a term contract at $250 a week. Hollywood-at-large, ignoring Mature (as much as you can ignore a hurricane), tagged him with the label of "upstart jerk" and turned its back on him.

THE back-turning on Victor Mature was done by Hollywood-at-large, mind you. Not by Hollywood's women. The same qualities that had attracted honest matrons in Dallas, Dubuque and Denver worked their wonders on the ladies of the cinema. Jean Parker, Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis, Liz Whitney, Lana Turner, Betty Grable—all of them became, one after the other, Mature aficionadas. There were others, many

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others. The flame flickered, Mr. Walter Winchell called them an "item" and the fire died out, in some cases mutually.

The approbation of Hollywood's ladies was fine but was that to be the only reward for five stormy and tormented years spent in trying to learn the craft of an actor? But perhaps that was all he had coming. Maybe so.

There was one way to find out whether he was an actor or not: the New York stage. And the quicker he found out the better. He did a chore in "No, No, Nanette" on loan-out to RKO, talked it over with Hal Roach who had no picture in mind for him, and took off for New York.

New York provided the answer to the question of whether he was an actor or an "upstart jerk" in the Moss Hart musical, "Lady In The Dark." As *Randy Curtis,* a caricature of a movie glamour boy, he won the unconditional plaudits of the drama critics, many of whom have little use for Hollywood and less for glamour boys.

Here was vindication, swift and incontrovertible. Not even blasé Hollywood dared question it.

The junket to New York netted him more than a whitewashing on charges of dramatic incompetence. It netted him a bride.

HE first met Martha Stephenson Kemp, widow of the late bandsman, Hal Kemp, at the Stork Club. Mark Hanna, the theatrical man, or maybe it was Sherman Billingsley, the Club's proprietor, introduced them. The point is that the lion of New York took one look at the chic, attractive, camellia-complexioned blonde and was smitten—hard. Up until now pursued by women, he found himself in the novel situation of having to do a little pursuing himself. The plain truth is that Martha Stephenson Kemp was not bowled over at that first meeting, which may or may not explain Victor's capitulation.

"It was like that—Voom!" he explained.

Well, at any rate, he lost no time. Martha Kemp had just opened the door of her apartment that night when the telephone rang. It was Mature. He wanted to tell her how lovely she was. She thought it was nice of him. Did she? Well, when could he see her? She didn't know. She was rather busy, what with working for Sally Victor days and seeing after the baby nights. And thanks for calling.

Anyone else might have given up, but not Victor Mature. The Mature nature doesn't comprehend the word "No." Consequently, as the days went by he courted her by wire, special messenger and telephone.

He sent her whimsical gifts. He composed clever verses. Finally, he called to ask if he couldn't come over and bounce the baby on his knee. Martha Stephenson Kemp chuckled, gave in. He showed up with his arms full of presents for the baby. True, they were a little too adult for Mrs. Townsend (which, by the way, is the baby's true name) who isn't very mechanically minded yet (she was six or seven months old at the time) but she got a big kick out of flinging them around.

That visit led to a dinner at 21. Martha Stephenson Kemp found that a matinee idol could be witty, gracious and even stimulating. Yes, even fascinating. From that evening on, it was just a matter of time.

Some six weeks later they announced their engagement.

The news that the "reincarnated Valentino," as some of the press hailed



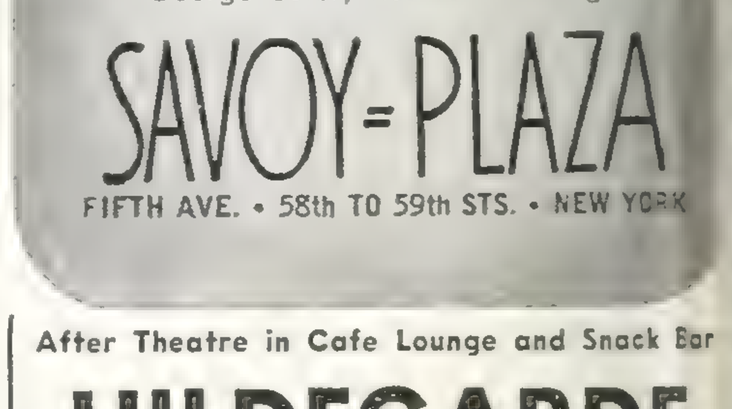
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Name _____ Age _____
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ature, was to take unto himself a wife, eated a minor sensation in the Gotham ess. City editors assigned their best n to the job of finding out when and ere the marriage was taking place. Curiously enough only one person in w York, outside of the principals, ew the time and place. He could have d the information for $500 to any city tor in town. But he didn't.

His name doesn't matter. What does tter is that he was a lowly taxicab ver who had struck up a friendship h Mature. The Great One had flagged n down one day, asked to be taken the Stork Club and then inquired w were tricks. The cabbie told him t his wife was having a baby just y day now and . . .

"Here," Mature said, removing a pair cuff links from his sleeves, "with my mpliments. Only when you go to hock m at a pawnshop, don't let them rook n. A very beautiful girl gave them to . They must have cost something e $400."

He didn't tell the cabbie that the "very utiful girl" was Lana Turner. It is t as well. The fact remains that the bie was so grateful that he called up next day with a proposition that flabgasted the Mature. That cabbie, it pears, was by day a chauffeur for a y rich personage who owned a special ousine. That limousine, the cabbie ormed Mr. M., was at his disposal for wedding.

"I'd prefer something less flashy," Vic- allowed.

"Fine, the boss has another car . . ."

WHICH is how come a taxicab driver was the only one in town who knew beforehand when and where a feminine fore was getting hitched. He chauffered the groom to the Park Avenue rtment of the bride's mother where ceremony took place.

The Victor Mature who has just wound "My Gal Sal" and is now training as ighter for "Strictly Dynamite," coring his ex-flame, Betty Grable, is not same Victor Mature who left Louisle to find the answer to what was nenting him. The agony is gone. But restlessness is still with him. It als will be.

But there is no mistaking one fact: actor is what he was cut out to be. occasional weeks between pictures $2500-a-week Mature with that anbewilderment and frustration overelming him. During this last intersion he simply disappeared. Not even studio could find him.

he happy?

Well, when you come right down to it, *ey*, one of the immortal seven (if remember), is the only one who is y happy.

s this goes to press, the second Mature riage seems to have collapsed. Mrs. ure has announced plans to file for rce.

er spectacular spouse, in true throwk fashion, has betaken himself to life tent behind the huge Hollywoodland tric sign high on the hill from which Entwistle cast herself in a suicidal , thereby making of it a marked spot he minds of the film colony. From tent in the hills Mature has emerged ell the press:

have given up all hope of ever maka marital go of it with Martha."

here you have it.

divine discontent is what leavens surely Victor Mature has had more his portion.

The End

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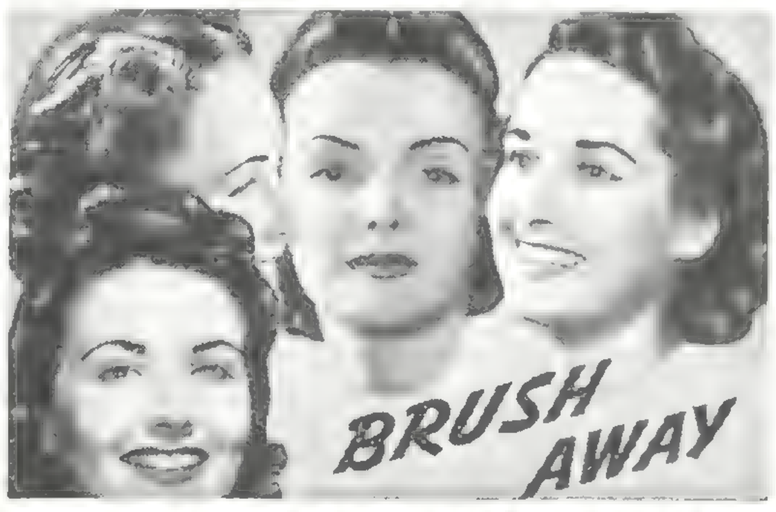
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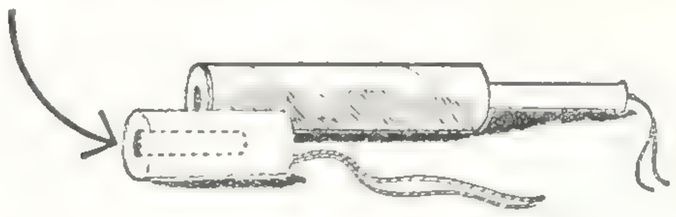
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Meds



The Modess Tampons

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 24*)

The Mayor Of 44th Street (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A paroled racketeer who attempts to take over his benefactor's business.*

"I SHOULD have my head sent out to be examined," George Murphy says from the screen. Every member of the audience automatically cried, "You're telling me?"

Meaning to aid a former racketeer, played by Richard Barthelmess, Mr. Murphy not only helps him obtain a parole but takes him into his business as an agent for dance bands.

Not only that, Mr. Murphy takes into a firm a boy hoodlum who has all but wrecked his business. When the racketeer and hoodlum take over the business Mr. Murphy is just too surprised for words.

Anne Shirley, who looks lovely, is not at home in her role as hoofer assistant to Mr. Murphy. The audience is not at home either, but my, how they wish they were.

Your Reviewer Says: B nonsense with an A star.

✓ Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)

It's About: *Tenderfeet get hot-footed to the old West.*

NO matter how weak the weapon, Abbott and Costello always hit the bull's eye of laughter, it seems, and, while this is pretty thin stuff, it will please the customers, judging from past offerings.

No two ways about it, Universal is rapidly killing off this pair of geese who lay the golden eggs. They'll lay eggs pretty soon that won't be golden and then maybe the studio will regret its thoughtless greediness.

Anyway, Bud and Lou are peanut venders at a New York rodeo. They land on a dude ranch out West about the same time a would-be Western hero (Dick Foran) arrives. Dick, who writes a mean Western yarn but couldn't ride a bicycle, falls for Anne Gwynne, ranch owner's daughter, who forthwith teaches him in six easy lessons how to be a cowboy.

There are several hilarious moments and a fair enough amount of chuckling ones to put Bud and Lou across. But why not a really good comedy for a change?

Your Reviewer Says: Well, anyway, it's a relief to giggle.

This Time For Keeps (M-G-M)

It's About: *A groom who finds working for Father-in-law is spinach.*

SOME TIME ago, Ann Rutherford and John Shelton made the first married-life picture in a contemplated series. And pretty good it was.

Now the series continues with Robert Sterling as the boy and Guy Kibbie as the father, formerly played by Frank Morgan. Ann and her husband are still in their first year of marriage and still finding the going a bit shaky. For one thing, Robert hasn't a very good job and when he finally agrees to work for his father-in-law, realtor Guy Kibbee, he still hasn't got a good job, what w Kibbee's horning in on every deal s by his son-in-law.

Anyway, the groom finally gets aw from his relatives and goes to work f Henry O'Neill in the candy business a everything ends well.

Virginia Weidler is almost too clev as the kid sister.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know ho i' is.

The Night Before The Divorce (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *An overwhelming wife vers the little blonde fluff.*

MY heavens, they kill Nils Asth again! What's more, they make a mere incident in the story of a hu band, Joseph Allen, Jr., who gro tired of his superior wife, Lynn Ba and so turns to blonde charmer Ma Beth Hughes for comfort.

Then into the fray steps Mr. Asthe one of the finest craftsmen in this bus ness, to get bumped off in a flash in ord that Mr. Allen may be brought to h senses. What about bringing Hollywo to its senses?

If you can tie any of this together fine. Tie it as a Bundles for Bluejacke and get it out of our sight. The ide An actor like Asther as a murdered h player. What a business!

Your Reviewer Says: We're mad. Do speak to us.

Young America (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The transformation of a ci snooty to a loyal country girl.*

NO wonder Jane Withers is leavi Twentieth Century-Fox after o more picture! Another like this a there is danger we may all leave Ja who has been given nothing but thir rate yarns.

The story exploits the national o ganization of the 4-H Clubs through America (Head, Heart, Hands a Health), and how Jane, a snooty ci girl avisiting on Grandma's farm, ge herself straightened out by the idea of the Club.

There is also a livestock show in whi Jane exonerates a competitor accused cheating and another sequence in whi a draft dodger is captured.

Jane is good and, again we say, d serves better.

Your Reviewer Says: Only if you are Withers loyalist.

✓ Mr. Bug Goes To Town (Paramount)

It's About: *Life in the insect world.*

FOR sheer delightful novelty, the bu rate the clover cupcakes. Against background of skyscraper New York, in habited by monster humans, all se with an insect's perspective, live o actors in this cartooned story. *Hoppit* the hero grasshopper, *Honey*, the swe and adorable bee daughter of one M *Bumble*, a kindly *Ladybug*, a whinin



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snail, plus the inevitable bee boy scout and other fascinating folk decide to improve their living conditions. They need improvement badly, what with the earthquakes caused by the tread of human feet and the thundering roar of vehicled traffic; to say nothing of the villainy of racketeers, *C. Bagley Beetle* and his mobsters, *Swat the Fly*, and *Smack the Mosquito*. A lovely garden retreat becomes the objective of the insects and they achieve it, only to find their lives endangered by children at play.

Music, comedy, laughter and tragedy crowd the lives of our insect friends. Directed by Dave Fleischer, the film comes at a particularly timely moment when we need to turn from our human world to still another one for fun and laughter.

Your Reviewer Says: It wins the prize for novelty.

What's Cookin'? (Universal)

It's About: *A clash between jives and classical music.*

THERE are two ways for Hollywood to present a group of talented kids on the screen; have them either attempting to land a place on Broadway or on the air. There can be no deviation of plot, it seems. In this instance our group of the Jivin' Jacks and Jills is radio-minded and finally succeeds in supplanting a symphony concert on the air by wrecking the broadcast and taking over.

Think thee these are laudable doings worthy of projecting into thousands of children's minds? Well, at any rate, the kids are good, which is a relief.

Charles Butterworth (eccentric) and wife Billie Burke (confused) are the sponsors who lose in their battle for classics to the jivers who have moved next door to the estate of Jane Frazee. Jane is quite a singer, herself, and holds her own in competition with the ever-popular Andrews Sisters. Gloria Jean, as the niece of Billie Burke, gives out with several keen numbers. Robert Paige, as advertising head for All-American Food Products, headed by Miss Burke, and Jane Frazee provide the love interest.

But it's music from first to last that holds sway, with Woody Herman's band providing the motive for swaying.

Your Reviewer Says: Only for those who like an evening of modern music.

Torpedo Boat (Paramount)

It's About *A timely military invention.*

LUCK is with our young producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas whose limited-budget pictures have proved a gold mine. Again they hit the bull's eye in their Richard-Arlen-as-hero series by having their hero and friend Phil Terry conceive a device for projecting both planes into the air and torpedo boats into the water from the same carrier.

The boys are both excellent. Jean Parker as the girl who separates the friends and Cecelia Parker, who brings them together again, are grade A.

Your Reviewer Says: Up to the minute.

The Man Who Returned To Life (Columbia)

It's About: *A man who returns to free an innocent man of his crime.*

JOHN HOWARD is the heart objective of headstrong Ruth Ford who hurls



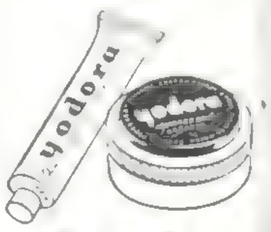
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FOR *wee* WALKERS

her car over a cliff to face death rather than lose Howard. Miss Ford dies in the crash and Howard is arrested for her murder.

After he flees to California, marries Lucile Fairbanks and becomes a respected citizen, Howard learns the man who sought his life back in his former town for the crime he did not commit is now himself accused of murdering Howard. So back to all the former unpleasantness treks our hero to aid his enemy.

His fine gesture is utterly wasted as far as we're concerned. This whole affair bored us out of our wits.

Your Reviewer Says: Hooey to these high-minded heroes.

Shut My Big Mouth (Columbia)

It's About: *A horticulturist out West.*

IT'S Joe E. Brown, folks, so what do you care if the story is a silly about a wealthy horticulturist who goes out West with his valet, Fritz Feld, to beautify the desert? What do you care if Joe is forced to become a marshal, flee the unwanted job as a woman, is adopted by an Indian tribe and decides to rescue the father of the girl he admires?

What do you care as long as Joe E. opens his mouth and makes you laugh?

Your Reviewer Says: Shut up and laugh.

Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)

It's About: *A reformed outlaw and a gambling joint mistress.*

IF you've seen this Western once, you've seen it a hundred times. Maybe not with Bruce Cabot as the hero and Constance Bennett as the shady-lady heroine, but otherwise it's the same old shoot-'em-dead bad-man stuff.

It begins with Mrs. O'Leary's much-publicized cow whose single kick transfers Connie Bennett and her gambling den from Chicago to a frontier town, with the aid of old villainous Warren William.

In no time, *Wild Bill* (it's only Bruce Cabot, folks, don't let him fool you), a reformed baddie, starts shooting up the bad men on Connie's side. When she tries to warn him of their plot to blow up the dam and drown the cattle, *Wild Bill* won't believe her honorable intentions until it's almost too late. But not too late for this reviewer to wonder under what name this old bewhiskered yarn will turn up again.

Your Reviewer Says: Shoot if you must, this old gray head.

Frisco Lil (Universal)

It's About: *The tribulations of a girl gambler with her fiance's reform organization parents.*

HERE again we have an old tired-out story, diced, hashed and served a long-suffering public once more. Irene Hervey goes to work for a gambling club to help her ol' gambling daddy, Minor Watson, which of course alienates the family of her fiance, Kent Taylor. Kent's family are the leaders of the community's reform organization, dearie me.

There are some quite good dramatic scenes, mainly between Irene Hervey and Minor Watson. Kent Taylor is a convincing hero despite some stilted dialogue. Good support is given by Jerome Cowan, Samuel S. Hinds, Claire Whitney, Selmer Jackson, Milburn Stone and Matty Fain.

Your Reviewer Says: We stood it; so can you.

A Tragedy At Midnight (Republic)

It's About: *A radio detective who finds himself the leading suspect in a murder.*

WELL, he asked for it. When John Howard, a radio detective who solves murder mysteries to the discomfort of the police, and wife Margaret Lindsay move into the apartment vacated by Miles Mander and wife Mona Barrie they run smack into a fresh little murder mystery of their own.

Unraveling his own private little affair brings Howard and Margaret into the unsavory dual life of the girl victim, a mixup with gangsters, a chase and all the usual hullaballoo. Screen couples lead anything but dull lives, it seems.

There are many loose ends which are left dangling and Howard and Miss Lindsay fail to achieve the smartness laid down by the Powell-Loy combine in the *Thin Man* series. Roscoe Karns, Keye Luke, Hobart Cavanaugh and Lilian Bond lend adequate support.

Your Reviewer Says: A too-anaemic *Thin Man.*

✓✓ Kings Row (Warners)

It's About: *Tragedy brought about by sadistic doctor in a small town.*

FOR the emotionally adult, here is a feast of superb drama, intelligently executed and away from the beaten path of movie formula.

The fate of five children is told from their schooldays to young man and womanhood. Ronald Reagan, the town sport and likable character of Kings Row, loves Nancy Coleman, daughter of *Dr. Gordon* played by Charles Coburn. Coburn and his wife, Judith Anderson, succeed in keeping them apart until Reagan loses his money and meets with an accident in his job as railroad worker. To even the score, the monster doctor needlessly amputates his legs.

Robert Cummings, Reagan's closest friend, returns from Vienna with a degree in psychiatry to discover the tragedy as revealed to him by Nancy. But in the meantime, Ann Sheridan, who loves Reagan, has married him and with the aid of Cummings helps him find a new life and create a new world.

Cummings gives a sterling performance, hampered, however, by incredible make-up that detracts from his characterization. Claude Rains is very good as the brilliant *Dr. Tower* who aids Cummings in his work. Betty Field, his daughter and the girl Cummings loves is brilliant in her role. Kaaren Verne and Maria Ouspenskaya are splendid additions to the cast.

Sam Wood has handled his cast and his story with brilliant understanding, never permitting it once to slip into the banal, keeping it always on a high plane at the sacrifice of sensationalism.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping fare for adults.

✓ It Started With Eve (Universal)

It's About: *A girl, a boy and a charming old man.*

GOOD news for Durbin fans! This is by all odds the best picture Deanna has had since her meteoric start in "Three Smart Girls." Honors go to the story which gives an interesting twist to the time-tested Cinderella theme.

Deanna plays a hat-check girl who pinch-hits for the fiancee of a rich young scion whose dying father demands to see the girl whom his son is to marry. So pleased is the old gentleman with her that he proceeds to get well, causing no end of difficulties for the boy, now stuck with a bogus fiancee while the real one storms off in a huff.

The little Durbin is delightful in her new maturity. Robert Cummings plays with his deft flair for comedy. And Charles Laughton, as the charming old bully who fools them all, practically swipes the picture out from under the talented noses of his co-stars.

Your Reviewer Says: . . . And Adam loved it. So will you.

✓✓ To Be Or Not To Be (Korda-U.A.)

It's About: *A married team of the theater who escape Nazis in Poland.*

THE last picture made by Carole Lombard remains a fitting tribute to the vital, arresting beauty and personality of the star. There is no sense of shock at her posthumous appearance, so natural it seems that she should speak to us in this way.

The picture in itself stands as a winner, combining humor, farce and melodrama in their rich, delicious flavors. Jack Benny, as Carole's husband star, gives his best screen performance to date, in a role that borders closely on the legitimate rather than the slapstick. Robert Stack, as the young Polish aviator, is steady and sure, vesting his role with honesty and deep sincerity, all of which seems a bit incongruous when one realizes that master of the light touch, Ernst Lubitsch, put the performers through their paces.

Felix Bressart, a member of Jack's troupe; Tom Dugan, who plays Hitler in their stage play; Stanley Ridges, as the betraying professor; Sig Ruman as the Nazi official; and Lionel Atwill as an actor are all outstanding.

The manner in which Carole and Jack befuddle the Gestapo, with ensuing laughable complications, and the petty jealousies of Jack who suspects his wife of youthful romances are tremendously clever.

Your Reviewer Says: The question is answered—it's To Be.

✓ Mister V (Edward Small-U.A.)

It's About: *An English professor who rescues great men from the Nazis.*

REMEMBER Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a picture made several years ago in England? *Mr. V.* is the modern *Pimpernel*, with Leslie up to his old tricks of playing a vague and innocent Englishman who is, in reality, a brave and fearless patriot.

In the story, Leslie, a professor of archeology at Cambridge, embarks for Germany (just prior to the war) with a group of students on an excavating expedition. Imagine the dumbfounded amazement and admiration of the students when they discover the seemingly old and confused professor is a liberator of thinkers, artists and writers held in Nazi power.



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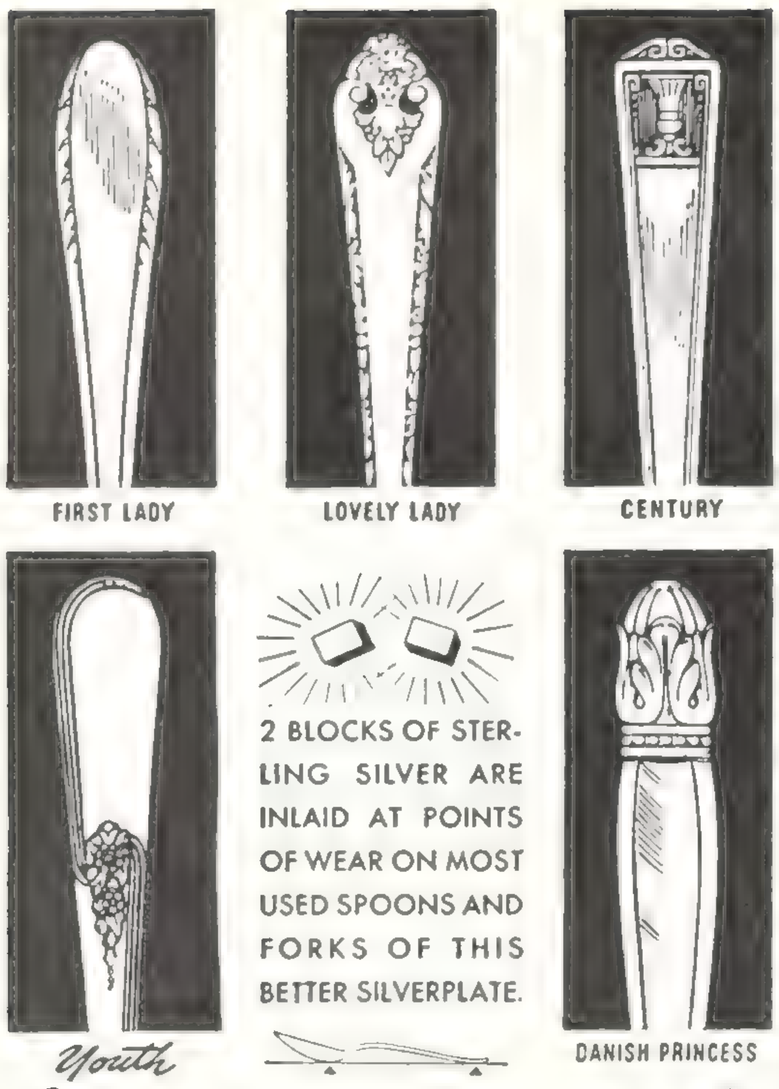
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For once the Gestapo is depicted as composed of human beings blundering and guessing. Francis Sullivan, a counterpart of Goering, gives a brilliant performance.

Mary Morris is an unusual-looking young woman and performs very well.

Mr. Howard, who produced and directed the film, deserves praise for both efforts. The story has a tendency to lag in spots, but altogether it's an interesting and thrilling picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A brilliant duel worth watching.

✓ The Courtship Of Andy Hardy (M-G-M)

It's About: *Andy Hardy, a Cinderella girl and a wolf.*

THIS is another winner, packed with genial homey entertainment.

Mickey Rooney has the bee put on him by father Lewis Stone, via a traffic mix-up, and must take out the poor little rich girl, Donna Reed, who looks like a Raggedy Ann at their first dance together. But before the next hop rolls around, Donna has learned a few tricks and proves a sensation.

Andy's heart, however, still belongs to *Polly Benedict*, although she appears but briefly in the picture, and it's Todd Karns, a great little actor, who walks away with Miss Reed.

Steve Cornell, a newcomer, impresses in his work as the F.B.I. agent.

Your Reviewer Says: You just can't beat 'em.

✓ Song Of The Islands (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *Feuds and love on a tropical South Sea Island.*

FOR the "bumps" and "oomphs" of Betty Grable in a grass skirt, the absurd clowning of Jack Oakie and Hilo Hattie, the hunk-of-man Mature in a sarong, the beauty of the scenery enhanced by Technicolor, the chuckly antics of Billy Gilbert and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier, we hand out our one-check blessing. To the story we can hand very little.

Briefly it has Barbier, a cattle tycoon and father of Vic Mature, owner of a large ranch on this particular island. When Barbier comes avisiting the isle to investigate his son's attachment for Miss Grable, daughter of Thomas Mitchell, an Irish planter, he gets involved in a violent feud with Mitchell.

It really isn't so good as it should have been, but fans won't complain. Harry Owens's Hawaiian music is appealing.

Your Reviewer Says: Sex, music, comedy.

✓ Captains Of The Clouds (Warners)

It's About: *Training of bush country recruits to become members of the R.C.A.F.*

JIMMY CAGNEY, an undisciplined sky-riding hijacker who has earned the enmity of pilots Dennis Morgan, Reginald Gardiner, Alan Hale and George Tobias (who later become instructors) for his unethical conduct, gets regenerated. "What, again?" you ask. Yes, again!

Despite Cagney's oneriness, Dennis Morgan risks his life to fly for a doctor when Cagney needs medical aid badly. In return Cagney marries Brenda Marshall to keep the vixen from getting her hooks into Morgan.

After Cagney is eventually court-martialled out of the Army, he gets a chance to ferry a bomber to Britain. One of the most exciting scenes in recent pictures occurs when a Nazi plane attacks the fleet of unarmed bombers.

The principals are very good in their roles, but it's the lush backwoods country, enhanced by Technicolor, that really steals the show. Of interest is the brief appearance of Air-Marshal Billy Bishop, Canadian hero of World War I.

Your Reviewer Says: Timeliness is its chief asset.

✓ The Adventures Of Martin Eden (Columbia)

It's About. *The struggles of a young seaman to become a writer.*

"THE Adventures of Martin Eden" talks a great deal about the brutality of life without exactly wading in it, thank heavens—unless one excepts the several fist fights between Glenn Ford who plays young *Eden* and Ian MacDonald, the brutal ship's captain.

The story has Stuart Erwin sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for mutiny. *Martin Eden,* a member of the crew, attempts to free Erwin by revealing his book-length diary of the horror of conditions under Captain MacDonald. No one, however, will listen and finally *Eden* decides if he can become famous as an author his ship's diary will be printed and the truth revealed.

He finally makes the grade and, turning his back on all he has gained, he uses his fame to clear his friend.

The two girls in his life are Evelyn Keyes, as the ship owner's daughter, and Claire Trevor, Erwin's sister, the factory girl who befriends him. Miss Keyes is badly photographed and Miss Trevor permitted to step out of character as the story unfolds.

Glenn Ford progresses as one of the screen's best young actors, but this story is far too unpleasant a tale, too indefinite in procedure, to do much for him.

Your Reviewer Says: Raw.

Dangerously They Live (Warners)

It's About: *A modern Mata Hari for the British Intelligence and Nazi agents.*

WARNER BROTHERS again flaunts its favorite theme in this saga of a British girl spy who, with the aid of a young interne, smashes a Nazi spy ring.

Nancy Coleman, an attractive newcomer, is the girl who is despatched to Halifax with a verbal message for the routing of a large convoy of ships for Britain. An accident immediately after leaving her New York office in a taxi piloted by a Nazi stooge lands her in the hospital where John Garfield is interning. Taking Garfield into her confidence, she pretends amnesia and permits herself to be taken by the Nazis to their estate. Garfield goes along as her medical adviser. The estate proves to be a veritable concentration camp, hence the escape and subsequent smashing of the Nazi ring make quite exciting fare.

Raymond Massey as the Nazi head is excellent. His chief henchman, Moroni Olsen, and Christian Rub, as another victim of the gang, are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: You've seen it before you'll see it again.



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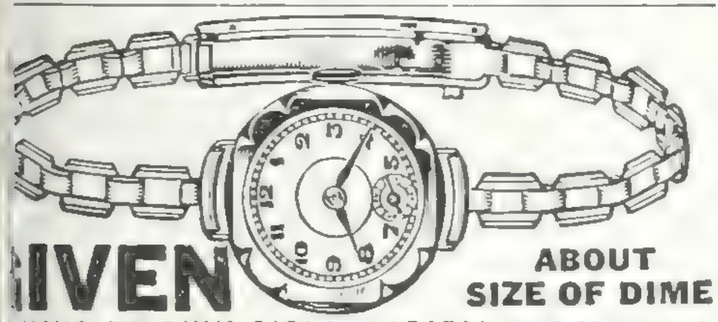
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Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE"—Columbia. Screen play by W. L. River. From the story by Jack London. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Martin Eden,* Glenn Ford; *"Connie" Dawson,* Clair Trevor; *Ruth Morley,* Evelyn Keyes; *Joe Dawson,* Stuart Erwin; *Johnny,* Dickie Moore; *"Butch" Ragan,* Ian MacDonald; *Carl Brissenden,* Frank Conroy; *Marie Sylva,* Rafaela Ottiano; *Mr. Morley,* Pierre Watkin; *Mrs. Morley,* Regina Wallace; *Judge,* Robert J. McDonald.

"CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS"—Warners. Screen play by Arthur T. Horman, Richard Macauley, Norman Reilly Raine. From a story by Arthur T. Horman and Roland Gillett. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: *Brian MacLean,* James Cagney; *Johnny Dutton,* Dennis Morgan; *Emily Foster,* Brenda Marshall; *Tiny Murphy,* Alan Hale; *Blimp Lebec,* George Tobias; *Scrounger Harris,* Reginald Gardiner; *Himself,* Air Marshal W. A. Bishop; *Commanding Officer,* Reginald Denny; *Prentiss,* Russell Arms; *Group Captain,* Paul Cavanagh; *Store-Teeth Morrison,* Clem Bevans; *Foster,* J. M. Kerrigan; *Dr. Neville,* J. Farrell Macdonald; *Fyffe,* Patrick O'Moore; *Carmichael,* Morton Lowry; *Chief Flying Instructor,* S. L. Cathcart-Jones; *President of Court-Martial,* Frederic Worlock; *Officer,* Roland Drew; *Blonde,* Lucia Carroll; *Playboy,* George Meeker; *Popcorn Kearns,* Benny Baker; *Kingsley,* Hardie Albright; *Mason,* Ray Walker; *Nolan,* Charles Halton; *Provost Marshal,* Louis Jean Heydt; *Student Pilots,* Byron Barr, Michael Ames; *Willie,* Willie Fung; *Blake,* Carl Harbord.

"COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston. Based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Judge Hardy,* Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy,* Mickey Rooney; *Marian Hardy,* Cecilia Parker; *Mrs. Hardy,* Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict,* Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly,* Sara Haden; *Melodie Nesbit,* Donna Reed; *Jeff Willis,* William Lundigan; *Stewart Dwight,* Stever Cornell; *Olivia Nesbit,* Frieda Inescort; *Roderick O. Nesbit,* Harvey Stephens; *Susie,* Betty Wells; *Peter Dugan,* Joseph Crehan; *"Beezy,"* George Breakston; *Harry Land,* Todd Karns.

"DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE"—Warners. Original screen play by Marion Parsonnet. Directed by Robert Florey. Cast: *Dr. Michael Lewis,* John Garfield; *Jane,* Nancy Coleman; *Dr. Ingersoll,* Raymond Massey; *Nurse Johnson,* Lee Patrick; *Mr. Goodwin,* Moroni Olsen; *Dawson,* Esther Dale; *John,* John Ridgely; *Steiner,* Christian Rub; *Jarvis,* Frank Reicher; *Eddie,* Ben Welden; *John Dill,* Cliff Clark; *Dr. Murdock,* Roland Drew; *Gate Keeper,* Arthur Aylsworth; *George, Taxi Driver,* John Harmon; *Capt. Hunter,* Matthew Boulton; *Capt. Strong,* Gavin Muir; *Mrs. Steiner,* Ilka Gruning; *Ralph Bryan,* Frank M. Thomas; *Carl,* James Seay.

"FRISCO LIL"—Universal. Screen play by George Bricker and Michel Jacoby. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Cast: *Lillian Grayson,* Irene Hervey; *Pete Brewster,* Kent Taylor; *Jeff Gray,* Minor Watson; *James Brewster,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Vincent,* Jerome Cowan; *Mike Carmody,* Milburn Stone; *Garrity,* Matty Fain; *Rod,* Harry Strand; *Artie,* Tony Paton.

"INVADERS, THE"—Columbia. Original story and screen play by Emeric Pressburger. Directed by Michael Powell. Cast: The U-Boat Crew: *Kommandant Bernsdorff,* Richard George; *Lieutenant Kirth,* Eric Portman; *Lieutenant Kuhnecke,* Raymond Lovell; *Vogel,* Niall MacGinnis; *Kranz,* Peter Moore; *Lohrmann,* John Chandos; *Jahner,* Basil Appleby. The Canadians: *Johnnie, the Trapper,* Laurence Olivier; *The Factor,* Finlay Currie; *Nick, the Eskimo,* Ley On; *Peter,* Anton Walbrook; *Anna,* Glynis Johns; *Andreas,* Charles Victor; *David,* Frederick Piper; *Philip Armstrong Scott,* Leslie Howard; *George, the Indian,* Tawera Moana; *Art,* Eric Clavering; *Bob,* Charles Rolfe; *Andy Brock,* Raymond Massey; and *The United States Customs Officers,* Theodore Salt, O. W. Fonger.

"IT STARTED WITH EVE"—Universal. Screen play by Norman Krasna and Leo Townsend. Original story by Hans Kraly. Directed by Henry Koster. Cast: *Anne Terry,* Deanna Durbin; *Jonathan Reynolds,* Charles Laughton; *Jonathan Reynolds Jr.,* Robert Cummings; *Bishop,* Guy Kibbee; *Gloria Pennington,* Margaret Tallichet; *Mrs. Pennington,* Catharine Doucet; *Dr. Harvey,* Walter Catlett; *Roberts,* Charles Coleman; *Reverend Stebbins,* Leonard Elliott; *Raven,* Irving Bacon and Gus Schilling; *Newspaper Editor,* Wade Boteler; *Jackie,* Dorothea Kent; *The Nurse,* Clara Blandick.

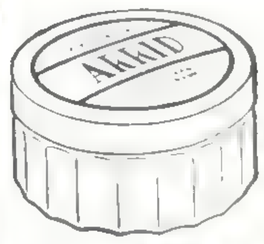
"KINGS ROW"—Warners. Screen play by Casey Robinson. From the novel by Henry Bellamann. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: *Randy Monaghan,* Ann Sheridan; *Parris Mitchell,* Robert Cummings; *Drake McHugh,* Ronald Reagan; *Cassandra Tower,* Betty Field; *Dr. Henry Gordon,* Charles Coburn; *Dr. Alexander Tower,* Claude Rains; *Mrs. Harriet Gordon,* Judith Anderson; *Louise Gordon,* Nancy Coleman; *Elise Sandor,* Kaaren Verne; *Madame von Eln,* Maria Ouspenskaya; *Colonel Skeffington,* Harry Davenport; *Pa*

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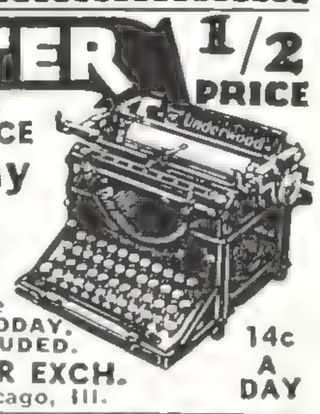
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"MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE, THE"—Columbia. Screen play by Gordon Rigby. Story by Samuel W. Taylor. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: *David Jameson,* John Howard; *Jane Bishop,* Lucille Fairbanks; *Beth Beebe,* Ruth Ford; *Daphne Turner,* Marcella Martin; *Harland Walker,* Roger Clark; *Minerva Sperry,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Clyde Beebe,* Paul Guilfoyle; *Tom Beebe,* Clancy Cooper; *Ma Beebe,* Helen MacKellar; *Constable Foster,* Kenneth MacDonald; *Marjorie Bishop,* Carol Coombs

"MAYOR OF 44TH STREET, THE"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Lewis R. Foster and Frank Ryan. Story by Robert D. Andrews. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Joe Jonathan,* George Murphy; *Jessie Lee,* Anne Shirley; *Tommy Fallon,* William Gargan; *Ed Kirby,* Richard Barthelmess; *Vicki Lane,* Joan Merrill; *Freddy Martin,* Freddy Martin; *Bitz,* Rex Downing; *Herman,* Millard Mitchell; *Mamie,* Mary Wickes; *Gromm,* Eddie Hart; *Red,* Roberta Smith; *Kirby's Attorney,* Marten Lamont; *Lew Luddy,* Walter Reed; *Eddie (House Manager),* Robert Smith; *Head Waiter,* Lee Bonnell; *Dude,* Kenneth Lundy; *Hilda,* Esther Muir; *Carter,* John H. Dilson.

"MISTER V"—Small-U.A. Screen play by Anatole De Grunwald. Based on an original story by A. C. McDonnell and Wolfgang Wilhelm. Directed by Leslie Howard. Cast: *Professor Horatio Smith,* Leslie Howard; *Ludmilla,* Mary Morris; *General Von Graum,* Francis Sullivan; *David Maxwell,* Hugh McDermott; *Marx,* Raymond Huntley; *Earl of Meadowbrook,* A. E. Matthews; *Sir George Smith,* Roland Pertwee; *Bertie Gregson,* Manning Wiley; *Spencer,* Philip Friend; *Jock MacIntyre,* Basil Appleby; *Clarence Elstead,* Lawrence Kitchen; *Steve,* David Tomlinson; *Dean,* Aubrey Mallalieu; *Dr. Benckendorf,* Allan Jeayes; *Sidimir Koslowski,* Peter Gawthorne; *Weber,* Ernest Butcher; *Graubitz,* Ben Williams; *Jordan,* Arthur Hambling; *Schoolteacher,* Joan Kemp-Welch; *Innkeeper,* W. Phillips; *Gretchen,* Isle Bard; *Schmidt,* George Street; *Hoffman,* Dennis Arundell; *Karl Meyer,* Hector Abbas; *Lady Willoughby,* Oriel Rose.

"NIGHT BEFORE THE DIVORCE, THE"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Jerry Sackheim. Based on the play by Gina Kaus and Ladislas Fodor. Directed by Robert Siodmak. Cast: *Lynn Thorndyke,* Lynn Bari; *Lola May,* Mary Beth Hughes; *George Nordyke,* Joseph Allen, Jr.; *Victor Roselle,* Nils Asther; *Bruce Campbell,* Truman Bradley; *Hedda Smythe,* Kay Limaker; *Olga,* Mary Treen; *Bert Harriman,* Thurston Hall; *Judge,* Spencer Charters; *Leo,* Leon Belasco; *Captain Walt,* Tom Fadden; *Jitters,* Alec Craig.

"REAP THE WILD WIND"—Paramount. Screen play by Alan LeMay, Charles Bennett and Jesse Lasky, Jr. From a story by Thelma Strabel. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Cast: *Stephen Tolliver,* Ray Milland; *Capt. Jack Martin,* John Wayne; *Loxi Claiborne,* Paulette Goddard; *King Cutler,* Raymond Massey; *Dan Cutler,* Robert Preston; *Drusilla Alston,* Susan Hayward; *Capt. Phillip Philpott,* Lynne Overman; *Commodore Devereaux,* Walter Hampden; *Maum Maria,* Louise Beavers; *Mrs. Claiborne,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Mottram,* Janet Beecher; *Aunt Henrietta Beresford,* Hedda Hopper; *Ivy Devereaux,* Martha O'Driscoll; *Widgeon,* Victor Kilian.

"RIDE 'EM COWBOY"—Universal. Screen play by True Boardman and John Grant. Adaptation by Harold Shumate. Original story by Edmund L. Hartmann. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Duke,* Bud Abbott; *Willoughby,* Lou Costello; *Bob Mitchell,* Dick Foran; *Anne Shaw,* Anne Gwynne; *Alabam,* Johnny Mack Brown; The Merry Macs: *Tom,* Judd McMichael; *Dick,* Ted McMichael; *Harry,* Joe McMichael; *Dotty Davis,* Mary Lou Cook; *Ruby,* Ella Fitzgerald; *Sam Shaw,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Jake Rainwater,* Douglass Dumbrille; *Ace Henderson,* Morris Ankrum; and the Hi-Hatters.

"SHUT MY BIG MOUTH"—Columbia. Screen play by Oliver Drake, Karen DeWolf and Francis Martin. Story by Oliver Drake. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: *Wellington Holmes,* Joe E. Brown; *Conchita Montoya,* Adele Mara; *Buckskin Bill,* Victor Jory; *Robert Oglethorpe,* Fritz Feld; *Hill,* Don Beddoe; *Long,* Will Wright; *Mayor Potter,* Russell Simpson; *Don Carlos Montoya,* Pedro de Cordoba; *Maria,* Joan Woodbury; *Butch,* Ralph Peters; *Hank,* Joe McGuinn; *Skinny,* Lloyd Bridges; *Red,* Forrest Tucker; *Chief Standing Bull,* Noble Johnson; *Indian Interpreter,* Chief Thunder Cloud.

"SONG OF THE ISLANDS"—20th Century-Fox. Original screen play by Joseph Schrank, Robert Pirosh and Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Eileen O'Brien,* Betty Grable; *Jefferson Harper,* Victor Mature; *Rusty Smith,* Jack Oakie; *Dennis O'Brien,* Thomas Mitchell; *Harper,* George Barbier; *Palola's Father,* Billy Gilbert; *Palola,* Hilo Hattie; *Palola's Cousin,* Lillian Porter; *John Rodney,* Hal K. Dawson.

"TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT, A"—Republic. Screen play by Isabel Dawn. Original story by Hal Hudson and Sam Duncan. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Greg Sherman,* John Howard; *Beth Sherman,* Margaret Lindsay; *Cassidy,* Roscoe Karns; *Mrs. Wilton,* Mona Barrie; *Ah Foo,* Key Luke; *Mr. Miller,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Landeck,* Paul Harvey; *Lola,* Lillian Bond; *Dr. Wilton,* Miles Mander; *Swanson,* William Newell; *Announcer,* Wendell Niles; *Henry Carney,* Archie Twitchell.

"THIS TIME FOR KEEPS"—M-G-M. Screen play by Muriel Roy Bolton, Rian James and Harry Ruskin. Based upon the characters created by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Charles Reisner. Cast: *Katherine White,* Ann Rutherford; *Lee White,* Robert Sterling; *Harry Bryant,* Guy Kibbee; *Mrs. Bryant,* Irene Rich; *Harriett Bryant,* Virginia Weidler; *Arthur Freeman,* Henry O'Neill; *Edith Bryant,* Dorothy Morris; *Eustace,* Richard Crane; *Milton,* Joseph Strauch, Jr.; *Miss Nichols,* Connie Gilchrist.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"—Korda-U.A. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer. Original story by Ernst Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Cast: *Maria Tura,* Carole Lombard; *Joseph Tura,* Jack Benny; *Lieut. Stanislav Sobinski,* Robert Stack; *Greenberg,* Felix Bressart; *Rawitch,* Lionel Atwill; *Professor Siletsky,* Stanley Ridges; *Col. Ehrhardt,* Sig Rumman; *Bronski,* Tom Dugan; *Producer Dobosh,* Charles Halton; *Actor-Adjutant,* George Lynn; *Capt. Schultz,* Henry Victor; *Anna,* Maude Eburne; *Makeup Man,* Armand Wright; *Stage Manager,* Erno Verebes; *General Armstrong,* Halliwell Hobbes; *Major Cunningham,* Miles Mander; *Captain,* Leslie Dennison; *Polish Official,* Frank Reicher; *William Kunze,* Peter Caldwell; *Man in Bookstore,* Wolfgang Zilzer; *Polonius in Warsaw,* Olaf Hytten; *Reporter,* Charles Irwin; *Second Reporter,* Leland Hodgson; *Scottish Farmer,* Alec Craig; *Second Farmer,* James Finlayson; *Prompter,* Edgar Licho; *Gestapo Sergeant,* Robert O. Davis; *Pilot,* Roland Vaarno; *Co-pilots,* Helmut Dantine, Otto Reichow; *Polish R.A.F. Flyers,* Maurice Murphy, Gene Rizzi, Paul Barrett, John Kellogg.

"TORPEDO BOAT"—Paramount. Screen play by Maxwell Shane. From a story by Aaron Gottlieb. Directed by John Rawlins. Cast: *Skimmer Barnes,* Richard Arlen; *Grace Holman,* Jean Parker; *Jane Townsend,* Mary Carlisle; *Tommy Whelan,* Phil Terry; *Ralph Andrews,* Dick Purcell; *Hector Bobry,* Ralph Sanford.

"WHAT'S COOKIN'?"—Universal. Screen play by Jerry Cady and Stanley Roberts. Adaptation by Haworth Bromley. Original story by Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Edward Cline. Cast: *Patty, Maxene, LaVerne,* the Andrews Sisters; *Anne,* Jane Frazee; *Bob,* Robert Paige; *Sue,* Gloria Jean; *Marvo,* Leo Carrillo; *J. P. Courtney,* Charles Butterworth; *Agatha,* Billie Burke; *Angela,* Grace McDonald; *Tommy,* Donald O'Connor; *Prof. Bittell,* Franklin Pangborn; *Tag-a-long,* Herself; the Jivin' Jacks and Jills, and Woody Herman and His Orchestra.

"WILD BILL HICKOCK RIDES"—Warner. Original screen play by Charles Grayson, Paul Gerard Smith and Raymond Schrock. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: *Belle Andrews,* Constance Bennett; *Bill Hickok,* Bruce Cabot; *Harry Farr,* Warren William; *Janey,* Betty Brewer; *Sylvester Twigg,* Walter Catlett; *Sheriff Edmunds,* Warren Bond; *Ringo,* Howard da Silva; *Martin,* Frank Wilcox; *Peg,* Faye Emerson; *Violet,* Julie Bishop; *Flora,* Lucia Carroll; *Nolan,* Russell Simpson; *Judge Hathaway,* J. Farrell Macdonald; Lillian Yarbo; *Kersey,* Cliff Clark; *Sam Bass,* Trevor Bardette; *Bart Hanna,* Elliott Sullivan; *Sager,* Dick Botiller; *Beadle,* Ray Teal.

"YOUNG AMERICA"—20th Century-Fox. Original screen play by Samuel G. Engel. Directed by Louis King. Cast: *Jane Campbell,* Jane Withers; *Grandma Campbell,* Jane Darwell; *Elizabeth Barnes,* Lynne Roberts; *Earl Tucker,* Will Tracy; *Jonathan Blake,* Robert Cornell; *Mr. Barnes,* Roman Bohnen; *Bart Munson,* Irving Bacon; *Abraham,* Ben Carter; *Pansy,* Louise Beavers; *David Enastrom,* Darryl Hickman; *Susie,* Sally Harper; *Hazel,* Carmencita Johnson; *Ellen,* Daphne Ogden; *Principal,* Charles Arnt; *Teacher,* Myra Marsh; *Benson,* Hamilton MacFadden.

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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 21*)

✓ *JOE SMITH, AMERICAN*—M-G-M: Robert Young, an average American working in a defense plant, is kidnaped by enemy agents and tortured to reveal details of a bomb sight. How he lives up to his patriotic ideals, makes a fine, convincing film. Marsha Hunt as his wife, and Darryl Hickman as their son, are very good. (April)

✓✓ *JOHNNY EAGER*—M-G-M: Bob Taylor scores a knockout performance as the conscienceless killer who, after framing society girl Lana Turner into believing she has killed a man, falls in love with her. Van Heflin as his only true friend almost steals the show. It's tremendous. (March)

✓✓ *KATHLEEN*—M-G-M: Shirley Temple at twelve is a better little actress than ever before. She plays the lonely, motherless child of Herbert Marshall and schemes to have her father marry Laraine Day, child psychologist, rather than Gail Patrick. The story radiates good humor and charm. (Feb.)

KEEP 'EM FLYING—Universal: Those funny boys, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, are given a thin, anemic story in this one. Despite the story faults, the boys rate cheers and several of their gags are sure laugh-getters. Carol Bruce and Dick Foran interrupt the picture for romance. (Feb.)

LADY FOR A NIGHT—Republic: Above all else, Joan Blondell, who runs a gambling boat, wants to become a lady of Southern gentility, so she forces Ray Middleton to marry her and steps right into unhappiness. John Wayne as the real hero, Middleton, Blanche Yurka and Edith Barrett are very good, but the picture isn't. (April)

LADY HAS PLANS, THE—Paramount: Comedy, drama and romance, with Paulette Goddard as an American radio war correspondent who is mistaken for a spy who has secret plans tattooed on her back. Ray Milland is a news correspondent and gives one of his best performances. Hilariously funny. (April)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia: A tired story of an actress, Marlene Dietrich, who finds a baby and subsequently marries a baby specialist, Fred MacMurray, for two reasons; in order to have the husband required by law for legal adoption, and because a doctor will be handy. (April)

✓ *LOUISIANA PURCHASE*—Paramount: Fun, color, music and beauty in this comedy that wraps itself around the intriguing personalities of Bob Hope, Vera Zorina and Victor Moore. When Senator Victor Moore investigates the activities of Bob Hope, who's the butt of four crooks, Bob tries to frame him into compromising situations with Zorina. (Feb.)

✓✓ *MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, THE*—Warners: An eight-course banquet of delight is this rowdy, rollicking satire of a world-renowned sophisticate who takes over a Midwest household. Bette Davis is splendid as Monty Woolley's secretary, Ann Sheridan does a grand job as the actress, and Richard Travis, Jimmy Durante, Reginald Gardiner, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell are all outstanding. (March)

MELODY LANE—Universal: An orchestra lands a radio job, but their sponsor is whacky Leon Errol who wants to play with the band. The Merry Macs harmonizing and Robert Paige warbles. Baby Sandy gathers in several chuckles. (March)

MR. AND MRS. NORTH—M-G-M: Gracie Allen is cast as *Mrs. North,* who has a flair for amateur detecting and the film is packed with typical Allen zaniness. William Post is *Mr. North* and Paul Kelly a police lieutenant. (March)

✓ *NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH, THE*—Paramount: Secretary Ellen Drew is accused of murdering her boss, Nils Asther, until Robert Preston comes to her rescue. Well acted, directed and written, it's a good movie.

NORTH OF THE KLONDIKE—Universal: Here is the best screen fight you've seen in many a day. It takes place between Brod Crawford, hero mining engineer who invades a community in Alaska, and Lon Chaney Jr., the villain of the place. Andy Devine and Evelyn Ankers do good work, but comedy honors are stolen by Willie Fung and Keye Luke. (April)

OBLIGING YOUNG LADY—RKO-Radio: Cute Joan Carroll is a hoydenish youngster taken by Ruth Warrick, a friend of her parents, to a secluded resort while her parents battle things out in court. Joan, the impossible, makes life hot for everyone. It has its moments. (Feb.)

✓ *ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN*—Warners: Warm and tender story of a minister and his young wife Homey events dot the story with gems of human interest. Fredric March is ideal as the minister and Martha Scott splendid as his wife. (Feb.)

PACIFIC BLACKOUT—Paramount: Robert Preston, inventor of an aircraft rangefinder, is framed



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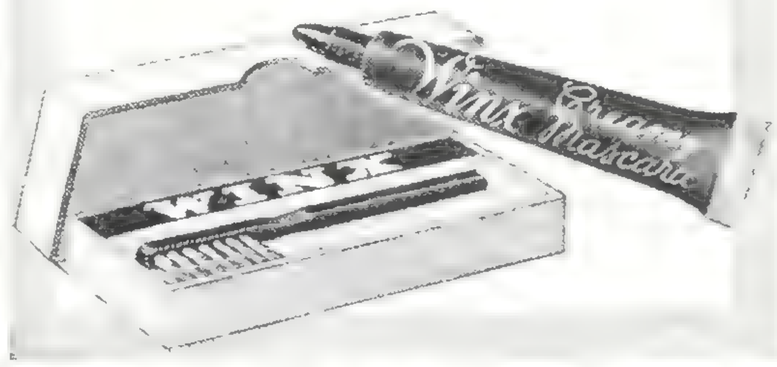
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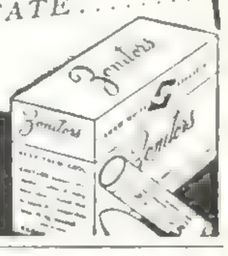
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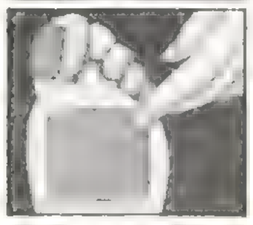
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by secret Nazi official Philip Merivale and Eva Gabor and convicted on a murder charge. But he escapes during a practice blackout and meets Martha O'Driscoll who helps him locate saboteurs. Lots of get-up-and-go about it. (April)

PARDON MY STRIPES—Republic: Newspaper reporter Sheila Ryan so befuddles football player Bill Henry who is now working for gangster Harold Huber that he accidentally loses a bag of money out of a train window and it falls into a prison yard. When prosecuted, he goes to prison and tries to find the money.

✓ *PARIS CALLING*—Universal: A revealing insight into the news behind the news is this picture of French sympathizers working against the Nazis. Elisabeth Bergner, as the wealthy French girl who joins the underground movement, is terrific. Randy Scott as the American aviator who helps her and Basil Rathbone as the Frenchman who betrays France are very good. Timely and exciting. (Feb.)

PERFECT SNOB, THE—20th Century-Fox: All about a small-town debbie who marries, against her ambitious mother's wishes, Cornell Wilde, who turns out to be rich. Charlotte Greenwood hardly seems the calculating mama type, but Charlie Ruggles as the easygoing father is just right. (Feb.)

PLAYMATES—RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser's talents for non-acting are a perfect balance for John Barrymore's overacting in this conglomeration of tomfoolery and nonsense, with Patsy Kelly and Peter Lind Hayes as press agents who try to land clients John and Kay on the air. (Feb.)

✓ *REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE*—Paramount: William Holden again proves himself a fine actor as the small-town boy who fights the town's politicians for the sake of honesty. When his predicament becomes too involved, the ghost of his hero, Andrew Jackson, comes to his rescue and summons George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and other heroes to assist him. Ellen Drew is the girl who stands by Holden. (April)

✓ *REMEMBER THE DAY*—20th Century-Fox: Claudette Colbert is at her best in this delightful, nostalgic story of the schoolteacher who looks back over her life to the time when she was a young teacher and youngster Douglas Croft played a part in her true love. John Payne is superb. (March)

RIGHT TO THE HEART—20th Century-Fox: The mixture of life at a fighters' training camp with romance provides good entertainment in this little picture, with Joseph Allen Jr. as the wealthy playboy who comes to the camp to train. Brenda Joyce is the owner's daughter, and Cobina Wright Jr. the socialite. It's human and amusing.

RIOT SQUAD—Monogram: Richard Cromwell, ambulance doctor, works secretly with a band of gangsters in order to trap them but this action leads to an open break with his sweetheart, Rita Quigley, and to other embarrassing situations. There's a lot of noise and commotion. (March)

✓ *RISE AND SHINE*—20th Century-Fox: You'll find plenty of laughs in this comedy about a dumb-bunny football star, Jack Oakie, who's the saving grace of his college team, and the efforts of gangsters to kidnap him. Linda Darnell, Donald Meek and Walter Brennan are members of a screwball family and George Murphy, Ruth Donnelly and Milton Berle add to the fun. (Feb.)

ROAD AGENT—Universal: The three Musketeers on horses again—Dick Foran, Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo—out looking for dirty work in order to clean it up. This time they take over a frontier town. Anne Gwynne, Anne Nagel and Richard Davies are in it, too. (March)

ROAD TO HAPPINESS—Monogram: John Boles is back again, handsomer than ever, in this heart-warming story that has John returning from Europe to find his wife, Mona Barrie, has divorced him. He takes son Billy Lee out of military school and brings him home to a furnished room while he sets out to land a job as an opera star. Mr. Boles sings delightfully and Billy does a fine job. (April)

✓ *ROXIE HART*—20th Century-Fox: Ginger Rogers plays the brazen, tawdry *Roxie* who agrees to take a murder rap for the resultant publicity and she does a fine job of it. Adolphe Menjou, the theatrical defense attorney; George Montgomery, reporter; William Frawley and Lynne Overman add up to a strong cast. (April)

SALUTE TO COURAGE—M-G-M: Conrad Veidt expertly handles a dual role in this melodrama, that of twin brothers, one a loyal American and the other a Nazi. Eventually one brother must exterminate the other and assume his identity in order to fool the enemy. Ann Avars is very good as the spy caught in the intrigue, but it's Veidt's picture. (April)

✓ *SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN*—M-G-M: Myrna Loy is still the playful helpmate of charming sleuth William Powell, but the charm and gaiety of this delightful pair are beginning to seem a bit repetitious. Their investigation of a race-track murder takes them and the audience through bypaths of laughter and melodrama. (Feb.)

SHANGHAI GESTURE—Arnold Pressburger U.A.: A strange procession of characters moves

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gainst lavish backgrounds, but the scenes are too oosely threaded together. Gene Tierney is the eautiful daughter of Walter Huston, ex-husband f Ona Munson, owner of the gambling house; Vic-or Mature is the evil Oriental with whom Gene alls violently in love. (March)

NUFFY SMITH, YARD BIRD—Monogram: *nuffy Smith,* played by Bud Duncan, a moon-hiner who escapes Edgar Kennedy's revenuers, nds himself in an Army camp. Snuffy likes the ree bed and board but has to pull some tricks efore the Army will let him stay. (April)

SON OF FURY—20th Century-Fox: A rip-norter movie, with George Sanders as the cruel aronet who abuses his nephew, Tyrone Power, ntil Tyrone assaults him and must flee England. Vith John Carradine, he goes to a tropical island here he finds a fortune in pearls and lovely Gene ierney, and then returns to England. Roddy Mc-owall is the young Tyrone. (April)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS — Paramount: A mbling, somewhat garbled story, with Joel Mc-rea as a rich young Hollywood movie producer ho sets out to learn about life. Landing back in ollywood, he picks up an extra girl, Veronica ake, and the two of them start out again. (Feb.)

WING IT, SOLDIER—Universal: Ken Murray a likable soldier who carries a message from rookie pal to his wife and meets her twin sister stead. Frances Langford plays the dual role and ngs several numbers. Don Wilson, Brenda and bina, and Skinnay Ennis' band. (Feb.)

ARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE — M-G-M: party of scientists, including villainous Tom nway and Philip Dorn, kidnap *Tarzan's* wife, aureen O'Sullivan, and their son John Sheffield, order to force Johnny Weissmuller to reveal the cation of a gold vein. (Feb.)

TEXAS—Columbia: One of the best Westerns 've seen in a long time, with Glenn Ford and illiam Holden doing superb work. The story s the two boys trekking westward after the Civil ar, each to go his separate way. Both fall in e with Claire Trevor. It's got punch. (Feb.)

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON—arners: Rousing entertainment is this picture of life of General Custer, played by Errol Flynn. ivia de Havilland, as his wife, has never been beautiful; Anthony Quinn is the Sioux chief; l Charles Grapewin, John Litel and Arthur nnedy lend splendid support. (Feb.)

EAT 'EM ROUGH—Universal: Smartly paced n about a prize fighter, Eddie Albert, who, with ggy Moran, helps clear his father, whose books w a shortage. Lloyd Corrigan plays the father l William Frawley injects the comedy. (April)

VALLEY OF THE SUN—RKO-Radio: Pic-esque and romantic is this light-hearted Western, h James Craig preventing the marriage of Lu-e Ball to Dean Jagger, a crooked Indian agent. ig's fight for Jagger's life with the Indian, *ronimo,* played by Tom Tyler, is terrifically sus-seful. An escapist piece. (April)

VANISHING VIRGINIAN, THE—M-G-M: ender, warm, appealing, little movie, this, deal-with the daily life of a charming Virginia ily. Frank Morgan, successful attorney, and ing Byington are the parents of five children, hryn Grayson, Natalie Thompson, Juanita Quig-Dickie Jones and Scotty Beckett. (March)

EKEND FOR THREE — RKO: Dennis eefe is the young husband who neglects his e, Jane Wyatt, until Philip Reed comes to visit n for the week end. His efforts to manage the sehold almost wrecks the marriage. Edward rett Horton, Zasu Pitts and Franklin Pangborn petently support.

WE WERE DANCING—M-G-M: Melvyn glas, a Viennese baron, and Norma Shearer, a sh countess, elope on the eve of Norma's wed-to wealthy Lee Bowman, and the penniless make a profession of being house guests of the , which works splendidly until Melvyn meets Patrick. It's all too, too gay. (April)

LF MAN, THE—Universal: The setup is that Chaney returns to his ancestral home in Eng-, where ancient superstitions abound through community, especially about werewolves. Lon changed into a werewolf himself. (March)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—M-G-M: Kath-e Hepburn plays a famous columnist who falls ove with and marries sports writer Spencer y, but is so wrapped up in her career that her iage takes second place, which doesn't suit y at all. It's gay, smart, funny. (April)

NK ON THE BURMA ROAD, A—M-G-M: y Nelson, a pugnacious but promising new-r, is a New York taxicab hero who is offered ob of piloting a fleet of trucks over the Burma l. There he meets Laraine Day, who is search-for her husband, a flyer for the Japs, and on takes her along with him. Timely. (April)

OU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW—Warners: ed with gags is this comedy of two vacuum er salesmen, Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers, find themselves in the Army. Donald MacBride e colonel, and Jane Wyman his daughter, who s the romantic interest with Regis Toomey.

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Let's Chat about Love

(*Continued from page* 67) trouble was. Anne won't say, but I know she's too levelheaded a little girl not to have weighed the situation thoroughly before taking this drastic step. And my sympathy goes out to her, not only because she's unhappy but because she's got a baby who will have to be brought up without a father—and nobody knows better than I do how tough that is on both mother and child. For a child needs both of its parents as much as it needs orange juice with its milk.

Of course the Errol Flynn and Lili Damita separation has had so much publicity that nothing more need be said about it except this—that Lili is not going into court to get her final papers and Errol can whistle for the divorce, 'cause I don't believe he'd dare ask for it himself. The reason for Lili's decision, I'm convinced, is that his name has been coupled so many times with Doris Duke, who hasn't yet got her divorce, that Lili thinks, "Why should I turn him over to her?"

It probably won't be long now before Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville step off and of course Mickey Rooney's marriage to Ava Gardner is one of those things you dream about. She's so unspoiled.

Gene Tierney and Count Cassini are happy as bugs in a rug and so are the Gene Autrys. Red Skelton's wife, who used to be an usherette, now writes his radio material and a lot of the stuff he does on the screen and I like the fact that he never does a personal appearance without introducing her and thanking her for her contribution.

I have no fears for the future of Judy Garland and David Rose except for what he might do to her voice. You see, Judy's a natural singer—never had a lesson in her life. She doesn't know which key she sings in—she just sings! Dave's a very fine musician and it's only natural that he should want to pass on some of his musical knowledge to Judy, but, if he does, I'm afraid she's going to be thinking of those round little notes instead of the meaning of the song—and it may spoil everything. Anybody who can sing "Over The Rainbow" as she did doesn't need lessons any more than a canary or a meadow lark.

I hope it's only a rumor that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul aren't getting along as well as they should. But when you have a business row with your studio and are harassed and don't know which way to turn, there's bound to be a reflection of that unrest in your private life. However, now that she's ironed out her difference with the studio, maybe the other has taken care of itself—or maybe it was just idle rumor anyhow.

Mary Astor's found perfect happiness in her marriage to Manuel del Campo, just as she did with her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, the famous movie director who crashed while directing an air scene for a picture. On the other hand there's Rudy Vallee who's still footloose and fancy-free. But then, Rudy's always kept in such fine physical condition that it would take one of the young Tiller girls to outsprint him. Then there's that conservative Edgar Bergen who seems to lead a charmed bachelor's existence. George Sanders still maintains he's a happy bachelor; I still maintain he's happily married to a very understanding wife



Tailored trouper comes to look at fluff and ruffles—Lili Damita in her new uniform sizes up the sartorial situation at Irene's fashion showing at Bullock's Wilshire

Thank heaven, Nancy Kelly and Edmund O'Brien finally got unhitched. Their quarrels and reconciliations, which all just happened to hit the headlines, began to get on my nerves. And the reported engagement between Greta Garbo and Gaylord Hauser was publicity from the very beginning—which benefited him a great deal more than it did her, just as her reported romance with Stokowski added to his prestige instead of hers.

Loretta Young looked over the field a long time before settling on Tom Lewis. You see, I'm going by the rule that a woman always gets her man and not the other way around—which I think is a fact so generally accepted that it needs no comment here. But after getting her man, Loretta's treated her marriage in a very sane and dignified manner. As a movie star, her salary is ahead of his, but when she became Mrs. Lewis, she consented to live on his pay check and not hers. Instead of having a mansion on a hill (which has now become a pain in the neck to everyone who owns one) they live in a charming, delightful bungalow, give very few parties except for the family, and the place is treate like a home. instead of a free-for-a roadhouse.

Milton Berle and Joyce Matthews ar another happy couple. In fact, the wedding turned out so well that Mam Berle actually took a vacation to Ne York and left the love birds alone i their nest. And while Charlie Chapli and Paulette Goddard maintain their ow separate establishments—come and go a they choose—they're still very friendl and when they want to make a night of for the press they go about it in a busi ness—and starlike way.

With George Raft, it's still Betty Grab and I think if he ever gets his divorc the little Grable will be Mrs. Raft unt the end of her days. They've both g what it takes and like it that way. Lair Cregar, the three-hundred-pound Ro meo, is just oozing affection for a prett thing who hasn't yet secured her divorc but when she does, he'll be slimmin down for the altar. Ginny Simms an Kay Kyser still insist they're only goo friends, but I notice she spends a lo of time on his sets and is always ther when his "Kollege Of Musical Knowl edge" rolls around on Wednesdays.

Tommy Dorsey at the moment seem to be head man in Lana Turner's life but I make no bets about their bein together at the end of the week, let alon a month from now. She's just as liabl to meet a handsome aviator and fly o to Las Vegas as she is to change the colo of her hair, which she does about fou times a year. But perhaps now tha she's reached the ripe old age of twenty one, she'll have mature judgment an look well before she leaps again.

YOU all know that it took only on trip out of town for Ann Sheridan t tie up George Brent Now I bet she wishing she'd gone a year ago. Fiel glasses are still being trained on Barbar Hutton when Cary Grant goes a'calling but with her vacationing in Florida an Cary deep in a motion picture nothin will happen until her return—and by th time you read this, if they aren't marrie they soon will be. Many things have ha to be worked out before these two coul meet at the altar—but that's anothe story and has no place here. Olivia d Havilland's still playing the field, whic doesn't take in much territory aroun here, practically all the good number having been snaffled up long ago. Priscill Lane is doing ditto. Since Dottie Lamou said "good-by forever" to Greg Bautze as far as matrimony's concerned i wouldn't surprise me if she showed u with a young senator, diplomat, banke or just plain buck private, 'cause if know Dottie (and I think I do) sh won't remain wholehearted and fancy free long. That girl's really *got* to hav love in her life and why not—since it' what's always made the world go around

And speaking of going around, Dolore del Rio's going around in circles sinc Orson Welles left for South America There are those unkind enough to sa that the reason he's down there is t avoid those certain bells and I don't mea dumbbells! Now don't get me wrong— didn't say this—I was just asked t write a little piece about love, whic blooms in the spring tra la and curdle in the fall. However, since spring i upon us—in California, at any rate— I'll end this off before I get all steame up and go "romantic" meself! So good by and good hunting—every man fo himself and may the best girl win!

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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

by Constance Luft Huhn

Head of the House of Tangee, Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks

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